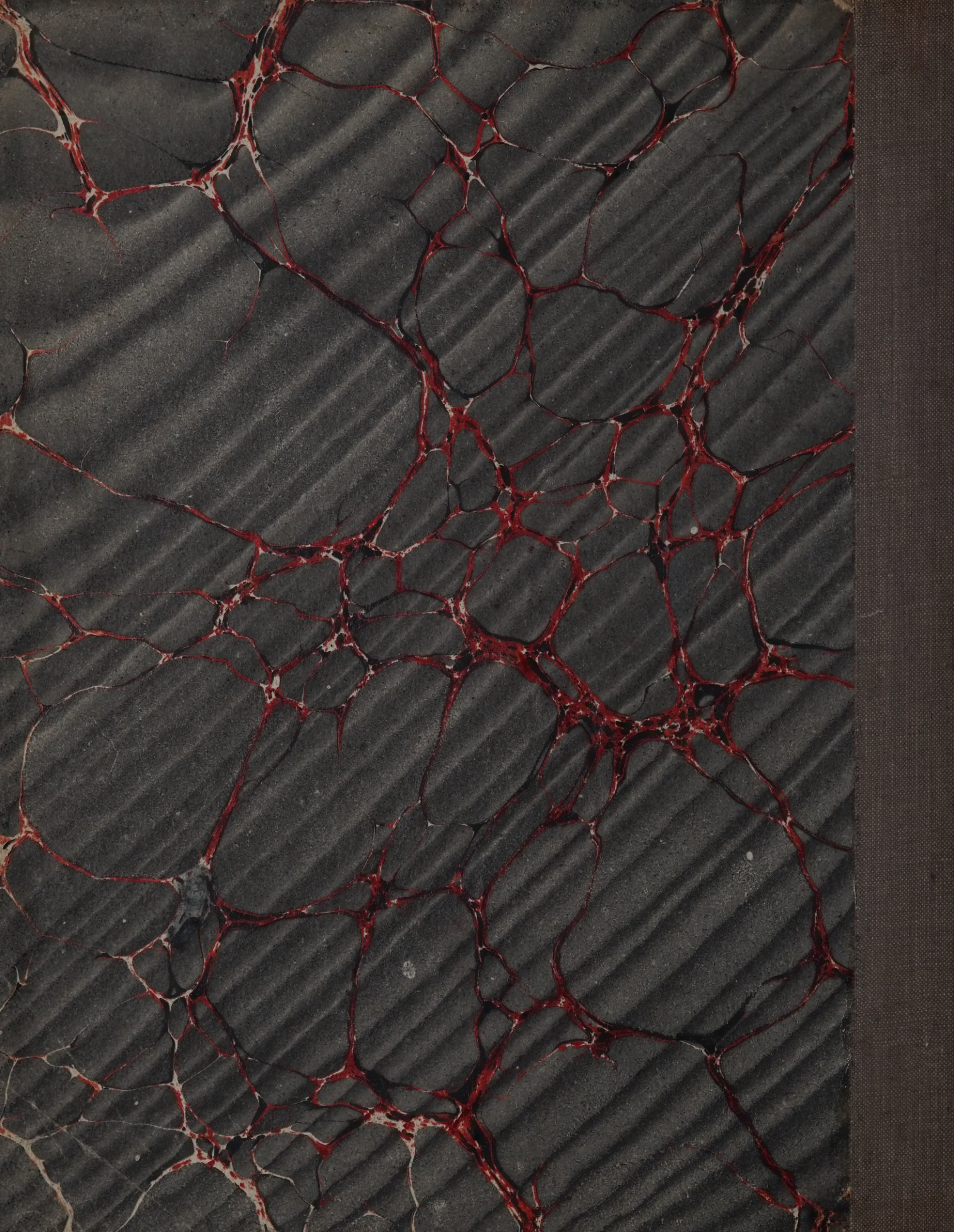


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THE
SCENERY,
ANTIQUITIES, AND BIOGRAPHY,
OF
SOUTH WALES.



The Fall of the Pydell

Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte.

Published by Longman & Rees, London, March 20, 1804.

THE
SCENERY,
ANTIQUITIES, AND BIOGRAPHY,
OF
South Wales,

FROM
MATERIALS COLLECTED DURING TWO EXCURSIONS
IN THE YEAR 1803.

By BENJ. HEATH MALKIN, Esq. M.A. F.S.A.

EMBELLISHED WITH VIEWS,
DRAWN ON THE SPOT AND ENGRAVED BY LAPORTE;
AND A MAP OF THE COUNTRY.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR T. N. LONGMAN AND O. REES, PATER-NOSTER ROW,
BY T. BENSLEY, BOLT COURT, FLEET STREET.

1804.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON AND A. MILLAR, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD, 1804.

TO THE
REVEREND WILLIAM WILLIAMS,

PREBENDARY OF LLANDAFF, &c. &c. &c.

IN TESTIMONY OF LONG ESTABLISHED FRIENDSHIP,
AND IN GRATITUDE FOR MANY USEFUL NOTICES ON THE
SUBJECT TO WHICH THESE PAGES HAVE
BEEN DEVOTED,

This Volume is inscribed,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

LONDON, May, 1804.

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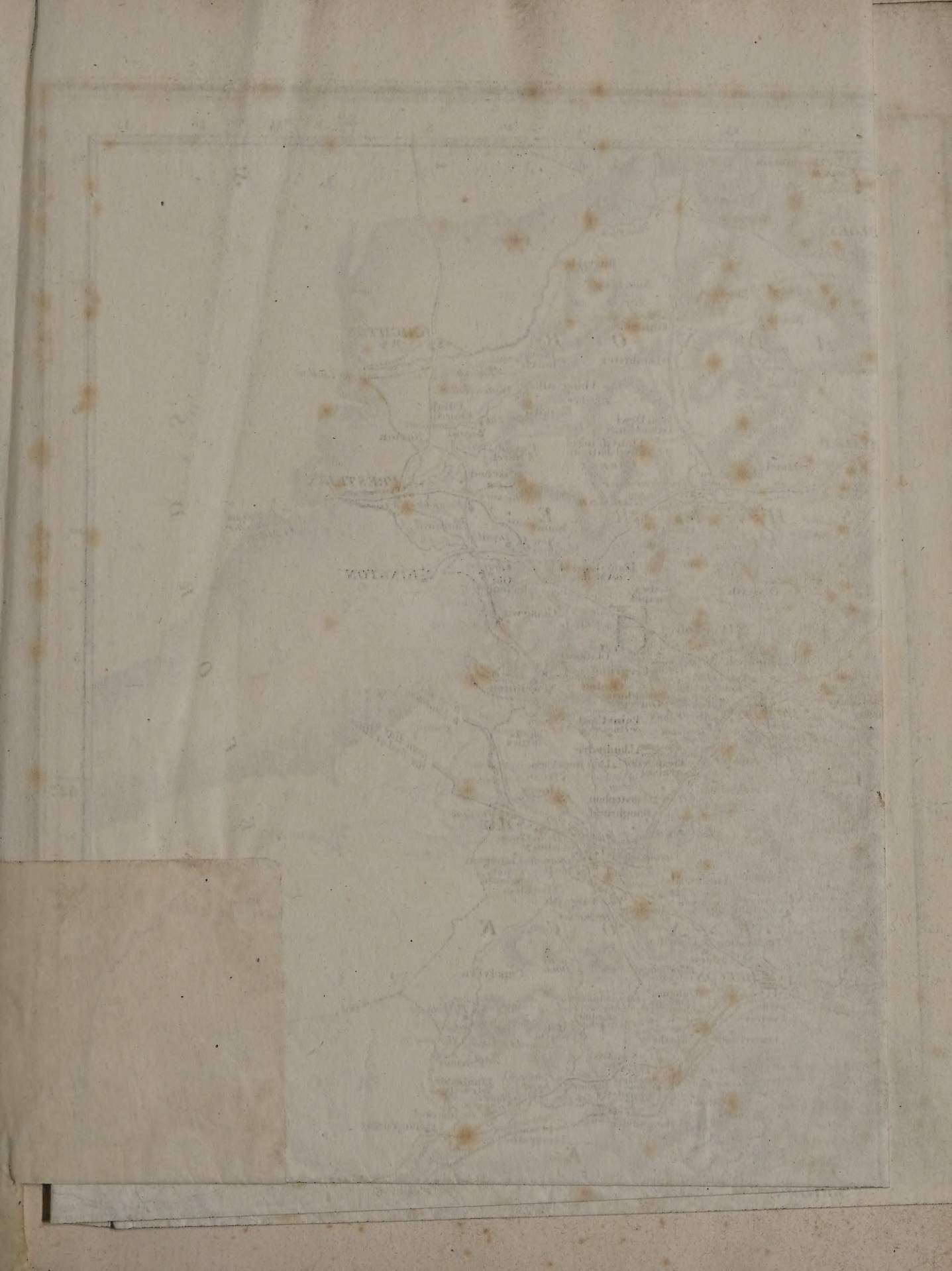
Prince Albert, Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha, 1819-1861
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EXPLANATION

Market Towns with the Distance from London in measured Miles as.....

Churches and Chapels.....

Turnpike Roads.....

Cross Roads.....

Parks and Gentlemen's Houses.....

Navigable Canals.....

Rivers.....

N.B. The figures on the Turnpike Roads express the distance in measured Miles between one Market Town and another.

Scale

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18 19 20 Miles

SOUTH WALES.

CHAPTER I.

ON THE LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, AND HISTORY, OF WALES.

THE antiquities of Wales, with the history of its kings and princes, are involved in much obscurity. It is impossible, at this period of time, to separate truth from fable: and as, in the present case, to ascertain the limits of each might, if practicable, be of little importance; and the mixture of both, as quaintly and romantically worked up by the elder poets, is far from uninteresting; I shall interperse the dry narration of the chronicles with such specimens of fabulous tradition as the poetical antiquary will not disdain to recognize, and the traveller receives with interest, by the fireside of his homely host. It marks the invincible credulity of human nature, when we find the wild tales of other times, which have been consecrated by the pen of genius, divested of their ornamental trappings, and made the modern theme, the dull matter of fact, on which vulgar superstition rests its terrors and its follies. Nor has the cause of truth much to dread from the alliance. When grave monks and professed historians romance,

B

poets

poets may claim at least an equal share in the honour and credit attached to history; for they can scarcely be less authentic, and are always more engaging.

Selden, the great dictator of learning to the English nation, has not thought it beneath him to illustrate the *Polyolbion* of Drayton; a poem which Drummond mentions as one of the smoothest he has seen in English; poetical and well prosecuted. It may scarcely be considered as sufficiently refined to stand the fastidious test of modern criticism; but it continues to be held in esteem by the antiquary, and is quoted as an authority by Hearne, Wood, and Nicholson. Nor is its author without a most valuable testimony to his merit in Mr. Headley, who says thus: "Drayton adopted a style, that, with a few exceptions, the present age may peruse without difficulty, and not unfrequently mistake for its own offspring. In a most pedantic æra he was unaffected, and seldom exhibits his learning at the expence of his judgment."

This great Selden, who "inserts out of the British story, what he importunes you not to credit, and has in fit place drawn chronologies upon credit of the ancients," has given the following chronology of the kings and princes of Wales, from Arthur, until the end of the British blood in them; prefixing the following caution:

"I will not justify the times of this Arthur, nor the rest, before Cadwallader; so discording are our chronologers: nor had I time to examine, nor think that any man hath sufficient means to rectify them."

Year of Christ 516. Arthur succeeded his father Uther Pendragon.

542. Constantine, son to Cador, Duke of Cornwall (understand Governor, or Lord-Lieutenant; for, neither in those times, nor

long after, was any such title particularly honorary): he lies buried at Stonehenge.

545. Aurelius Conan.

578. Vortipor.

581. Malgo.

586. Catheric. In his time the Britons had much adverse fortune in war with the Saxons; and then, most of all, made that secession into Wales and Cornwall, yet in name retaining hereof the remembrance.

About 600. Cadwan.

About 630. Cadwalin, or Cadwallo. The Britons, as in token of his powerful resistance and dominion against the Saxons, put him, being dead, into a brazen horse, and set it on the top of the west gate of London; it seems he means Ludgate. This report is, as the British story tells, hardly justifiable, if examined.

676. Cadwallader, son to Cadwallo. Nor think I the British and English chronicles concerning him reconcileable. In him the chief monarchy and glory of the British failed.

688. Ivor, son to Alan, King of Armorique Britain. This Ivor they make (but I examine it not now) Ine, King of West Saxons, in our monks; that is, he which began the Peter-pence to Rome.

720. Roderique Molwinic, son of Edward Ywrch.

755. Conan Tindaethwy, son of Roderique.

Near 820. Mervin Urich, in right of his wife Efylht, daughter and heir to Roderique.

843. Roderique Mawr, son to Mervin and Efylht. Among his sons was the tripartite division of Wales into Powise, North, and South Wales.

877. Anarawd, son to Roderique.

913. Edward Voel, son of Anarawd.

940. Howel Dha, cousin-german to Edwal, having before the principality of South Wales and Powise. This is he whose laws are so famous.

948. Jevaf and Jago, sons of Edwal.

982. Howel ap Jevaf.

984. Cadwallhon ap Jevaf.

986. Meredith ap Owen.

992. Edwal ap Myric.

1003. Ædan ap Blegored.

1015. Lhewelin ap Sitsylht.

1021. Jago ap Edwal ap Myric.

1037. Gruffyth ap Lhewelin.

1061. Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin.

1073. Trahaern ap Caradoc.

1078. Gruffyth ap Conan. He reformed the Welsh poets and minstrels, and brought over others out of Ireland to instruct the Welsh.

1137. Owen Gwineth ap Gruffyth ap Conan.

1169. David ap Owen Gwineth. In his time, Madoc his brother discovered part of the West Indies.

1194. Lhewelin ap Jorwerth ap Owen Gwineth.

1240. David ap Lhewelin ap Jorwerth.

1246. Lhewelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the last Prince of Wales of the British blood.

1282. Edward I. conquered Wales, and got the principality, Lhewelin then slain; and since that (Henry III. before gave it also to his son Prince Edward) it hath been in the eldest sons and heirs apparent of the English crown.

“ But note, that after the division among Roderique Mawr’s sons, the principality was chiefly in North Wales, and the rest as tributary to Prince of that part: and for him, as supreme
King

King of Wales, are all these deductions of time and persons, until this last Lhewelin."

With respect to Arthur, his history stands on a similar foundation with that of Agamemnon, Ulysses, or Æneas; Orlando, Rinaldo, or Godfredo: nor need we be fastidious in rejecting the fictions, by which a Spenser has decorated his Annals, degraded as they have been into tales of the nursery, while we dwell with delight on the licensed, and even consecrated, romances of Homer, Virgil, Ariosto, or Tasso. Spenser, indeed, professes to have coloured his allegory with an historical fiction "in the person of Arthure, whom he conceives, after his long education by Timon, to whom he was by Merlin delivered to be brought up, so soone as he was borne of the Lady Igrayne, to have seene in a dream or vision the Faery Queene, with whose excellent beauty ravished, he awaking resolved to seeke her out; and so being by Merlin armed, and by Timon throughly instructed, he went to seeke her forth in Faery Land."

But Drayton, lavishly as he indulges his poetic licence in the personification of rivers, plains, and mountains, is understood, unlike his illustrious contemporary, to have adhered to popular belief, rather than to have exercised his own invention, in default of historical documents. In the third song, therefore, of his Polyolbion, where he alludes to Arthur's tomb, Selden gives the following illustration of the passage.

"Henry the Second, in his expedition towards Ireland, entertained by the way in Wales with bardish songs, wherein he heard it affirmed that in Glastenbury (made almost an isle by the river's embracements) Arthur was buried betwixt two pillars, gave commandment to Henry of Blois, then abbot, to make search for the corps: which was found in a wooden coffin (Girald saith oaken, Leland thinks alder), some sixteen foot deep; but

but after they had digged nine foot, they found a stone, on whose lower side was fixt a leaden cross (crosses fixt upon the tombs of old Christians were in all places ordinary), with his name inscribed, and the letter side of it turned to the stone. He was then honoured with a sumptuous monument, and afterwards the sculls of him and his wife Guinever were taken out (to remain as separate relics and spectacles) by Edward Longshanks and Eleanor. Of this, Girald, Leland, Prife, and divers others (although Polydore make slight of it), have more copious testimony. The bards songs suppose, that after the battle of Camlan in Cornwall, where traitorous Mordred was slain, and Arthur wounded, Morgan le Fay, a great Elfin lady (supposed his near kinswoman), conveyed the body hither to cure it; which done, Arthur is to return (yet expected) to the rule of his country. Read these attributed to Talieffin, the best of the bards, expressing as much :

Morgain suscepit honore,
 Inque suis thalamis posuit super aurea regem
 Fulcra, manuque sibi detexit vulnus honestâ
 Inspexitque diu : tandemque redire salutem
 Posse sibi dixit, si secum tempore longo
 Effet, et ipse vellet medicamine fungi.

The same also, in effect, Dan Lidgat, an excellent poet of his time, thus singing it :

“ He is a king crowned in Fairie,
 With scepter and sword and with his regally
 Shall resort as lord and soveraigne
 But of Fairie, and reigne in Britaine,
 And repaire againe the Round Table.
 My prophesy Merlin set the date,
 Among princes king incomparable,

His feat againe to Carolin to translate,
 The Parchas suttren sponne fo his fate,
 His epitaph recordeth fo certaine
 Here lieth K. Arthur that shall raigne againe."

In the fourth song, where the Briton and English rivers contend
 for Lundy, the former thus celebrate Arthur:

" As first, t' affront the foe, in th' ancient Britons right,
 With Arthur they begin, their most renowned knight;
 The richness of the arms their well-made worthy wore,
 The temper of his sword (the try'd Escalabour)
 The bigness and the length of Rone, his noble spear:
 With Pridwin his great shield, and what the proof could bear;
 His Baudrick how adorned with stones of wond'rous price,
 The sacred Virgin's shape he bore for his device:
 These monuments of worth, the ancient Britons song.
 Now, doubting lest these things might hold them but too long,
 His wars they took to talk; the land then overlaid
 With those proud German powr's; when, calling to his aid
 His kinsman Howel, brought from Britany the less,
 Their armies they unite, both swearing to suppress
 The Saxon, here that fought through conquest all to gain,
 On whom he chanc'd to light at Lincoln; where the plain
 Each-where from side to side lay scatter'd with the dead.
 And when the conquer'd foe, that from the conflict fled,
 Betook them to the woods, he never left them there
 Until the British earth he forc'd them to forswear.
 And as his actions rose, so raise they still their vein
 In words, whose weight best suit a sublimated strain.
 They sung how he, himself at Badon bore that day,
 When at the glorious gole his British sceptre lay:
 Two days together how the battle strongly stood;
 Pendragon's worthy son, who waded there in blood,
 Three hundred Saxons slew with his own valiant hand.
 And (after call'd, the Piët and Irish to withstand)
 How he, by force of arms Albania over-ran,
 Pursuing of the Piët beyond mount Caledon:

There

ON THE LEGENDS, TRADITIONS,

There strongly shut them up whom stoutly he subdu'd.
 How Gillamore again to Ireland he pursu'd,
 So oft as he presum'd the envious Pi& to aid :
 And having slain the King, the country waste he laid.
 To Goth-land how again this conqu'ror maketh forth
 With his so prosp'rous pow'rs into the farthest north :
 Where, Iseland first he won, and Orkney after got.
 To Norway sailing next, with his dear nephew Lot,
 By deadly dint of sword did Ricoll there defeat ;
 And having plac'd the prince on that Norwegian seat,
 How this courageous king did Denmark then controul ;
 That scarcely there was found a country to the pole
 That dreaded not his deeds, too long that were to tell.
 And after these, in France th' adventures him befell
 At Paris, in the lists where he with Flollio fought ;
 The Emperor Leon's pow'r to raise his siege that brought.
 Then bravely set they forth, in combat how these knights
 On horseback and on foot perform'd their several fights :
 As with what marv'lous force each other they assail'd,
 How mighty Flollio first, how Arthur then prevail'd ;
 For best advantage how they traversed their grounds,
 The horrid blows they lent, the world-amazing wounds,
 Until the tribune, tir'd, sank under Arthur's sword.
 Then sing they how he first ordain'd the circled board ;
 The knights whose martial deeds far fam'd that table-round ;
 Which, truest in their loves ; which, most in arms renown'd ;
 The laws, which long up-held that Order, they report ;
 The Pentecosts prepar'd at Carleon in his court,
 That table's ancient seat ; her temples and her groves,
 Her palaces, her walks, baths, theatres, and stoves :
 Her academy, then, as likewise they prefer :
 Of Camilot they sing, and then of Winchester.
 The feasts that under-ground the Faëry did him make,
 And there how he enjoy'd the lady of the lake.
 Then told they, how himself great Arthur did advance,
 To meet (with his allies) that puissant force in France,
 By Lucius thither led ; those armies that whileere
 Affrighted all the world, by him struck dead with fear :

Th' report of his great acts that over Europe ran,
 In that most famous field he with the Emperor wan :
 As how great Rytho's self he flew in his repair,
 Who ravish'd Howel's niece, young Hellena the fair ;
 And for a trophy brought the giant's coat away,
 Made of the beards of kings. Then bravely chaunted they
 The several twelve pitch'd fields he with the Saxons fought :
 The certain day and place to memory they brought.
 Then by false Mordred's hand how last he chanc'd to fall,
 The hour of his decease, his place of burial."

Selden's principal illustrations of this story are as follow.

" Arthur's shield Pridwen (or his banner) had in it the picture of our lady, and his helmet an engraven dragon. From the like form was his father Uther-pen-dragon. To have terrible crests or engraven beasts of rapine (Herodotus and Strabo fetch the beginning of them, and the bearing of arms, from the Carians) hath been from inmost antiquity continued ; as appears in that epithet of *Τοργολοφας*, proper to Minerva, but applied to others in Aristophanes, and also in the Theban war. Either hence may you derive the English dragon now as a supporter, and usually pitcht in fields by the Saxon, English, and Norman kings for their standard (which is frequent in Hoveden, Matthew Paris, and Florilegus), or from the Romans, who, after the minotaur, horse, eagle, and other their antique ensigns, took this beast ; or else imagine that our kings joined in that general consent, whereby so many nations bear it. For by plain and good authority, collected by a great critic, you may find it affirmed of the Assyrians, Indians, Scythians, Persians, Dacians, Romans ; and of the Greeks too for their shields, and otherwise : wherein Lipsius unjustly finds fault with Isidore, but forgets that in a number of Greek authors, Pindar, Homer, Hesiod, Plutarch, &c. is copious witness of as much.

C

" Some,

“ Some, too hyperbolic, stories make Arthur a large conqueror on every adjacent country, as the muse recites: and his seal, which Leland says he saw in Westminster-Abbey, of red wax pictured with a mound, bearing a cross in his left hand (which was first Justinian’s device; and surely, in later time, with the seal counterfeited and applied to Arthur; no king of this land, except the Confessor, before the conquest, ever using in their charters more than subscription of name and crosses), and a sceptre fleury in his right, calls him *Britanniæ, Galliæ, Germaniæ, Daciæ* Imperator. The bards songs have, with this kind of unlimited attribute, so loaden him, that you can hardly guess what is true of him. Such indulgence to false report hath wronged many worthies, and among them even that great Alexander in prodigious suppositions; and some idle monk of middle time is so impudent as to affirm, that at Babylon he erected a column, inscribed with Latin and Greek verses, as notes of his victory; of them you shall taste in these two:

*Anglicus et Scotus Britonum superque caterva
Irlandus, Flander, Cornwallis, et quoque Norguey.*

Only but that Alexander and his followers were no good Latinists (wherein, when you have done laughing, you may wonder at the decorum), I should censure my lubberly versifier to no less punishment than Marfyas his excoriation. But for Arthur, you shall best know him in this eulogy. This is that Arthur of whom the Britons even on this day speak so idly; a man right worthy to have been celebrated by true story, not false tales, seeing it was he that long time upheld his declining country, and even inspired martial courage into his countrymen.

“ At *Caer-leon* in Monmouth, after his victories, a pompous celebration was at *Whitfontide*, whither were invited divers kings
and

and princes of the neighbouring coasts; he, with them, and his queen Guinever, with the ladies, keeping those solemnities in their several conclaves. For so the British story makes it according to the Trojan custom, that, in festival solemnities, both sexes should not sit together. Of the Trojans I remember no warrant for it; but among the Greeks one Sphyromachus first instituted it. Tournaments and jousts were their exercises; nor vouchsafed any lady to bestow her favour on him, which had not been thrice crowned with fame of martial performance. For this order (which herein is delineated) know, that the old Gauls (whose customs and the British were near the same) had their orbicular tables to avoid controversy of precedency (a form much commended by a late writer for the like distance of all from the salt, being centre, first, and last, of the furniture), and at them every knight attended by his esquire (*σπυρομαχοῦντες*, Athenæus calls them), holding his shield. Of the like in Henry III. Matthew Paris, of Mortimer's at Kelingworth, under Edward I. and that of Windfor, celebrated by Edward III. Walsingham speaks. Of the Arthurian our histories have scarce mention. But Havillan's Architrenius, Robert of Glocester, John Lidgat, monk of Bury, and English rhimes in divers hands, sing it. It is remembered by Leland, Camden, Volateran, Philip of Bergomo, Lily, Aubert Miree, and others, but very diversely. White of Basingstoke defends it, and imagines the original from an election by Arthur and Howel kings of Armorique Britain, of six of each of their worthiest peers to be always assistant in counsel. The antiquity of the earldom of Mansfield in old Saxony is hence affirmed, because Heger, earl thereof, was honoured in Arthur's court with this order; places of name for residence of him and his knights were this Caer-leon, Winchester (where his table is yet supposed to be, but that seems of later date), and Camelot in Somersetshire.

Some put his number XII; I have seen them anciently pictured XXIV, in a poetical story of him; and in Denbighshire, Stow tells us, in the parish of Lanfannan, on the side of a stony hill, is a circular plain, cut out of a main rock, with some XXIV seats unequal, which they call Arthur's Round Table. Some catalogues of arms have the coats of the knights, blazoned; but I think, with as good warrant as Rablais can justify, that Sir Lancelot du Lac flays horses in hell, and that Tous les chevaliers de la table ronde estoient pauvres gaigne deniers, tirans la rame pur passer les rivières de Coccyte, Phlegeton, Styx, Acheron, et Lethe, quand messieurs les diables se veulent esbattre sur l'eau, comme font les basteliers de Lyon et Gondoliers de Venise. Mais pur chacune passade ils n'ont qu'un nazarde, et sur le soir quelque morceau de pain chaumeny."

Spenfer, who is more poetically select than Drayton in his choice of circumstances, but enlarges more diffusely on those he adopts, thus describes Prince Arthur's shield, which is barely mentioned by the latter:

His warlike shield all closely covered was,
 Ne might of mortal eye be ever seen,
 The same to wight he never wont disclose,
 But when as monsters huge he would dismay,
 Or daunt unequal armies of his foes;
 Or when the flying heav'ns he would affray:
 For so exceeding shone his glist'ring ray,
 That Phœbus' golden face it did attaint,
 As when a cloud his beams doth overlay.—

FAIRY QUEEN, B. I. C. VII.

This hero of enchantment did not, however, on all occasions, disdain to employ supernatural means, in opposition to mortal prowess:

At

At last from his victorious shield he drew
 The veil, which did his pow'ful light impeach,
 And coming full before his horses' view,
 As they upon him press'd, it plain to them did shew.
 Like light'ning flash that hath the gazer burn'd,
 So did the sight thereof their sense dismay,
 That back again upon themselves they turn'd,
 And with their rider ran perforce away.—B. V. C. VIII.

We find Arthur incidentally mentioned in the fourth book of the *Orlando Furioso*; a soil from which Spenser transplanted many of his most romantic and improbable tales: and as the late Mr. Hoole, one of the most spirited and elegant of our English translators, has disclosed some family secrets respecting the Prince's birth and parentage, his note on the occasion may supersede the prolixity of our older fabulists and chroniclers.

“ Arthur was the son of Uther Pendragon, King of England. Jeffery of Monmouth informs us, that Uther Pendragon fell in love with Igerne (or Jogerne), the wife of Gorlois, Prince of Cornwall. In the absence of Gorlois, Merlin, by his magic, transformed Uther into the likeness of Jordan, a familiar friend of Gorlois, himself assuming the figure of one Bricel; by means of which artifice Uther enjoyed Igerne, and begot King Arthur, who is said to have been the greatest king that ever lived: he was so renowned a warrior, that he slew with his own hand four hundred and sixty men in battle, and added other kingdoms to his own: he wore a golden helmet, with a dragon for his crest. Thus Spenser in his *Fairy Queen*:

His haughty helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightness and great terror bred,
 For all the crest a dragon did enfold
 With greedy paws.

On

On his shield was engraved the effigies of the Virgin Mary: he bore a lance of uncommon size and weight, with which he slew his son Mordites, who had rebelled against him, and lay in ambush to assassinate him: hence Dantè says,

Con ess' un colpo per le man d'Artù.

This prince was the first that established the order of the Round Table, with so many famous knights: his end is uncertain; some say, that he received his mortal wound in fighting against his traitorous nephew Mordred; but the old Welch bards had a strange tradition, that he was not dead, but would return after a time, and reign in as great authority as ever."

Mr. Hoole has thus adopted the current tradition, respecting the origin of the order: but we are informed, in the *Reliques of Ancient Poetry*, that the round table was not peculiar to the reign of King Arthur, but was common in all the ages of chivalry. Any king was said to "hold a round table," when he proclaimed a tournament attended with some peculiar solemnities. Indeed it appears, from the foregoing testimony of Selden, that the institution neither began nor ended with this prince.

In the inventory of Arthur's personal property, of a species, indeed, that has gone out of fashion in these latter days, Spenser has presented him with a horn of wonderful effects: but he seems merely to have copied the fiction from Ariosto, and not to have been authorized by native legends:

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sound,
But trembling fear did feel in every vein;
Three miles it might be easy heard around,
And echoes three answer'd itself again;
Ne false enchantment, or deceitful train,

Might

Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vain;
 No gate so strong, no lock so firm and fast,
 But with that piercing noise flew open quite and brast.

FAIRY QUEEN, B. I. C. VIII.

Warton, in his Notes to the Fairy Queen, thinks it rather strange that Spenser should make so little use of this horn. Yet surely, as a foreign importation, that little was enough. It is true, he introduced the shield upon various occasions; but for that he had British authority.

In the romance of Morte Arthur, from which Ariosto has borrowed his tale of the enchanted cup, are more fictions of the same kind: and as that of the cup relates to a lady, with whom we are already acquainted, I shall transcribe it in the words of Caxton's translation. "By the way they met with a knight, that was sent by Morgan le Fay to King Arthur; and this knight had a fair horn all garnished with gold, and the horn had such a virtue, that there might no lady or gentlewoman drink of that horn, but if she were true to her husband; and if she were false, she should spill all the drink; and if she were true unto her lord, she might drink peaceably." Fontaine has exercised his genius on this story: see *La Coupe Enchantée*.

After all, notwithstanding the exaggerations of fancy, and the credulity of early times, our accredited historians have generally agreed, in ascribing a real existence to this celebrated name, though the lapse of ages has deprived them of the touchstone, by which to distinguish the fable from the facts.

Against the kings, who followed Arthur in immediate succession, Gildas prefers the most disgraceful charges; charges which most mournfully contrast the character of their age with the splendid annals of their predecessor, and urged with the more authority,

as the accuser was himself a Briton, and the most ancient of our historians. The first of these was Constantine, half-brother to Arthur by the mother's side; whom he taxes in general with perjury and adultery, and in particular with the murder of Mordred's two sons with their two governors, before the altar, and in their mother's presence. The motive for their deaths seems to have been the security of the throne, but ill ensured in such turbulent times by the mere will of Arthur. The second was Aurelius Conan, whom he charges with cruelties worse than the former; with the murder of his nearest relations, and the indulgence of the most licentious passions; and wishes him, being now left alone, like a tree withering in the midst of a barren field, to remember the vanity and arrogance of his father and elder brethren, all of whom came to an early and unnatural end. The third was Vortipor, reigning in South Wales, the son of a good father, but himself a detestable tyrant, following the murderous example of his predecessors, and divorcing his wife, that he might gratify his passions without controul. The last was Malgo, "the dragon of the isles;" represented as stronger and greater, in arms and dominion, than any other British potentate. His residence is supposed to have been in Anglesea, whence he derived his legendary appellation. His specific crimes were the murder of his uncle, to pave his own way to the throne; after which, he put away his own wife, and betook himself to his nephew's consort, whom with her husband, after a short time, he caused to be put to death. The declamation of Gildas, on the subject of the atrocities committed in the foregoing reigns, is eloquent. They avenge, and they protect; not the innocent, but the guilty. They swear oft, but perjure; they wage war, but civil and unjust war. They punish rigorously them that rob by the highway; but those grand robbers that sit with them at table, they honour and reward.

The

The coincidence of historical narrative, with what is commonly called poetical justice, is exemplified in the brief span of this tyrant's reign, which only lasted five years as chief monarch, though he had before enjoyed a subordinate principality. Nor can we easily reconcile it, that Gildas should have passed over so singular an instance of providential retribution, on a culprit who had excited his utmost indignation; for he represents Malgo as having died without issue, and left his crown to another: but the fact seems to have been, that he had a son by the illicit connection before mentioned, and a daughter born in wedlock; but the esteem in which illegitimacy was held by the princes of Britain prevented the bastard from succeeding him in the monarchy, and the disadvantage of sex, at a time when the recovery of abridged rights was to be agitated, excluded the daughter. The consequence was, that the kingdom was conferred on Catheric. In this prince's reign, whose seat was in Glamorgan, the Britons, though occasionally victorious over the Saxons, were ultimately compelled to retire into that part of the island which is now called Wales, and leave the several kingdoms of the heptarchy in possession of the remaining district. It was probably at this period that the people first obtained the appellation of Welsh: "for this name of Welsh is unknown to the British themselves, and imposed on them, as an ancient and common opinion is, by the Saxons, calling them Walsh, *i. e.* strangers. Others fabulously have talked of Wallo and Waldolena, whence it should be derived. But you shall come nearer truth, if upon the community of name, customs, and original, betwixt the Gauls and Britons, you conjecture them called Walsh, as it were Gualsh (the W. oftentimes being instead of the Gu.), which expresses them to be Gauls rather than strangers; although in the Saxon (which is observed by Buchanan) it was used for the

name of Gauls, Strangers, and Barbarous, perhaps in such kind as in this kingdom the name of Frenchman hath by inclusion comprehended all kinds of aliens."—Selden.

Still, unfortunate as were the aboriginal inhabitants, the difficulty of access secured the independence of their retreat, which afforded a ready asylum to the persecuted or disaffected subjects of the more prosperous powers. The court of Cadwan, in North Wales, is memorable for having given education as well as protection to the children of Prince Edwin, who was thus enabled to escape the snares of his injurious brother-in-law, Ethelfred, and after many perils to gain the kingdom of Northumberland; which, unlike the generality of his contemporaries, he governed on principles of policy and justice. Nor would he probably have been exposed to those dangers, which so frequently threatened his life, during the reign of Ethelfred, had he not been obliged, in consequence of a quarrel between himself and Cadwallo, the eldest son and successor of Cadwan, to abandon the territories of that prince. So formidable, indeed, continued to be the prowess of the British chieftains, that this puerile altercation proved fatal in the end to Edwin. For Cadwallo, on his accession to diminished royalty, not having forgotten the resentments of his youth, entered into an alliance with Penda, King of Mercia, to revenge his defeat, and consequent flight into Ireland, during the reign of his father. His adherents, who accompanied him to Ireland, remained with him seven years, without making any claim for their services; hence they were denominated, in the historical triades, one of the three faithful families of Britain; as the battle fought between Cadwallo and Edwin, which compelled the former to seek for safety in Ireland, is called, in the same triades, one of the three discolourings of the Severn. The result of the league with Penda was the invasion of Northumberland,

with

with the defeat and death of little less than the best and greatest in the list of Anglo-Saxon kings. In the year 634, Cadwallo killed two other Saxon princes; Ofric, the cousin of Edwin, and Eanfred, the eldest son of Ethelfred: after which he ranged at will through their provinces, and ably supported a series of continued warfare, opposing all the resources of his genius against the established power of the usurpers, but in the moment of success rioting on the calamities attendant on his conquest; till Oswald, the brother of Eanfred, assaulted and slew this formidable antagonist, with the defeat and destruction of his forces. Thus fell Cadwallo, the most powerful of the British princes since Arthur, a distinguished patron of the bards, and only withheld by the duties of his station from becoming a member of the order. And though his character is blackened with the imputation of cruelty, it is distinguished by a vigorous opposition to his Saxon rivals, and the hopes his valour held out to the Britons of recovering their country. With respect to Cadwallader, familiar as is the name, the British and Saxon chroniclers are at variance about the person; for which reason, as Snowdon has attempted to compose the difference in the *Polyolbion*, in a speech which was so lucky as to please both parties, the case shall be stated on so high an authority, with a special retainer to the learned Selden on the side of the mountain.

These, then, shall be my theme; lest time too much should wrong
 Such princes as were ours, since sever'd we have been;
 And as themselves, their fame be limited between
 The Severn and our sea, long pent within this place,
 Till with the term of Welsh, the English now embase
 The nobler Britons name, that well near was destroy'd
 With pestilence and war, which this great isle annoy'd;
 Cadwallader that drave to the Armorick shore;
 To which dread Conan, lord of Denbigh, long before,

ON THE LEGENDS, TRADITIONS,

His countrymen from hence auspiciously convey'd;
 Whose noble feats in war, and never-failing aid,
 Got Maximus (at length) the victory in Gaul,
 Upon the Roman powers. Where, after Gratian's fall,
 Armorica to them the valiant victor gave:
 Where Conan their great lord, as full of courage, drave
 The Celts out of their seats, and did their room supply
 With people still from hence; which of our colony
 Was little Britain call'd. Where that distressed king,
 Cadwallader, himself awhile recomforting
 With hope of Alan's aid (which there did him detain),
 Forewarned was in dreams, that of the Britons reign
 A sempiternal end the angry pow'rs decreed,
 A recluse life in Rome enjoining him to lead.
 The king resigning all, his son, young Edwal, left
 With Alan: who, much griev'd the prince should be bereft
 Of Britain's ancient right, rigg'd his unconquer'd fleet;
 And as the generals then, for such an army meet,
 His nephew Ivor chose, and Hiner for his pheer;
 Two most undaunted spirits. These valiant Britons were
 The first who West-Sex won. But by the ling'ring war,
 When they those Saxons found t' have succour still from far,
 They took them to their friends on Severn's setting shore:
 Where finding Edwal dead, they purpos'd to restore
 His son young Roderick, whom the Saxon pow'rs pursu'd:
 But he, who at his home here scorn'd to be subdu'd,
 With Alfred (that on Wales his strong invasion brought),
 Garthmalack and Pencoyd (those famous battles) fought,
 That North and South-Wales sing, on the West-Sexians won.

" Cadwallader driven to forsake this land, especially by reason
 of plague and famine tyrannizing among his subjects, joined with
 continual irruptions of the English, retired himself into little
 Bretagne to his cousin Alan, there king; where in a dream he
 was admonisht by an angel (I justify it but by the story) that
 a period of the British empire was now come, and until time of
 Merlin's

Merlin's prophecy, given to King Arthur, his country or posterity should have no restitution; and farther, that he should take his journey to Rome, where; for a transitory, he might receive an eternal kingdom. Alan, upon report of this vision, compares it with the Eagle's prophecies, the Sibyl's verses, and Merlin; nor found he but all were concurring in prædiction of this ceasing of the British monarchy. Through his advice, therefore, and a prepared affection, Cadwallader takes his voyage to Rome, received of P. P. Sergius, with holy tincture, the name of Peter, and within very short time there died; his body very lately, under Pope Gregory the XIIIth. was found buried by St. Peter's tomb, where it yet remains; and White of Basingstoke says, he had a piece of his raiment of a chesnut colour, taken up (with the corps) uncorrupted; which he accounts, as a Romish pupil, no slight miracle. It was added, among British traditions, that, when Cadwallader's bones were brought into this isle, then should the posterity of their princes have restitution. Observing concurrence of time and difference of relation in the story of this prince, I know not well how to give myself or the reader satisfaction. In Monmouth, Robert of Glocester, Florilegus, and their followers, Cadwallader is made the son of Cadwallo, king of the Britons before him, but so, that he descended also from English-Saxon blood; his mother being daughter to Penda, King of Merckland. Our monks call him King of West-Saxons, successor of Kentwine, and son to Kenbrith. And where Caradoc Lhancarvan tells you of wars betwixt Ine or Ivor (successor to Cadwallader) and Kentwine, it appears in our chronographers that Kentwine must be dead above three years before. But howsoever these things might be reconcileable, I think clearly that Cadwallader in the British, and Cedwella King of West-Saxons in Bede, Malmesbury, Florence, Huntingdon, and other stories
of

of the English, are not the same, as Geffrey, and, out of Girald, Randal of Chester, and others since erroneously have affirmed. But strongly you may hold, that Cadwallo or Caswallo, living about the year 640, slain by Oswald, King of Northumberland, was the same with Bede's first Cedwalla, whom he calls King of Britons, and that by misconceit of his two Cedwals (the other being, almost fifty years after, King of West-Saxons), and by communicating of each other's attributes upon indistinct names, without observation of their several times, these discordant relations of them, which in story are too palpable, had their first being. But to satisfy you in present, I keep myself to the course of our ordinary stories, by reason of difficulty in finding an exact truth in all. Touching his going to Rome, thus: Some will, that he was Christian before, and received of Sergius only confirmation; others, that he had there his first baptism, and lived not above a month after; which time (to make all dissonant) is extended to eight years in Lhancarvan. That one King Cedwal went to Rome, is plain by all, with his new-imposed name and burial there: for his baptism before, I have no direct authority but in Polychronicon; many arguments proving him, indeed, a well-willer to Christianity, but as one that had not received its holy testimony. The very phrase in most of our historians is plain that he was baptized and soon died, Anno Christi 688. Judicious conjecture cannot but attribute all this to the West-Saxon Cedwal, and not the British."

But to return to Snowdon's historical succession of the princes, in the person of Roderique.

Scarce this victorious task his bloody'd sword had done,
But at mount Carno met the Mercians, and with wounds
Made Ethelbald to feel his trespass on our bounds,
Prevail'd against the Pict, before our force that flew;
And in a valiant fight their king Dalargin slew.

Nor

Nor Conan's courage less, nor less prevail'd in ought,
 Renown'd Roderick's heir, who with the English fought
 The Herefordian field: as Ruthland's red with gore:
 Who, to transfer the war from this his native shore,
 March'd through the Mercian towns with his revengeful blade:
 And on the English there such mighty havoc made,
 That Offa (when he saw his countries go to wrack),
 From bick'ring with his folk, to keep the Britons back,
 Cast up that mighty mound, of eighty miles in length,
 Athwart from sea to sea. Which of the Mercians strength
 A witness though it stand, and Offa's name does bear,
 Our courage was the cause why first he cut it there:
 As that most dreadful day at Gavelford can tell,
 Where under either's sword so many thousands fell
 With intermixed blood, that neither knew their own;
 Nor which went victor thence, until this day is known.
 Nor Kettles conflict then, less martial courage shew'd,
 When valiant Mervin met the Mercians, and bestow'd
 His nobler British blood on Burthred's recreant flight.
 As Roderick his great son, his father following right,
 Bare not the Saxons scorns, his Britons to outbrave;
 At Gwythen, but again to Burthred battle gave;
 Twice driving out the Dane when he invasion brought,
 Whose no less valiant son, again at Conway fought
 With Danes and Mercians mixt, and on their hateful head
 Down-shower'd their dire revenge whom they had murdered.

"Wales had her three parts, North-Wales, South-Wales, and Powise. The last, as the middle betwixt the other, extended from Cardigan to Shropshire; comprising part of Brecknock, Radnor, and Montgomery. The division hath its beginning attributed to the three sons of Roderique the Great, Mervin, Cadelh, and Anarawd; who possess them for their portions hereditary, as they are named. But out of an old book of Welsh laws, David Powel affirms those tripartite titles more ancient.

"Of the Marches the particular bounds have been certain
 parts

parts of Dee, Wye, Severn, and Offa's dike. The ancientest is Severn, but a later is observed in a right line from Strigoil castle by Chepstow in Monmouth upon Wye, to Chester upon Dee, which was so naturally a mere between these two countries Wales and England, that by apparent change of its channel towards either side superstitious judgment was used to be given of success in the following year's battles of both nations; whence perhaps came it to be called Holy Dee. Betwixt the mouths of Dee and Wye in this line (almost an hundred miles long) was that Offa's dike cast, after such time as he had, besides his before-possessed Merckland, acquired by conquest even what is now England. King Harold made a law, that whatsoever Welsh transcended this dike with any kind of weapon, should have, upon apprehension, his right hand cut off; Athelstan, after the conquest of Howel Dha, King of Wales, made Wye limit of North-Wales, as in regard of his chief territory of West-Saxony (so affirms Malmesbury), which, well understood, impugns the opinion received for Wye's being a general mere instituted by him, and withal shews you how to mend the monk's published text, where you read *Ludwalum regem omnium Wallensium, et Constantinum regem Scotorum cedere regnis compulit*. For plainly this Ludwal (by whom he means Howel Dha, in other chronicles called Huwal) in Athelstan's life-time was not king of all Wales, but only of the south and western parts with Powise, his cousin Edwal Voel then having North-Wales; twixt which and the part of Howel conquered, this limit was proper to distinguish. Therefore either read *Occidentalium Wallensium* (for in Florence of Worcester and Roger of Hoveden that passage is with *Occidentalium Britonum*), or else believe that Malmesbury mistook Howel to be in Athelstan's time, as he was after his death, Prince of all Wales."

Thus

Thus as we valiant were, when valour might us flee:
 With those so much that dar'd, we had them that decreed.
 For, what Mulmutian laws, or Martian, ever were
 More excellent than those which our good Howel here
 Ordain'd to govern Wales? which still with us remain.

“ Howel Dha, first prince of South Wales and Powise, after, upon death of his cousin Edwal Voel, of North Wales also, by mature advice in a full council of barons and bishops, made divers universal constitutions. By these, Wales (until Edward I.) was ruled. So some say; but the truth is, that before Edward I. conquered Wales, and, as it seems, from XXVIII. but especially XXXV. of Hen. III. his empire enlarged among them, the English king's writ did run there. For when Edward I. sent commission to Reginald of Grey, Thomas Bishop of St. Dewy's, and Walter of Hopton, to inquire of their customs, and by what laws they were ruled, divers cases were upon oath returned, which by, and according to, the king's law, if it were between lords or the princes themselves, had been determined; if between tenants, then by the lord's seizing it into his hands, until discovery of the title in his court, but also that none were decided by the laws of Howel Dha.”

On the death of Howel Dha, in 948, Jevaf and Jago succeeded jointly to the sovereignty, as sons of Edwal Voel; but not in absolute independence of England, as they paid Edgar a tribute of wolves' heads, which led to the ultimate destruction of those animals. In 966, arose a dispute between the brothers, each claiming the whole, which ended in the imprisonment of Jevaf, and that unmanly revenge, too common in those days, the putting out of his eyes. Jago then reigned alone, till Howel ap Jevaf made war against his uncle, delivered his father, and took on himself the whole principality towards the latter years of Edgar.

Yet had the rival uncle and nephew been tied to the same oar, as two of eight inferior potentates, on an occasion which marks the manners of the times. The potentates referred to, Selden, upon comparing the stories, finds to be Kenneth of Scotland, Malcolm of Cumberland, Malcuze, King of the Isles (whom Malmesbury gives only the name of Archpirate), Donald, Siffreth, Howel, Jago, and Inchitil, Kings of Wales. "All these, King Edgar (thus touched with imperious affection of glory) sitting at the stern, compelled to row him over Dee; his greatness, as well in fame as truth, daily at this time increasing, caused multitudes of aliens to admire and visit his court, as a place honoured above all other by this so mighty and worthy a prince: and, through that abundant confluence, such vicious courses followed by example, that, even now was the age, when first the more simple and frugal natures of the English grew infected with what (in some part) yet we languish."

Cadwalhon ap Jevaf, brother to Howel, succeeded to the principality of North Wales in 984, and, after a reign of only two years, was put to death by Meredith ap Owen, grandson to Howel Dha, who added by force the possession of North Wales to his hereditary principality. During this period, Wales, in common with the rest of the island, was afflicted by the predatory incursions of the Danes: which induced the inhabitants of the northern division, while Meredith was occupied in the south, to receive Edwal ap Myric, the right heir, for their prince, in the year 992. Edwal, having obtained possession, studied only to redress the injuries of his people, and defend them from further wrongs. This character, so little according with the fashion of the age, is authorized by the testimony of David Powel, in his history. But Meredith, notwithstanding his antagonist's merited popularity, collected his power, with the intention of recovering his

his supremacy. Edwal, however, was not backward to meet the attack, and overthrew him in a decisive battle. After his defeat, one great event only distinguished the remainder of his career, in the marriage of his daughter and heiress with Lhewelin ap Sitfyllt, a youth only fourteen years of age at that time: soon after which he died, with the character of the most restless chieftain even in that turbulent period. After the death of Meredith ap Owen, Ædan ap Blegored usurped the government of South Wales. In the mean time, the northern free-booters again entered the territories of Prince Edwal, who sacrificed his life in resisting their rapacity. He left behind him a son called Jago.

Ædan ap Blegored now possessed himself of the western part of North Wales, on the same plea by which he had wrested the South from the lineal succession. He claimed the whole principality, as the direct descendant from the ancient kings of Wales, and heir to the family of Bran, the son of Llyr. This Bran was the father of the famous Caradoc, who for more than nine years successfully opposed all the powers of Rome, and was victorious over them in more than sixty battles. He was at length basely betrayed into the hands of his enemies, by Aregweddig Voeddig, the daughter of Avarwy, a princess of the blood-royal of Britain, the Cartismandua, and the Boadicea of the Romans. This act was denominated one of the three secret treasons of Britain. Caradoc, with his grandfather Llyr, his father Bran, his mother, brothers, sisters, wife and children, was carried in triumph to Rome. His magnanimous speech before the emperor and senate procured to him his liberty, and permission to return to his native country, and resume the government of his people; not indeed as an independent prince, but in subjection to the Roman eagle. His father Bran, and others of the family, were detained at Rome as hostages for seven years; during which

period they were converted to Christianity. At the expiration of the term for which he was detained, Bran returned to Britain, and brought with him two Jewish Christians, whose names were Cyndav and Ilid. These three persons are represented in many of the oldest and most authentic manuscripts as the first who introduced the Christian religion into this island. Hence do we meet with the appellation of Bran the Blessed. Such is the account which wrests from Joseph of Arimathea his long accredited honours: but the numerous untruths which are connected with that monkish fable appear so flagrant, that we are inclined to give the more easy belief to an authority, containing not one syllable in favour of the imposture. In the tale of Bran, there is nothing that in the least militates against the nature of things, the character of that age, or the general complexion of those events, which are best ascertained and most generally admitted.

This signal event, which happened about the year 60 of the Christian era, rendered Bran an illustrious character in British history; and from this distant, but august source, did Ædan affect to derive his claim. Lhwelin ap Sitsylht, on the contrary, preferred, in the year 1005, being then of full age, more modest, but better authenticated pretensions to the principality of South Wales. He claimed in right of his wife, sole heiress to her father Meredith ap Owen, grandson of Howel Dha, who was son of Cadell, consequently grandson of Roderique the Great. On this foundation, therefore, he raised an army, and after a considerable period had elapsed in preparations, skirmishes, and trials of strength, he at length marched against the alleged usurper. In the year 1015, their respective forces having met, a furious battle was fought, in which Ædan ap Blegored was slain, and Lhwelin recovered his long-contested principality, which he governed from
that

that time till the year 1021, with justice and to the general satisfaction, in peace and in prosperity. During the reign of Lhwelin ap Sitsfylht, the inhabitants of Wales grew rich; prosperity appeared on the face of the country; the earth yielded its abundance, the seasons were benign; peace and just laws prevailed against turbulence and iniquity; every inhabitant had his house, and every house its inhabitant; every spot of land its cultivator, and every cultivator his spot of land: so that plenty was known throughout the region, and the region enjoyed its plenty. But these blessings took their flight, when Howel, son of Edwin ap Eneon, who was brother to Meredith ap Owen, and consequently standing in the same degree of consanguinity to Howel Dha, claimed the principality of South Wales, and, jointly with his brother Meredith, raising an army, marched against Lhwelin ap Sitsfylht, whom they slew, though they were themselves put to flight by Lhwelin's brother Conan. Lhwelin's death was accomplished only through the Bishop of Bangor's treachery. But retribution, however tardy, awaited Howel, who was killed at Swansea, in the year 1043, by the hand of Gruffyth ap Lhwelin.

After the death of Lhwelin ap Sitsfylht, his widow Angharad married Convin, by whom she had children; a circumstance which more embroiled the already tumultuous oppositions of contending claimants.

Jago ap Edwal ap Myric, now grown to man's estate, assumed the sovereignty of his forefathers, and reigned from the year 1021 to 1037.

In the year 1031, the Saxons came into Glamorgan, when Conan ap Sitsfylht, brother of the late prince Lhwelin ap Sitsfylht, marched with an army against them, and at Ystradowen a bloody battle was fought, in which Conan ap Sitsfylht and all his sons

were

were slain. But his brother Robert ap Sitylht rallied the army, and animated the Welsh by recalling to their memories the noble achievements of their ancestors against these restless invaders. The consequence was, that they once more attacked their enemies, who in the second battle were completely routed, and great numbers of them slain.

The reign of Gruffyth ap Lhewelin, who succeeded Jago in one of those bloody alternations, by which the various branches of the royal family were continually supplanting each other, was distinguished by its connection with a period of history, that gave birth to the noblest effort of dramatic genius in this or any tongue or country; while the consequences of that connection form a link in the chain, which restored the race of British kings to the supremacy in the line of Tudor. Owen's descent has, indeed, been grievously questioned, but his pretensions are at least not without their plausibility. Be they, however, what they may in sober truth, Drayton thus states them in the person of the prophetic Severn:

A branch sprung out of Brute, th' imperial top shall get,
Which grafted on the stock of great Plantagenet,
The stem shall strongly wax, as still the trunk doth wither;
That power which bare it thence, again shall bring it thither
By Tudor, with fair winds from Little Britain driven,
To whom the goodly bay of Milford shall be given;
As thy wife prophets, Wales, foretold his wisht arrive,
And how Lewellin's line in him should doubly thrive.
For from his issue sent to Albany before,
Where his neglected blood, his virtue did restore,
He first unto himself in fair succession gain'd
The Steward's nobler name; and afterwards attain'd
The royal Scottish wreath, upholding it in state.

But not to dwell with implicit faith on this poetical pedigree,
let

let us have recourse to whatever light Selden's illustration may chance to throw on the subject.

“ About our Confessor's time, Macbeth, King of Scotland (moved by prædictions, affirming that, his line extinct, the posterity of Banquo, a noble thane of Loquabry, should attain and continue the Scottish reign), and jealous of others hoped-for greatness, murdered Banquo, but missed his design; for, one of the same posterity, Fleance, son to Banquo, privily fled to Gruffyth ap Lhewelin, then Prince of Wales, and was there kindly received. To him and Nesta, the prince's daughter, was issue one Walter. He (afterward for his worth favourably accepted, and through stout performance honourably requited by Malcolm III.) was made lord high steward of Scotland; out of whose loins Robert II. was derived; since whom the royal name hath long continued, descending to our mighty sovereign, and in him is joined with the commixt kingly blood of Tyddour and Plantagenet. These two were united, with the white and red roses of York and Lancaster, in those auspicious nuptials of Henry VII. and Elizabeth, daughter to Edward IV. and from them, through the Lady Margaret, their eldest daughter, married to James IV. Cambria shall be glad, Cornwal shall flourish, and the isle shall be filled with Brute's name, and the name of strangers shall perish.”

But though Gruffyth ap Lhewelin, one of the most renowned among the princes of Wales, was able to protect the object of Macbeth's jealousy, he could not ultimately sustain a contest with the English power, led by so formidable a commander as Harold, who scrupled not to blend treachery with military skill. After many difficulties and vicissitudes, aggravated by the return of Conan ap Jago from Ireland, worse to confound the confusion of claims, after his people had given hostages, and renounced their
allegiance,

allegiance, he was taken prisoner and beheaded, and his dominion of North Wales bestowed upon his two half-brothers, Blethin and Rhywallon ap Convin, on whom the second marriage of Angharad had conferred some colourable title to the widely-contested succession.

In the year 1043, died Howel, Prince of Glamorgan, at the very advanced age of 130, and was succeeded in the government by his nephew Jestin ap Gwrgant. This Howel ap Morgan Mawr is not, however, to be confounded with Howel, son of Edwin ap Encon, who was killed at Swansea in the same year. He was brother to Ithel, the reigning prince of Glamorgan, and himself became the sovereign after Gwrgant, Ithel's successor, in the year 1030. Howel was invited to the throne by the unanimous voice of the country, that could not be induced to bear with the government of Jestin ap Gwrgant, on account of his worthless character and untractable disposition. After the death of his uncle, however, the people no longer rejected Jestin from the sovereignty. Caradoc mentions Howel as the wisest and best among the princes of Wales. With respect to his extraordinary age, it is to be remarked, that this family presents some astonishing instances of longevity. Morgan Mawr attained the age of 129; Howel ap Rees reached 124; another son of Rees died at 120, while Gwrgant and his son Jestin lived considerably beyond the period usually assigned to man. Glamorgan, in later times, has furnished numerous proofs of similar protraction in the age of its inhabitants.

Blethin ap Convin reigned jointly with his brother Rhywallon, in North Wales, from the death of Gruffyth ap Llewelin to the death of Rhywallon in 1068. In the time of these two princes, the great revolution happened in England, which seated a Norman on the throne, and reduced the Saxons to a level with
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the British in the scale of subjection. Blethin and Rhywallon did not fail to take advantage of the turbulence and confusion to which political convulsions gave birth: yet their efforts served only to mark an impatient submission to tributary inferiority, without making that impression on the conqueror's resources, which might enable them to assert their independence. Little, indeed, could it be expected, that public liberty should triumph over that spirit of revenge, with which the alienation of their inheritance actuated the sons of Gruffyth ap Llewelyn. Instead of making common cause with their kinsmen, they met them in hostile array, when, after a long contest, Ithel was slain on one part, and Rhywallon on the other; and Meredith so closely pursued, that he was starved among the mountains, and Blethin remained sole ruler over Powys and North Wales till 1073, when he was slain in battle by Rees ap Owen. Blethin was a vigorous and patriotic character; he lived in times of violence; yet was his reign distinguished by the revision and amelioration of the laws. Blethin ap Conwin is one of the most distinguished names that grace the royal tribe of Powys.

A circumstance is here to be recorded, which led to consequences, visible to this day in those remnants of antiquity, that attach a still stronger interest to the picturesque scenes of Glamorganshire. Robert ap Ithel, the only surviving brother of the late prince Llewelyn ap Ithel, had been for many years at variance with Jestin ap Gwrgan. About this time a reconciliation was effected between them. Robert had a beautiful daughter by his first wife Evilian, who was descended from a family of great note and power in Wales. The name of this daughter was Arddun. She was an only child by that marriage, dearly beloved by her father, and celebrated as not unworthy so distinguished a parent as the faithful Evilian. Jestin ap Gwrgan, now a widower, and

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growing

growing old, having buried his first wife, the daughter of Blethin ap Convin, Prince of Powise, solicited this daughter of Robert ap Sitsylht in marriage: but her father objected to the alliance; for Jestin was now declining into the vale of years, and the lady who was the object of his addresses, disproportionately young. Jestin, however, sought an opportunity to violate her, as he had several times before dishonoured the daughters of other lords and eminent persons. This outrage on a family of such high rank so exasperated Robert ap Sitsylht, that he ever afterwards continued the sworn enemy of Jestin ap Gwrgant.

Trahaern ap Caradoc obtained the sovereignty of North Wales, on the death of Blethin ap Convin, his uncle, in 1073, while the dominion of South Wales devolved on Rees ap Owen the victor. Caradoc and Meilyr, the sons of Rhywallon ap Convin, followed the fortunes of their cousin Trahaern ap Caradoc; who maintained his ascendancy through a series of turbulent events, and notwithstanding the opposition of Gruffyth ap Conan, till his rival had procured an accession of strength in the support of Rees ap Tudor, the right heir of South Wales from Roderique the Great, as Gruffyth of North, so as to carry on an offensive warfare, which terminated the life of Trahaern in the fiercest battle recorded in the annals of the principality. After a most bloody contest, victory declared itself in favour of Gruffyth ap Conan and Rees ap Tudor. Trahaern and his kinsmen fell on the fatal field, and the victor took possession of a kingdom, equally due to his merit and descent, which he governed with dignity during a reign of fifty-nine years, and, to say nothing of Merioneth, lost to Hugh, Earl of Chester, but soon recovered, thence left it continued in his posterity, until its final absorption under Edward the First, in the time of Llewelyn ap Gruffyth. His ally was less fortunate in the duration of his power, though
perhaps

perhaps equally brave and public-spirited, owing to the more accessible nature of his country, the south and west parts of which especially were less favoured by the frequency of craggy mountains. Eleven years of various fortune elapsed, between his signal victory over Trahaern, and his violent death at the very advanced age of 92, by the hand of Jestin, who afterwards dearly paid for the alliance his ambition had courted.

Under William Rufus, the Norman-English were very desirous of Welsh territory; and Robert Fitzhamon was but too successful in wresting parts of South Wales from their lawful prince, Rees ap Tudor, and afterward from Jestin, lord of Glamorgan, which he subjected to the English crown.

The circumstance which enabled the Normans, headed by Robert Fitzhamon, to complete the conquest of Glamorgan, may be traced to personal resentment and private pique, rather than to any diminution of valour or abatement of British spirit in the breasts of the people in general. In the year 1090, Robert ap Sitfylht, to avenge the injuries sustained by himself and his daughter from Jestin, raised an army of such as were disgusted with the wicked and tyrannical conduct of the oppressor. After they had joined the Normans, a bloody battle was fought on Cardiff Heath. Jestin and his armies were vanquished. Robert Fitzhamon assumed the sovereignty of Glamorgan, not altogether by conquest, but in a great measure by the consent and invitation of the country; for great numbers of the natives sided with him, tired as they were, and worn out, with the vexatious and arbitrary government of Jestin. Those who acquiesced in a revolution, rendered necessary by the misconduct of their native prince, were not molested or disturbed in the possession of their estates. Hence it was that Robert ap Sitfylht, with many others, retained their lands, and their ancient privileges were confirmed to them.

It has already been mentioned that Gruffyth ap Conan left his son, Owen Gwyneth, in peaceable possession of his dominions, the direct descent of which was no longer interrupted by the claims of rival kindred. But as the Welsh speak much for the glory of their country during this period, in some instances discording with the suppositions of the English story, the amplifications of Drayton's historical muse may fairly be admitted, as containing evidence at least of the assertions, boldly if not unquestionably advanced by the Cambrian chroniclers.

And let the English thus, which vilify our name,
 If it their greatness please, report unto our shame
 The foil our Gwyneth gave at Flint's so deadly fight,
 To Maud the Empress' son, that there he put to flight,
 And from the English power th' imperial ensign took :
 About his plumed head which valiant Owen shook.
 As when that king again, his fortune to advance
 Above his former foil, procur'd fresh pow'rs from France,
 A surely-level'd shaft if Sent-clear had not seen,
 And in the very loose, not thrust himself between
 His sovereign and the shaft, he our revenge had try'd :
 Thus, to preserve the king, the noble subject dy'd.
 As Madock, his brave son, may come the rest among ;
 Who, like the godlike race from which his grandfires sprung,
 Whilst here his brothers tir'd in sad domestic strife,
 On their unnatural breasts bent either's murderous knife ;
 This brave adventurous youth, in hot pursuit of fame,
 With such as his great spirit did with high deeds inflame,
 Put forth his well-rigg'd fleet to seek him foreign ground,
 And sailed west so long, until that world he found
 To Christians then unknown (save this advent'rous crew)
 Long ere Columbus liv'd, or it Vespuccius knew ;
 And put the now-nam'd Welsh on India's parched face,
 Unto the endless praise of Brute's renowned race ;
 Ere the Iberian powers had touch'd her long sought bay,
 Or any ear had heard the sound of Florida.

“ Henry

“ Henry of Essex, at this time standard-bearer to Henry II. in a straight at Counsylth near Flint, cast down the standard, thereby animating the Welsh, and discomfiting the English, adding much danger to the dishonour. He was afterward accused by Robert of Montfort, of a traiterous design in the action. To clear himself, he challenges the combat: they both, with the royal assent and judicial course by law of arms, enter the lists; where Montfort had the victory, and Essex pardoned for his life; but forfeiting all his substance, entered religion, and profest in the abbey of Reding, where the combat was performed. I remember a great clerk of those times says, that Montfort spent a whole night of devotions to St. Denis (so I understand him, although his copy seems corrupted), which could make champions invincible; whereto he refers the success. That it was usual for combatants to pray over night to several saints, is plain by our law-annals.

“ About the year 1170, Madoc, brother to David ap Owen, Prince of Wales, made this sea voyage; and by probability those names of Capo de Breton in Noremberg, and Pengwin in part of the Northern America, for a white rock and a white-headed bird, according to the British, were reliques of this discovery. So that the Welsh may challenge priority, of finding that new world, before the Spaniard, Genoway, and all other mentioned in Lopez, Marinæus, Cortez, and the rest of that kind.”—Selden.

North Wales was the chief principality, and to it South Wales and Powise paid a tribute. The prince of South Wales in the reign of David was Rees ap Gruffyth, whose daughter Gwenellian married Ednivet Vaughan, ancestor to Owen Tudor, this Rees ap Gruffyth being descended of Theodor, or Tudor Mawr, son to Eneon, who was slain by the rebels of Gwentland or Monmouthshire. Eneon seems not to have deserved his fate;

for

for he is represented as a notable and worthy gentleman, who in his life did many noble acts. Not satisfied with this simple pedigree, Owen Tudor himself boasted his royal blood as flowing in upon him from every point of the compass. Drayton thus makes him deduce his genealogy, in justification of his boldness as the suitor of Queen Catharine, in his "England's Heroical Epistles."

My royal mother's princely stock began
From her great grandame, fair Gwenellian,
By true descent from Leolin the Great,
As well from North Wales, as fair Powland's feat.

This is the Llewelin, called Leolinus Magnus, Prince of North Wales. But whatever may be decided respecting the merits of this alleged consanguinity, Rees ap Gruffyth, Prince of South Wales, is entitled to the notice of the historian and the respect of posterity, as the anchor, hope, and stay, of his declining country: a prince, who, as he descended of noble blood, so he surpassed all competitors in commendable qualities and endowments of the mind. According to Dr. Powel's history, and the Welsh poets, he was the overthrower of the mighty, and setter-up of the weak; the scatterer of his foes, and the overturner of their holds: among his enemies he appeared as a wild boar among whelps, or as a lion that for anger beateth his tail to the ground.

In the year 1176, he gave an example of the Stethva; for an accurate account of which institution, as far at least as the obscurity in which its ordinances are involved will admit, we cannot consult a fuller or better authority, than that of the learned antiquary, from whom we have already drawn so copiously.

“Understand

“ Understand this Stethva to be the meeting of the British poets and minstrels, for trial of their poems and music sufficiencies, where the best had his reward, a silver harp. A custom so good, that, had it been judiciously observed, truth of story had not been so uncertain: for there was, by suppose, a correction of what was faulty in form or matter, or at least a censure of the hearers upon what was recited. The sorts of these poets and minstrels, out of Dr. Powel’s inserted annotations upon Caradoc Lharcarvan, I note to you: first Beirdhs, otherwise Prydvids (called in Athenæus, Lucan, and others, Bards), who, somewhat like the *ῥαψωδοὶ* among the Greeks, fortia virorum illustrium facta heroicis composita versibus cum dulcibus lyræ modulis cantitarunt, which was the chiefest form of the ancientest music among the Gentiles, as Zarlino hath fully collected. Their charge also as heralds, was to describe and preserve pedigrees, wherein their line ascendent went from the Petruccius to B. M. thence to Sylvius and Ascanius, from them to Adam. Thus Girald reporting, hath his B. M. in some copies by transcription of ignorant monks (forgetting their tenant of perpetual virginity, and that relation of Theodosius), turned into Beatam Mariam, whereas it stands for Belinum Magnum (that was Heli, in their writers, father to Lud and Casibelin), to whom their genealogies had always reference. The second are, which play on the harp and croud; their music for the most part came out of Ireland with Gruffyth ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, about King Stephen’s time. This Gruffyth reformed the abuses of those minstrels, by a particular statute, extant to this day. The third called Ateancaid; they sing to instruments played on by others. For the Englyns, Cycudhs, and Aoudls; the first are couplets interchanged of sixteen and fourteen feet, and called Paladries, Pensels, the second of equal tetrameters, the third of variety in
both

both rhyme and quantity. Subdivision of them, and better information, may be had in the elaborate institutions of the Cumreg language, by David ap Rees. Of their music anciently, out of an old writer, read this: “Non uniformiter, ut alibi, fed multipliciter multisque modis et modulis cantilenas emittunt, adeo ut, turba canentium, quot videas capita, tot audias carmina, discriminaque vocum varia, in unam denique, sub B. mollis dulcedine blanda, consonantiam et organicam convenientia melodiam.”

It was of Henry II. that a prophecy of Merlin hath been understood, which ran thus: When the freckle-fac'd Prince (so was the King) passes over Khyd Pencarn, then should the Welsh forces be weakened. The circumstance by which the prediction was supposed to have been fulfilled, is thus related by Selden: “For he in this expedition against Rees ap Gruffyth into South Wales, coming mounted near that ford in Glamorgan, his steed maddened with sudden sound of trumpets, on the bank, violently, out of the purposed way, carries him through the ford: which, compared with that of Merlin, gave to the British army no small discomfiture; as Girald, a Cambro-Briton, then living, hath delivered. But, that their stories and ours are so different in these things, it can be no marvel to any that knows how often it is used among historians, to flatter their own nation, and wrong the honour of their enemies.”

Yet, notwithstanding the advantage of steady perseverance with the powers of a large empire on the part of the English, and the discouraging forebodings of superstition, that haunted the imaginations of the ancient Britons; that the latter did not yet bow their necks to the unbridled will of the usurpers, is sufficiently justifiable in the instance of King John, although, according to Selden, “our monks therein not much discording from British
relation

relation, deliver, that he subdued all Wales; especially the northern part unto Snowdon, and received twenty hostages for surety of future obedience. For, at first, Llewelin ap Iorwerth, Prince of North Wales, had by force joined with stratagem the better hand, and compelled the English camp to victual themselves with horseflesh; but afterward, indeed, upon a second road made into Wales, King John had the conquest. This, compared with those changes ensuing upon the Pope's wrongfully uncrowning him, his barons rebellion, and advantages in the mean time taken by the Welsh, proves only, that his winnings here were little better than imaginary, as on a tragique stage."

"After him, Henry III. had wars with Llewelin ap Iorwerth; who (a most worthy prince) desiring to bless his feeble days with such composed quiet as inclining age affects, at last put himself into the king's protection. Within short space dying, left all to his sons, David and Gruffyth; but only David being legitimate, had title of government. He by charter submits himself and his principality to the English crown, acknowledges that he would stand to the judgment of the king's court, in controversies betwixt his brother and himself, and that what portions so ever were allotted to either of them, they would hold of the crown in chief; and briefly, makes himself and his barons (they joining in doing homage) tenants and subjects of England."—Selden.

Senen, wife to Gruffyth, then imprisoned, was with others a pledge for her husband's part. Yet were not these stipulations and submissions tamely and obediently fulfilled,

Until all-ruling Heaven would have us to resign:

When that brave prince, the last of all the British line,

Llewelin, Griffith's son, unluckily was slain,

As fate had spar'd our fall till Edward Longshank's reign.

Yet to the stock of Brute so true we ever were,

We would permit no prince, unless a native, here.

G

Which,

Which, that most prudent king perceiving, wisely thought
 To satisfy our wills, and to Caernarvon brought
 His queen, being great with child, ev'n ready down to ly,
 Then to his purpos'd end doth all his powers apply.
 Through every part of Wales he to the nobles sent,
 That they unto his court should come incontinent,
 Of things that much concern'd the country to debate:
 But now behold the power of unavowed fate!
 When thus unto his will he fitly them had won,
 At her expected hour the queen brought forth a son.
 And to this great design, all happ'ning as he would,
 He (his intended course that clerkly manage could)
 Thus queintly trains us on: since he perceiv'd us prone
 Here only to be rul'd by princes of our own,
 Our naturalness therein he greatly did improve;
 And publicly protests, that for the ancient love
 He ever bare to Wales, they all should plainly see,
 That he had found out one, their sovereign lord to be;
 Com'n of the race of kings, and (in their country born)
 Could not one English word: of which he durst be sworn.
 Besides, his upright heart, and innocence was such,
 As that (he was assur'd) black envy could not touch
 His spotless life in aught. Poor we (that not espy
 His subtilty herein) in plain simplicity,
 Soon bound ourselves by oath, his choice not to refuse:
 When as that crafty king, his little child doth chuse,
 Young Edward, born in Wales, and of Caernarvon call'd:
 Thus by the English craft, we Britons were inthrall'd.

“ When Edward I. after his father, succeeded in the English crown, soon came that fatal conversion, Ann. 1277, even executed in as great and worthy a prince, as ever that third part of the isle was ruled by; that is, Llewelyn ap Gruffyth, who (after uncertain fortune of war, on both sides, and revolting of South Wales) was constrained to enter a truce (or rather subjection), resigning his principality to be annexed wholly to the
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the crown after his death, and reserving, for his life only, the isle of Anglesey and five baronies in Snowdon, for which the king's exchequer should receive a clear yearly rent of 1000 merks, granting also that all the baronies in Wales should be held of the king, excepting those five reserved, with divers other particulars in Walsingham, Matthew of Westminster, Nicholas Trivet, and Humphrey Lhuyd, at large reported. The articles of this instrument were not long observed, but at length the death of Llewelyn, spending his last breath for maintenance of his ancestors rights against his own covenant, freely cast upon King Edward all that, whereof he was as it were instituted there."—Selden.

The incorporation seems now to have been, though not cordially, at least legally effected: as a proof of which, under Edward II. to a parliament at York were summoned twenty-four out of North Wales, and as many out of South Wales. Yet did the recollection of the past keep alive a spirit of discontent and mortified indignation, which instigated these high-minded mountaineers to acts of rebellion, on every pretence that presented itself, during the succeeding reigns: and it was not till the second prince of the Lancastrian line, atoning for his defect of title by an over-ruling splendour of character, seemed to have extinguished all other pretensions, that the Welsh could allow their national gallantry to be reconciled with their allegiance to their sovereign. Neither did it contribute slightly to that attachment, which they manifested almost for the first time to the person of an English king, that he was Henry of Monmouth. The battle of Agincourt was the occasion, on which they particularly signalized themselves, while the memory of their independence, happily changed for perfect union, was in any degree recent. This historical and national sketch shall therefore be closed with a delineation of their military array, as described in "The Battle of Agincourt."

From Milford haven to the mouth of Tweed,
 Ships of all burthen to Southampton brought,
 (For there the King the rendezvous decreed),
 To bear aboard his most victorious freight;
 The place from whence he with the greatest speed
 Might land in France, of any that was thought,
 And with success upon that lucky shore,
 Where his great grandfire landed had before.

The "great grandfire" here mentioned was Edward the Third. The following stanzas, describing circumstances of military preparation, and combining well-grounded confidence with natural alarm, are not inapplicable to the present conjuncture; when the people of Great Britain are founding the note of Agincourt on their own ground, to repel an unprincipled invader, and not to extend their own dominions on so doubtful a title as that of conquest. At the same time, these lines afford no unfavourable specimen of that poetical mediocrity, which Pope, with affected diffidence, ranks with his own, for the sake of flattering Warburton, by placing him on a level with Selden.

The man whose way from London hap'd to ly,
 By those he met might guess the general force;
 Daily encounter'd as he pass'd by,
 Now with a troop of foot, and then of horse,
 To whom the people still themselves apply,
 Bringing them victuals in mere remorse;
 And still the acclamation of the press,
 Saint George for England, to your good success.
 There might a man have seen in ev'ry street,
 The father bidding farewell to his son;
 Small children kneeling at their father's feet;
 The wife with her dear husband ne'er had done;
 Brother his brother with adieu to greet,
 One friend to take leave of another run;
 The maiden with her best-belov'd to part,
 Gave him her hand, who took away her heart.

The

The nobler youth, the common rank above,
 On their courveting courfers mounted fair,
 One wore his mistress' garter, one her glove;
 And he a lock of his dear lady's hair;
 And he her colours whom he most did love.
 There was not one but did some favour wear;
 And each one took it on his happy speed,
 To make it famous by some knightly deed.
 The clouds of dust that from the way arose,
 Which in their march the trampling troops do rear;
 When as the sun their thickness doth oppose
 In his descending, shining wondrous clear,
 To the beholder far off standing, shews
 Like some besieged town that were on fire:
 As though foretelling, ere they should return;
 That many a city, yet secure, must burn.
 The well-rigg'd navy fall'n into the road,
 For this short cut with victual fully stor'd;
 The King impatient of their long abode,
 Commands his army instantly aboard,
 Casting to have each company bestow'd,
 As then the time convenience could afford;
 The ships appointed wherein they should go,
 And boats prepar'd for waftage to and fro.
 To be embark'd when every band comes down,
 Each in their order as they muster'd were,
 Or by the difference of their armings known,
 Or by their colours; for in ensigns there,
 Some wore the arms of their most ancient town,
 Others again their own devices bear:
 There was not any, but that more or less,
 Something had got, that something should express.

Then follows the order of battle, with the armorial ensigns of each county. The English we omit.

Thus as themselves the Englishmen had shew'd
 Under the ensign of each sev'ral shire,
 The native Welsh, who no less honour ow'd
 To their own king, nor yet less valiant were,

ON THE LEGENDS, TRADITIONS,

In one strong reg'ment had themselves bestow'd,
 And of the rest resumed had the rear ;
 To their own quarter marching as the rest,
 As neatly arm'd, and bravely as the best.
 Pembroke, a boat wherein a lady stood,
 Rowing herself within a quiet bay ;
 Those men of South Wales of the mixed blood,
 Had of the Welsh the leading of the way.
 Caermarthen in her colours bore a rood,
 Whereon an old man lean'd himself to stay,
 At a star pointing ; which of great renown,
 Was skilful Merlin, namer of that town.
 Glamorgan-men, a castle great and high,
 From which, out of the battlement above,
 A flame shot up itself into the sky :
 The men of Monmouth (for the ancient love
 To that dear country, neighbouring them so nigh)
 Next after them in equipage that move,
 Three crowns imperial, which supported were
 With three arm'd arms, in their proud ensign bear.
 The men of Brecknock brought a warlike tent,
 Upon whose top there sat a watchful cock ;
 Radnor, a mountain of a high ascent,
 Thereon a shepherd keeping of his flock ;
 As Cardigan, the next to them that went,
 Came with a mermaid sitting on a rock ;
 And Merioneth bears (as these had done)
 Three dancing goats against the rising sun.
 Those of Montgomery bear a prancing steed ;
 Denbigh, a Neptune with his three-fork'd mace ;
 Flintshire, a work-maid in her summer's weed,
 With sheaf and sickle. With a warlike pace
 Those of Caernarvon (not the least in speed,
 Tho' marching last in the main army's face)
 Three golden eagles in their ensign brought,
 Under which oft brave Owen Gwyneth fought.

During the time that the sovereignty of the principality was
 divided, in South Wales, Caermarthen, and afterwards Dinevowr;
 in

in Powise, Shrewsbury, and then Mathraval; in North Wales Aberfraw in Anglesey, were the chief places of the princes residence.

It may require some apology with the searchers after rigid facts, to have dwelt so long on the legendary tales of Arthur; but the traveller, in his progress through the principality, will meet with so many ascriptions to this king, marking the passion of the natives for the marvellous, so many stories told, and that with implicit self-credit, in the still surviving spirit of bardish miracle, that he will lose much of his pleasure and interest, unless he can persuade himself to a temporary acquiescence in these disguised and exaggerated relations. The highest hill is Arthur's chair, the largest cromlech is of Arthur's erection; the enchantments of Merlin still exist in the belief of the vulgar, the exploits of Arthur suffer no diminution from the lapse of time or the defect of probability. But the events which are recorded in the succeeding ages, verified and acknowledged in the main, though the historians of opposite parties may dispute about the particulars, exhibit Wales in a more interesting and important point of view. The gallant princes of that mountainous tract, supported by a people, breathing a spirit of hereditary opposition to their invaders, contended for liberty and independence, during the unexampled period of nine hundred years. In that interval, the conquerors became themselves the alternate prey of Danes and Normans; while the native Britons maintained an indignant struggle for their country and their homes. It is true, it was unsuccessful; but so much the more meritorious was its obstinacy. Such an instance is among the most uncommon examples of patriotism, that history records: their enemies of course called it nationality; but it assimilates so closely with what we have been taught to admire from our infancy, in the character of the Grecian

Grecian and Roman commonwealths, that to deny its merit, is to overturn every principle, on which we fix our opinions of virtue and magnanimity in a people. The cherished remembrance of what they once were, so long after their having ceased to exist as an independent nation, is a not less remarkable feature of the modern Welsh. The Scotch are indeed equally national; but their union with England is a comparatively modern event. In general, a long connection melts the manners and the language into those of the predominant power: but in Wales, though English and Englishmen are gradually enlarging their sphere, the progress is far from being accelerated in proportion to the time and distance. The common people still look with an evil eye on the intrusion of strangers. This may seem to accord ill with their proverbial attribute of hospitality: but the fact is, that highly as they are gratified by the interest a traveller takes in their scenery and antiquities, and agreeable as they render his temporary residence among them, they have no desire to see him become a settler. The instances of remaining prejudice, though wearing away, are still frequent, and often whimsical. One of the most singular occurred to the Lord Chancellor Talbot; it was almost too strong to be laughable, and certainly too malignant, to do credit to the spirit that suggested it.

Lord Talbot, during an excursion on horseback, had parted from his servant, and continued his ride alone to the bank of one of the rivers near Hensol; probably either Elwy or Taff. He met with a countryman, of whom he inquired, whether the stream was fordable in that place. The rustic nodded assent, in a manner which happened not precisely to meet with Lord Talbot's approbation, who repeated the question in Welsh. The man, with much emotion, exclaimed, "Oh no!—For Heaven's sake, do not attempt it; it is very dangerous. Come with me,
I and

and I will shew you the ford! I beg your pardon most humbly; —but indeed, Sir, I took you for a Saxon!”

One of the reflections, which will most forcibly strike an observing traveller in Wales, and scarcely meet with credit from those who have not visited the country, is the height of improvement and grandeur to which it had attained, at an era looked back upon as barbarous, through the delusive medium of modern pride. The stile of castle architecture, the stile of cathedral architecture, the stile even of the cottages that yet remain, evince the flourishing state of those arts, which infer a corresponding convenience in others, whose evanescent nature precludes us from more direct evidence of their perfection. Wherever we see large mansions, adapted to the accommodation of numerous guests and domestics, or the reception of military squadrons, we take it for granted, the access to these places was by wide and convenient roads. Wherever we observe the remains of large and populous towns, however ruinous their present condition, we naturally suppose them to have been supplied by plentiful and choice markets. Considering the face of the country in this light, we must contemplate it with astonishment. The continual recurrence of castles, some built for strength, and others for magnificence, but all with demonstrations of skill, extorting the acknowledgment of inferiority from the candid workmen of these days, is of itself a sufficient proof, how considerable must have been the population, how great the warlike force of the district. In England, our ancestors have left us, dispersed in various places, splendid remains of their greatness: but in Wales, you can scarcely travel ten miles, without coming upon some vestige of antiquity, which in another country you would go fifty to trace out. Nor is it alone in the palaces of the lords, that these features of civilization are to be found. The ruins of ancient farms and

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barns

barns are particularly to be noticed, as unquestionable evidences of opulence and fertility. The agriculture of the country was much in the hands of the clergy; and it was no uncommon thing, to meet with barns, belonging to abbeys and monasteries, capable of containing more than the produce of the parish in which they are situated, in the present supposedly improved state of cultivation. Many of the barns belonging to parsonages are of dimensions, the occupation of which the modern incumbent vainly sighs to behold; and breathes, from his contracted benefice, the frail spirit of envy, at the lost revenues of his long-departed predecessors.

On the whole, the pleasure of a tour in Wales is in some degree tinged with melancholy, on observing the honest and amiable manners of its inhabitants, to find so many appearances of a fallen country. It is true, the consolidation is, on the whole, for the benefit of both parties; and Wales yields not, in the shadow of a thought, to England, in loyalty to the reigning family. Indeed, the King seems to be the only Saxon, to whom they are thoroughly reconciled. Yet, when we consider how highly they valued their independence, and how respectable is that sentiment in a nation, we cannot but regret, that the union of interests was necessarily to be obtained, at the expence of patriotic feeling, and with some diminution of that consequence, so proudly maintained by their ancestors.

CHAPTER II.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

GLAMORGAN, the county, with the eastern part of which this circuit commenced, is the south maritime shire. It is supposed to have taken its name from the circumstance of having afforded a temporary, though insecure retreat, to an ancient prince, at a very early period of British history. Spenser briefly recapitulates the story in his *Chronicle of British Kings*; placing it soon after the reign of King Llyr.—FAIRY QUEEN, B. II. C. 10.

Then gan the bloody brethren both to raine;
 But fierce Cundah gan shortly to envy
 His brother Morgan, prickt with proud disdaine
 To have a pere in part of soverainty;
 And kindling coles of cruell enmity,
 Rais'd warre, and him in batteil overthrew:
 Whence as he to those woody hilles did fly,
 Which hight of him Glamorgan, there him flew;
 Then did he raine alone, when he none equal knew.

Glamorgan was in succeeding ages an independent sovereign principality, distinct, as those assert, who profess a more intimate acquaintance with Welsh Archæology, from the rule and government of South Wales. The principality or sovereign lordship of Glamorgan contained the present counties, according to this authority, of Glamorgan and Monmouth; the southern and

eastern parts of Brecknockshire, and that part of Herefordshire lying to the west of the river Wye. The principality of South Wales contained the present counties of Caermarthen, Pembroke, Cardigan, and a great part of Brecknockshire, with part of Radnorshire.

The traveller enters South Wales from London at Remny bridge, over the river Remny, which constitutes the boundary between Glamorgan and Monmouthshires, and signifies, in the British, to divide. I shall transcribe from Drayton's topographical poem, the orderly and collected catalogue of the highly picturesque rivers, which constitute the great beauty of this county. In the course of the following tour, they have all, not excepting the smallest, been visited, though in a different order from that, in which the poet enumerates them. But I would strongly recommend it to the traveller of curiosity and leisure, who shall, instead of pursuing a course, dictated to me by personal convenience, take the direct route from England east and west, to begin with Remny from the sea to its source: then, adhering to that method, to pursue the banks of each river as far as they will lead him with tolerable convenience, in the ensuing succession, the regular chain of which a good map will point out. I can promise him an ample recompence for his labour. Indeed it may be observed in general, that a stranger, whose object is to wander pleasantly through a country, will find his account in following the courses of rivers, both as to the advantage with which the scenery will pass in review, and his security from dangerous or inconvenient aberrations.

That Remny, when she saw these gallant nymphs of Gwent,
On this appointed match were all so hotly bent,
Where she of ancient time had parted, as a mound,
The Monumethian fields and Glamorganian ground,

Intreats

Intreats the Taff along, as gray as any glas;
 With whom clear Cunno comes, a lusty Cambrian las:
 Then Elwy, and with her Eweny holds her way,
 And Ogmor, that would yet be there as soon as they,
 By Avon called in; when nimbler Neath anon
 (To all the neighbouring nymphs for her rare beauties known;
 Besides her double head, to help her stream that hath
 Her handmaids, Melta sweet, clear Hepsey, and Tragath)
 From Brecknock forth doth break; then Dulas and Cledaugh,
 By Morgany do drive her through her watry faugh;
 With Tawy, taking part t' assist the Cambrian power:
 Then Lhu and Logor, given to strengthen them by Gower.

Betwixt Neath and Logor in Glamorgan is this Gower, a little province, extended into the sea as a chersoneuse; out of it, on the west, rise these two rivers meant by the author.

With respect to the picturesque character of this county, it is distinguished by unbounded variety. It is full of pictures from one end of the district to the other. It has sea, mountain, vallies, and rivers. It furnishes prospects that remind you of what you have seen in other parts, without perhaps rivalling the most excellent of those detached objects. It is remarked to resemble the stile of North Wales, more than any of the six counties. Its mountains are not so high as those of Brecknockshire, but they present in a great degree the appearance of Merionethshire, by their extreme abruptness, which imparts an air of wildness to the country, and of elevation exceeding the reality to them. The parish of Ystradyvodwg exhibits such scenes of untouched nature, as the imagination would find it difficult to surpass: and yet the existence of the place is scarcely known to the English traveller.

The imputation under which Glamorganshire generally labours is want of wood; but this is only true of its level and most cultivated parts. The observation will not apply either to its
 eastern

eastern or western extremities. Those who know the banks of the Taff, the two Ronthas, and the Cunno, the wilds of Aberdare and Ystradyvodwg, have seen such woods and groves as are rarely to be found. The magnificently clothed hills of Margam, Bagland, Briton Ferry, and the vale of Neath, unite the beauties of cultivation with the unfelled luxuriance of forest scenery.

There is one peculiarity in the face of this country, which I must not omit to mention. In the flat parts of it, and near the sea, at the greatest distance from the mountains, seeing as you imagine the whole surface of the ground for a considerable stretch, you come suddenly on an abrupt sinking, not deep, but perpendicular as the side of a crag, of more or less extent, forming a rich, woody, and retired shelter, the picturesque properties of which contrast most delightfully with the uniform dulness of corn fields. You pass through these sequestered dells, ascend on the other side, and regain the flat. Instances of this singularity are, among others, Llandough, at what is called the lake, and between Flemingstone and St. Athans.

An ample account of the manner in which the lordship of Glamorgan was won, is to be found in Powel's History of Wales, written in the time of Elizabeth, or in Evans's edition of Wynne's History of Wales. The abstract of it is as follows:

Jeffin ap Gwrgant, of whose odious character some particulars have already been recorded, waged war, in the year 1088, against Rees ap Tudor. Eneon ap Collwyn assisted him in his enterprize. Not being able to make any impression on his enemy's dominions, Jeffin commissioned Eneon to go to England, and procure some more powerful ally. His propositions were eagerly received by Robert Fitzhamon and twelve other Norman adventurers, who came to Glamorgan on an expedition, professedly for the object of retrieving Jeffin's affairs. The allies marched against Rees

ap

ap Tudor, and came up with his forces on the borders of Brecknockshire. A battle was fought at a place called Hirwin, where Rees was entirely defeated. In his flight he was soon taken prisoner, and put to death. On this occasion, Jestin exhibited his characteristic treachery, in violating his agreement with Eneon, to whom he had promised his daughter in marriage, as a reward for his services. This stipulation he refused to fulfil, with the aggravation of insult and contumely, which exasperated Eneon to enterprises of revenge. The Normans had fulfilled their engagements; and, on obtaining satisfaction for their services, were quietly returning home. But Eneon was assiduous in representing the injuries he had sustained at the hands of Jestin: he painted in tempting colours the hatred of the country to its tyrant. Is it not easy then, said he, to obtain possession of this fertile territory, with the aid of the different princes at variance with Jestin? Robert Fitzhamon and his soldiers of fortune caught with eagerness at these intimations and pretences. Suiting therefore their views to the opportunity of the moment, they turned their arms against their employer, who was unprepared for so formidable a reverse. His country therefore was easily over-run, and he saved himself by flight, and died soon after, unlamented and unrevenged.

The division of property and power, in consequence of this event, is thus laid out by Caradoc Lhancarvan:

Robert Fitzhamon took for his share the castles of Cardiff and Kenfig, with the market town of Cowbridge, and the demesne of Llantwit. He appropriated to himself the lands appertaining to them, together with the sovereignty of the whole country.

William de London had the castle and manor of Ogmore, with the lands belonging to that lordship.

Richard

Richard Grenville had the castle and lordship of Neath, with the borough town, and the territory adjoining.

To Robert de St. Quintin was given the castle and lordship of Llanblethian; but whether the town of Cowbridge was annexed to the allotment, or reserved by Robert Fitzhamon, seems not to have been correctly ascertained.

Gilbert Humphreville had the castle and lordship of Penmark.

Roger Berclos had the lordship of St. Athans.

Reginald Sully had the castle and lordship of Sully, so called after his name.

Peter le Soor had the castle and lordship of Peterston super Elwy, which place derives its name from him.

John Fleming had the castle and lordship of St. Georges.

Oliver St. John had the castle and lordship of Fonmore, which name was given it by the Normans in lieu of Abernant.

William de Esterling had the castle and lordship of St. Donatts.

Payne Turberville obtained the castle and lordship of Coity; but he professed to have derived his title, not from the chance of war, but from the legitimate rights of matrimonial connection.

Eneon ap Collwyn possessed Caerphilly, with Jestin's daughter in marriage, the prize at which he aimed, and the cause of the dispute.

Caradoc ap Jestin obtained Aberavon, with all the lands between Neath and Avon, as a royal castle and lordship.

Howel ap Jestin had Llantrythid.

Rees ap Jestin obtained the territory between Neath and Tawy.

Ancient Welsh names are very commonly retained in most parts of Wales; but they prevail more in the county of Glamorgan than in any other district with which I am acquainted. The following appellations of British origin, used promiscuously as fir-names,

furnames, or Christian names, are currently to be met with in that division of the principality, which is the subject of our present inquiries. Trahaern, Owen, Madoc, Caradoc, Howel, Rees, Lhewelin, Cadock, Blethin, Arthur, Cadwgan, Gruffyth, Morgan, Llywarch, Lleision, Rhydderch, Illtyd, Jevaf, Myric, Ivor, Goronw, Tudor, Talieffin, Merlin, Meredith, and several others, occur with more or less frequency to the curious and inquisitive traveller. Gwenellian, Angharad, Morvudd, Lleian, with a long catalogue besides, are still to be met with as applied to women.

It was a remarkable usage of the Welsh, derived from high antiquity, for the son to take the Christian name of his father for his own surname. This custom still prevails to a very considerable extent in the mountains of Glamorgan, and in the adjoining counties of Brecknock and Monmouth. It is much less commonly retained in the other parts of the principality. After the incorporation of England and Wales in the time of Henry the Eighth, Judge Mostyn and other persons of consequence in North Wales recommended it to the inhabitants, to adopt regular and permanent family surnames, after the manner of the English. The principal motive for urging this request was, to prevent that confusion which, on the ancient system, was perpetually occurring in the law courts, and on many other occasions. Judge Mostyn himself set the example, by adopting the name of his own house for his surname. It is to be supposed that a fashion would be followed, which originated in such high authority. Many heads of families took the names of their own houses, estates, or places of abode. This practice was most popular in North Wales, where we find the surnames of Carreg, Madryn, Glynn, Coedmor, Pennant, and many of a similar description. Others adopted whatever the names of their fathers happened to be, and fixed

them as permanent appellations in the family. The latter mode was received with the most cordial approbation by the Welsh in general, and especially by the inhabitants of South Wales. A man, named John, whose father's name was William, called himself John William, and his son in turn would be William John. The son of Thomas Richard was Richard Thomas. The son of Robert Henry was Henry Robert. Hence is derived the singularity, so striking to all travellers in Wales, that there are so few family names; and hence arise the numerous families, unconnected with each other, of Johnes's or Jones's, Williams's, Richards's, Thomas's, Henry's, Roberts's, and many others. It proceeds from the same cause, that the surnames in Wales are generally the same as the Christian names in common use. At the period to which we are referring, the old Welsh names were to the full as prevalent, as those that have just been enumerated. The father of one man was named Trahaern; the son was called Lhewelin; he therefore became, according to the new mode, Lhewelin Trahaern; and Trahaern became from that time alternately convertible with Lhewelin. The father of another was called Howel; the father of a third Owen; and so on through the whole catalogue. When therefore we consider that these were Christian, though royal names, we are by no means to take it for granted that families, bearing such fir-names as Trahaern, Lhewelin, Morgan, or Owen, are for that reason the more likely to have been descended from ancient princes, or any other great men of former times, though their present opulence and respectability may confer on them an importance in society more than equal to that which is derived from high and remote origin. It would be quoted as an instance of very singular absurdity, if any Englishman, on no better evidence than the fact of his bearing the family name of Stevens, were to deduce

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his extraction from the monarch whose Christian name was Stephen. The descendants of the old princes are well known; and I am credibly informed that the instances are very rare, in which the families of those houses have for their fir-name the Christian name of any one in the list of their ancestors.

This adoption of fir-names, on either of the principles here laid down, or any other, was not carried into effect all at once, at the time it was first proposed, but on the contrary took place very gradually. Indeed the degrees by which its progress has been carried forward are so very slow, and the reluctance to innovation is so rooted in the minds of the Welsh, that the modern system has not yet more than half established itself among the common people, throughout the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, with part of Brecknockshire.

The agriculture of this county does not keep pace with the fertility of the soil. South Wales in general is far behind England in this most important branch of improvement. But Brecknockshire, Cardiganshire, Caermarthenshire, and Pembrokehire, seem to me to be inhabited by gentry, more intent on the introduction of the modern improved farming, and more determined by perseverance to conquer the prejudices of the natives. A tract of land can scarcely be found, more inviting to scientific cultivation, than the vale of Glamorgan between the mountains and the sea: yet perhaps that very circumstance is unfavourable to industry and enterprize. In addition to natural fruitfulness they have lime every where at command for manure: and this facility affords a strong temptation to that act of cruelty and injustice, which the farmers call driving the land. With respect to the rate at which land lets, it is impossible in this or any of the Welsh counties to ascertain any thing like an average. Situation will every where enter largely into the calculation, as well as quality; but in a

mountainous country; the difference of value becomes too great to be reducible to any standard. In Glamorganshire, good land situated near a considerable town lets almost as high as within five miles of London; but land among the northern hills, scarcely reclaimed, and from its locality irreclaimable to any very lucrative purpose, is of course low in its rent, and occupied only by tenants, natives of the hills, and unacquainted with the superior advantages and comforts, enjoyed by the farmer in the vale. Another material consideration which affects the value of farms, is right of mountain: where that is attached to an estate, it compensates in some degree for distance from markets or poverty of soil. But what distinguishes and enriches this county above all the rest, is the profusion of coal, iron, and lime-stone, with which it every where abounds. The earth, indeed, of which it is composed, taken externally and internally, seems to be full of every thing necessary to the use and convenience of man. Manure, metal, and the means of manufacturing that metal, are all found on the same spot; so that industry is exerted at the least possible expence, and consequently to the greatest possible advantage. The rivers and mountain torrents, so remarkable in this district, afford an ample supply of water for all the purposes of life, as well as the means of procuring that artificial and cheap conveyance, which is among the most ingenious improvements of the present age. With respect to that most extensive bed of lime-stone, of which nearly the whole of Glamorganshire forms only a part, it commences with the eastern extremity of the county, and, taking a direction due west, runs in a straight line to Swansea Bay, appearing again in Gower, and, having passed under Caermarthen Bay, is seen to occupy in great part the south and west of Pembrokehire: it then takes its course through St. George's Channel, and is found in Ireland in that exact bearing, which

which unquestionably marks its continuity. Glamorganshire produces with sufficient liberality oak, ash, beech, and all the common forest trees, except elm, which is observed not to be indigenous.

The antiquity of the cottages is a strongly-marked feature in the appearance of this county. There is little doubt that many of them are as ancient as the castles, to which they were attached. Their architecture is as deserving of observation, as that of more ostentatious buildings. The pointed door-ways, and pointed windows, sufficiently evince their date; and though Welsh towns are universally censured by strangers, for the inelegance and inconvenience of their houses, the direct reverse is the fact with respect to the habitations of the peasantry here. There is no part of England, where the general appearance of the cottages is more neat and respectable than in Glamorganshire; and those of them which are ancient Gothic, and they abound in every direction, carry with them the recommendation of a venerable exterior, and a portion of internal room, comfort, and security from the elements, rarely enjoyed by their fellows in any part of the world. In many cases it may be truly said, that the labourer is better lodged than his employer. Another circumstance which adds to the respectable appearance of the cottages is, the universal practice of whitening them; which gives a peculiar neatness and gaiety to the villages, though their uniform glare is perhaps a little too dazzling for the eye. This has been the custom of the country from very remote ages, and is extended even to the barns and stables, to the walls of yards and gardens. It is noticed and praised in the most ancient Welsh poems, and certainly evinces a very early sensibility to the arts and decencies of life. The price of provisions in this county has of late years been very high, owing to the increased demand of the manufacturing districts, incapable,

incapable, from their mountainous situation, of raising sufficient for their own support. The price of labour is equally enhanced from the same cause. Every man knows, that in case of disagreement with his employer, he has a probable resource at the various works carried on in the county, where high wages and constant employment hold out a strong temptation to exorbitance, in negotiating terms with individuals who are compelled, with slender purses, to bid against the wealth of Merthyr Tydvil and Swansea. The increase of population, owing to the influx of commerce and the magnitude of its establishments, affords another reason, why the cheap comforts and elegancies of life are no longer to be sought for here. The number of inhabitants is now computed at above sixty thousand; and every year may be considered as augmenting the general proportion, independent of local causes.

With respect to the singular constitutions of the Lordships Marchers, no historian of Wales has hitherto given any thing approaching to a correct account. Their nature has, indeed, been little understood. Mr. Warrington's representation is the most just, as far as it goes; but it is very defective. An elaborate history of Wales, comparing the local documents of the country with the memorials of Saxon annalists, would tend very much to elucidate the early history of both nations, disfigured as it now is by animosity on the side of the conquered, and on that of the conquerors obscured by supercilious contempt. Mr. Warner, and most of the tourists, have adopted the ideas of the Honourable Daines Barrington, without examination, and have represented the Welsh as unable to construct any work of defence beyond a rampart of fods, before King Edward the First taught them the art of fortification, at the expence of that liberty which might have been preserved by the previous knowledge. But surely a
view

view of the country furnishes some reasons for believing the opinions of this gentleman to have been erroneous. If the ignorance of the people was so profound, and the population so scanty, that no native prince or lord could have built Caerphilly Castle in the thirteenth century, where were the workmen found to design and execute the cathedrals of Llandaff and St. David's so long before? Yet skill in constructing works of defence may be supposed, in a warlike and turbulent age, to have preceded the less obvious and more recondite taste for edifices of pious magnificence. If the church drew its architects and labourers from England or the continent, to perform what the natives were incapable of accomplishing, surely the state must have possessed some power to command, or some opulence to entice, the assistance it required.

As I have already referred to these Lordships Marchers, I shall here notice what, I believe, has not hitherto been observed by any topographical writer. The Lordship of Glamorgan was subdivided into a great many petty lordships, in every one of which their lords exercised jura regalia, reserving, however, to the subject a right of appeal to the court of the chief lord, or, as he was termed, the lord paramount. There are at least fifty ancient buildings still remaining in the district, universally understood to be the halls, in which the courts of legislation and of justice were held for the respective petty lordships. They are now commonly called Church Houses, and belong to the parishes they happen to stand in. These halls are large rooms, to which the ascent is by stairs from without. They are at present used as school-rooms, and occasionally for dancing; an amusement still very common in Glamorganshire, though now beginning to decline. The ground-floor apartments under these halls are used as alms-houses for the poor of the parish, and are in most instances
about

about three in number, in a few four, in some others only two. It also appears, by some ancient surveys and other accounts of the lordships in which they stand, that before the reformation a market was held in each of these halls every Sunday morning, till the tolling of the first bell, which is said to have been intended as a notice for the business of the market to cease. The second bell was a signal of preparation for church, and the third for the commencement of divine service, during which, no door but the church door was allowed to be seen open. With respect to the Sunday morning markets, for the purpose of accommodating those persons, who received not their weekly pay till late on the Saturday night, it may be questioned, whether such an usage, easily reconciled with regularity and good order, has been wisely or beneficially superseded by a puritanical observance, at the expence of comfort to the poor, when only they can enjoy it.

It is very remarkable, that great immoralities do not prevail in any part of Wales, not even in places contiguous to large manufactories, especially if the English language happens to be but little spoken. One reason for this probably is, that though there are accounted to be about two thousand books in the Welsh language, there are none of immoral tendencies, none that propagate principles of infidelity. Indeed, so alive are the common people to the dignity of their own literature, that it is probable, no modern refinement in either branch of instruction would be tolerated, but would, on the contrary, expose its author to the indignation of his countrymen, who are not yet aware of the possibility, that the sacredness of a printed book ever was, or can be, converted to any but moral and beneficial purposes. It may perhaps in some measure be attributed to their general acquaintance with their own legendary poems and tales, composed by scholars in the literature of the age and place, such as it was, that there
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are few if any parts of England, where the lower classes of the people speak with so grammatical a propriety. Those of them who speak English, though but a few words, pronounced in an accent that an Englishman can scarcely recognize, still contrive to translate literally, but with an unwitting accuracy, their vernacular idioms into a phraseology, the figurative style of which produces a most whimsical effect in its foreign clothing. A countryman, who shewed me one of the lakes in Cardiganshire, with very great difficulty both to himself and me, conveyed an idea of its depth by saying, that a house might stand at the bottom of it, with his forehead under water. This is a most uncouth personification in English; but I doubt not that he translated his thought in the best manner he could, and that the expression in Welsh would have sounded neither absurd nor far-fetched. The common conversation of the country is altogether made up of metaphors and figures: a man in distress has a black cloud hanging over him; and every object in nature is mustered in regular array, to furnish a description of his joys or sorrows, his circumstances or wishes. Another reason why the people are more respectable and better informed, than might be expected in a district apparently little calculated for the progress of improvement, is, that the advantages of decent education have been longer established in Wales, than in most parts of England. I do not mean to affirm, that at the present moment the Welsh peasantry are better taught than the English, because the instruction of the poor has of late been taken up in England by persons of condition; and the benevolent institutions of this country, when once their necessity is felt and acknowledged, are seldom allowed to relax in their progress towards universal utility. But I apprehend our middle-aged and elderly poor to be much more ignorant, than the middle-aged and elderly poor of Wales, at least in that part

with which I am acquainted: and a certain portion of knowledge having descended hereditarily from father to son for several succeeding generations, it is more firmly rooted and more generally spread, than where it is of very recent acquirement, though the immediate opportunities are superior. It has been urged as an objection to Sunday and other day-schools with us, that the children unlearn at home with their ignorant parents, faster than the efforts of their instructors can induce them to learn: but this objection would rarely be found to apply in the principality. There are few persons in the towns, who are unable to read; and even in the villages, and the more mountainous parts, schools are very common, and in many instances of ancient establishment. Where there is no hall, as before described, and especially in the mountains, the school is kept either in the church porch, or in the body of the church.

There are many circumstances of local manners, totally differing from the habits and character of their fellow islanders, which cannot fail to strike the most superficial observer. An uncommon vivacity, both of tone and gesture, meeting half way the saturnine demeanour of the English and the caricatured vehemence of the French, with an uniformity and peculiarity of dress, gives in a great degree a foreign air to every concourse of the country people. The dress in Glamorganshire is not so strongly marked as in most other counties, except that the women universally adopt the man's hat: but they wear it with a very good grace, and are remarkably neat in their attire, as well as comely in their persons, and graceful in their carriage. It has already been mentioned, that dancing is a favourite amusement with them; and they practise it with a skill almost exclusively their own. There are few in the condition of servants, who cannot dance well; and the gentry not unfrequently introduce their domestics into the set,

set, on occasions of festivity, when numbers add to the zest, without detracting from the decorum of their recreation.

Their modes of greeting are unusually affectionate, sometimes bordering on the ludicrous, among the women particularly, who are constantly seen saluting each other at market, and on the most ordinary occasions of business: but on occasions of distress, to omit this sympathetic ceremony, even towards the most ordinary acquaintance, would be considered as an instance, rarely occurring, of pertinacious or misanthropic opposition to the common charities of nature. Ill may it befall the traveller, who has the misfortune of meeting a Welsh wedding on the road. He would be inclined to suppose, that he had fallen in with a company of lunatics, escaped from their confinement. It is the custom of the whole party who are invited, both men and women, to ride full speed to the church porch, and the person who arrives there first has some privilege or distinction at the marriage feast. To this important object all inferior considerations give way; whether the safety of his majesty's subjects, who are not going to be married, or their own, incessantly endangered by boisterous, unskilful, and contentious jockeyship. The natives, who are acquainted with the custom, and warned against the cavalcade by its vociferous approach, turn aside at respectful distance: but the stranger will be fortunate, if he escapes being overthrown by an onset, the occasion of which puts out of sight that urbanity, so generally characteristic of the people.

Their customs in case of death are not less remarkable. The bed on which the corpse lies is always strewed with flowers, and the same custom is observed after it is laid in the coffin. They bury much earlier than we do in England; seldom later than the third day, and very frequently on the second. This haste would be considered here as less respectful and affectionate: yet, take

their customs in the aggregate, and they will be found to be more so. Indeed, respect or the reverse on such occasions is altogether determined by opinion. The custom or ceremony is in itself nothing, any further than as it is supposed to indicate the mind. It appears to me that the custom of burying early is in every respect the most proper, where the evidence of actual mortality is decisive. In this part of the country especially it is for the interest of the living; for the habit of filling the bed, the coffin, and the room, with sweet-scented flowers, though originating probably in delicacy as well as affection, must of course have a strong tendency to expedite the progress of decay. The attentions which immemorial prescription demands from a family, are such as could not be continued long without serious inconvenience. It is an invariable practice, both by day and night, to watch a corpse; and so firm a hold has this supposed duty gained on their imaginations, that probably there is no instance on record of a family so unfeeling and abandoned, as to leave a dead body in the room by itself for a single minute, in the interval between the death and burial. Such a violation of decency would be remembered for generations. The hospitality of the country is not less remarkable on melancholy than on joyful occasions. The invitations to a funeral are very general and extensive; and the refreshments are not light, and taken standing, but substantial and prolonged. Any deficiency in the supply of ale would be as severely censured on this occasion, as at a festival. With respect to these peculiarities, it is to be understood that they apply rather to the farmers and peasantry, than to persons of condition, who are apt to lose their nationality, and contract the manners and opinions of the polite world: but strewing flowers and watching the corpse are universal among all ranks and degrees, because the observance or neglect of such ceremonies depends on servants and nurses,

nurses, whose minds are always peculiarly susceptible of local and superstitious prejudices. The grave of the deceased is constantly overspread with plucked flowers for a week or two after the funeral: the planting of graves with flowers is confined to the villages, and the poorer people. It is perhaps a prettier custom. It is very common to dress the graves on Whitsunday, and other festivals, when flowers are to be procured: and the frequency of this observance is a good deal affected by the respect in which the deceased was held. My father-in-law's grave in Cowbridge church has been strewed by his surviving servants, every Sunday morning for these twenty years. It is usual for a family not to appear at church till what is called the month's end, when they go in a body, and then are considered as having returned to the common offices of life.

The Roman stations, forts, and camps, in this county, are generally understood to be at Cardiff, Caerphilly, Caera; the Britons generally prefixing the word *Caer* to places fortified by the Romans, as the Saxons termed them *Chester*, both from *castrum*: whether the Roman *Bovium* was at Cowbridge, or at Llantwit Major, the learned have disagreed. The great Roman road runs over Newton Down, leaving the present road on the right, and passes through Kenfig to Margam, and, as straight as the nature of the country will admit, through Aberavon parish to Neath.

In the earlier volumes of the *Archæologia*, published by the Antiquarian Society, may be found some curious papers on Welsh antiquities, well worth the notice of the historian. Mr. Edward Lhuyd's *Itinerary through Wales*, published in the *Philosophical Transactions*, also deserves attention. Mr. Gough's *Anecdotes of British Topography* will acquaint the reader with many very rare and curious tracts, in print and manuscript,
relating

relating to Wales, and indeed to every part of the kingdom, which are but very imperfectly known. Mr. John Wilkins, goldsmith to King James the First, furnished Drayton with many of those curious particulars relative to Wales, which are not to be met with elsewhere. Mr. Davis of Cringell, near Neath, has undertaken a history of Glamorganfhire.

CHAPTER III.

ABURTHIN. WELSH ST. DONATTS. PENDOYLAN. HENSOL.
 NEWTON HOUSE. YSTRADOWEN. ASHALL. CHAPEL
 TALEGARN. LLANTRISENT.

THE following tour was performed in the months of June, July, August, September, and October, 1803. The plan which I adopted was that of walking; but taking a servant on horseback, for the conveyance of books as well as necessaries, without which convenience almost every advantage of a pedestrian is lost, except economy, and that is completely frustrated by so expensive an addition. It is not in my power to carry my reader from stage to stage in the order in which I performed my journey, because I made two circuits of South Wales, one in June and July, the other in August, September, and October, and by this arrangement, enjoyed the beauties of the two seasons. On both occasions I visited the following places: Llantrisant, Cardiff, Brecknock, Bualt, Rhayader, Aberistwid, Cardigan, Haverford West, Pembroke, Tenby, Llandilo Vawr, Swansea, Neath, and Bridgend; beginning and ending on both occasions with Cowbridge. At each of these places I arrived by a totally different route, which enabled me to comprehend at least two-thirds of each county; and as it would be tediously uninteresting to the reader to be informed as to the precise time at which each point of view was observed, I shall only draw his attention to personal circumstances

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on occasions, when the appearance of nature resulted peculiarly from the state of the seasons, or when the authenticity of my information was materially strengthened, by the sources from which it was derived. On paper, therefore, I shall for the most part steer my course, in the direction pointed out by the map; a regularity which will, I hope, more than compensate for the omission of those road side anecdotes, which fill the page with a very disproportionate entertainment, and little accession to the stock of useful matter.

The vale of Glamorgan has, from frequent visits and family connection, necessarily obtained a larger share of my research, than those more distant parts, which were only visited in the capacity of a traveller; and as I made many short excursions from Cowbridge, where I was for some time stationary, for the sake of saving time and labour on my extended tour, I shall begin my description with some account of those places, which were so visited.

The village of Aburthin lies at a short distance to the north-east of Cowbridge. It claims attention on no other ground than that of its presenting a rural and retired spot, highly ornamented by some remarkably neat white cottages, with which this county abounds, with small gardens very neatly kept, and well planted both for ornament and use. Between Aburthin and Welsh St. Donatts, in a very narrow lane, there is a tree, for size and luxuriance, well worth the attention of those who are curious in such particulars. The name of the last-mentioned village seems to have been imposed, for the purpose of distinguishing it from St. Donatts by the sea side, which was occupied by a part of the Flemish colony, settled at Llantwit Major: but this village was entirely inhabited by native Welsh; and it is very remarkable, that though it lies within little more than a mile of the great
road

road from England to Milford and Ireland, there is perhaps scarcely a village in the principality, where less English is spoken. The situation, particularly that of Mr. Lhewelin's house, is agreeable, without being striking. In this village are several specimens of the genuine Welsh pigstye, the conical form and solid fabric of which give an air of architectural dignity to these edifices, not granted to the habitations of so slovenly a race in England. But the pigeon-houses are in many places really ornamental: their height, size, and circular construction, give them at a distance the effect of castellate towers; and some of them are actually of very considerable antiquity. From the top of an elevated common just beyond Welsh St. Donatts, you look down on the village of Pendoylan to the right; and before you lies Hensol, the house and grounds belonging to which are seen to more advantage from this spot, than from any situation in the neighbourhood. The front of the mansion is completely seen, at a proper distance; and its style is particularly imposing in a country which cannot be said to abound in specimens of good building. Samuel Richardson, Esq. is the present proprietor of this estate, by purchase from Lord Talbot, who takes from it his second title of Baron Hensol. But the Talbot family derived this inheritance from an intermarriage with the survivor of the Jenkins's, who were the ancient Welsh possessors of Hensol. The Lord Chancellor Talbot married Miss Mathews, great grand-daughter and heir to David Jenkins of Hensol, one of the Justices of Wales, distinguished for his learning in his profession, and for his steady adherence to the cause of King Charles the First. He died in the year 1664; his wife died on the 12th of February, 1671. David Jenkins, Esq. his son, died on the 18th of March, 1696; Mary his wife died in September, 1667. Richard Jenkins, Esq. grandson of the Judge, died on the 16th of July, 1721. This

Richard Jenkins, commonly called Captain Jenkins, was a very good performer on the Welsh harp, and seems to have inherited undiminished that affection for Welsh poetry and music, which had distinguished the Jenkins's of Henfol from time immemorial. He is said to have made his own harps. He was a gentleman of very considerable singularities, and, as we generally find in such cases, of mixed character: but the good predominated over the bad. He was so generally respected and esteemed among his tenantry and in his neighbourhood, that the warmth and wildness of his temper were forgotten in the effects of his benevolence. He was the last Jenkins of Henfol: but he had the satisfaction of living to see his sister well married, and her only daughter become the wife of a man, who was not likely to tarnish the ancient honours of the house, though the name of Jenkins was sunk. Catharine his wife died on the 19th of June, 1719. The late Lord Talbot, son of the Lord Chancellor, added the two wings with the towers to Henfol, between the years 1730 and 1740, which gave it its present castellate appearance, and restored its outward show to that rank, which it is said anciently to have held among the castles. Its exterior is indeed more in unison with that character, than that of any modernised or rebuilt mansion in Glamorganshire. To the late Lord Talbot likewise the place owes its plantations, formed on the inseparable principles of good taste and utility; indeed, from him it derives all its finished improvements. It was the eldest son of the Lord Chancellor, whom Thomson accompanied in his travels, and whose death he laments so feelingly in the introductory lines to his "Liberty." Mr. Richardson, the present owner, seems disposed to pay as much attention to the agricultural, as Lord Talbot did to the decorative, improvement of Henfol. He farms about six hundred and fifty acres: the high grounds to the north of the

house,

house, which at once shelter, and give an air of grandeur to the place, afford the best sheep-walk in the county. Mr. Richardson has greatly improved the demesne by irrigation, the direct object of which of course is to produce more copious crops of grass. But a collateral advantage of this system is, that the channels which he has formed for conveying the water over the land, serve as drains for the moisture in the lower grounds; and this is the more important, as the inconvenience could not be sufficiently removed by gutters underneath. There is a very fine piece of artificial water, measuring twenty-five acres; and the dimensions of the pond between the house and mill are five and a half. The farm-yard, with its threshing machine, and other modern improvements, is in a style superior to the usual habits of the country. The grounds in general are rich and pleasing, and from the summit of the heights which bound the premises on the north and west, command a magnificent and extensive view of the fertile vale below. On the whole, this place contains a more than ordinary share of domestic attractions and agricultural capacity, with the addition of much picturesque beauty. Hensol lies on the right of the road from Cowbridge to Llantrisant: on the left is Newton House, belonging to William Gibbon, Esq. It affords an instance of the remarkable attachment felt by the country gentlemen of Wales for their family residences. The situation is low and marshy, with a very confined prospect, and that neither pleasing nor various; yet Mr. Gibbon has for some years been devoting the surplus of his income to the building of a neat, compact mansion on the site of the old house, though he has no direct descendants to inherit it, and his personal habits are those of privacy and retirement.

Ystradowen is remarkable for the battle fought between Conan ap Sitfylht and the Saxons, mentioned in the first chapter; and

still more so, for the meeting of the Welsh bards, under the immemorial patronage of the Henfol family, at whose expence they were annually entertained, with every indication of native hospitality, on the 28th day of May. The last assembly under these auspices took place on the 28th of May, 1720; for though Richard Jenkins, the last of the family, lived till July 1721, it does not appear that the meeting was patronized as usual that year; perhaps on account of his declining state. It was, however, continued for some years after his death, though it gradually dwindled into nothing, in consequence of the new family at Henfol looking with indifference on the institution, and withdrawing the accustomed liberality of the patrons. After the year 1730, or thereabouts, we hear nothing of the bardic competitions at Ystradowen. The house where the bards were entertained is still standing. But it is to be observed, that this assembly was not held according to the most ancient and approved forms and ceremonies. The most exact observers did not allow it to be regular and canonical, and consequently their displeasure, as well as the absence of the old and substantial hospitalities, may be supposed to have contributed to its dissolution.

Ashall is the residence of Richard Aubrey, Esq. Colonel of the Glamorganshire militia, and brother to Sir John Aubrey, Bart. of Llantrythid. This is one of the most desirable places in the county, on a small and unaffected scale. Viewed from a distance, it holds out no inducement for the traveller to deviate from his path; but when arrived there, he is surprised to find that, from an eminence, gentle and apparently inconsiderable, he commands the whole of the rich and fertile flat between the spot he stands on and the Bristol Channel, the view of which, on a bright day, with the Somersetshire and Devonshire hills beyond, is singularly beautiful, while the situation itself is skirted by a woody shelter,
and

and emboldened by the range of hills bounding the prospect on the north. Without any ostentatious display, inconsistent with the dimensions of the homestead, Colonel Aubrey has brought his grounds into a state of cultivation and beauty, far beyond what they possessed when I first knew them, by the judicious application of moderate labour and expence, and particularly by disencumbering the lawn of those stone fences, by which it was formerly the custom of this country to shut out the beauties of the surrounding scenery. On the road to Llantrisant, you leave Ashall on the left, and, keeping the boundaries of Henfol on your right, enter on a road which carries you from the track of English conversation and polished inhabitants. But nature, growing wilder as more retired, amply recompences the picturesque traveller for the loss. The landscape becomes bolder and more woody; the hills are nearer, and their magnitude more imposing; and the situation of Llantrisant, which fills with its white buildings the lofty pass between two craggy peaks, imparts no common interest to his progress towards the mountains. The banks of the Elwy about Chapel Talegarn are pleasingly grown about, and the character of the river that of rural and quiet beauty. The ascent to Llantrisant is steep; but the prospects become more and more striking as you advance, and are perpetually varied by the circuitous direction of the road, till on gaining the church-yard you comprehend the magnificent whole at one view, in which Penlline Castle, always looking well at a distance, forms a striking feature. This town has every thing against it, except situation. The houses, with the exception of two or three, are in a style very inferior, in point of comfort, to those even in Welsh towns, especially near the sea. But Llantrisant lying out of the high road between Cardiff and Merthyr Tydvil, and at the beginning of the hilly country, its intercourse with the vale is very

very limited and irregular; and though a town not of very small population, the appearance of a stranger excites some curiosity and surprise. It takes its name from the church, dedicated to three saints; a large Norman edifice. Little remains of the castle, besides the fragment of a circular tower; but that little is worth visiting, for the sake of the situation and view.

One of the circumstances which most distinguishes the parish of Llantrisant, is that of its having given birth to Sir Llewelin, or Leolinus, Jenkins, of whose life it may not be uninteresting to give a short abstract. It is an honourable peculiarity in the history and character of this country, and proves its aristocratical institutions to be tempered with practical freedom, that persons born in very humble situations are not unfrequently seen rising to the first offices of state: and where such elevation is not suspected to have been owing to those party cabals, which give the needy and unprincipled an opportunity of lending themselves to the purposes of men in high stations; where no whimsical accident has thrust greatness on shoulders not designed to bear it; there is no page of biography more pleasing to read, no feature in the portrait of a nation to be studied with more advantage. In the instance before us, no powerful patronage tore off the veil, which diffidence and want of opportunity too often cast over merit: to his own assiduity and incessant application, joined with a rational dependence on his own powers, this successful traveller in the road of fortune was indebted for his first advancement, and to unflinching probity for his multiplied and lasting honours. He was the son of Jenkin Llewelin, a small freeholder, and was instructed in the rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages at a grammar school in Cowbridge, whence he was removed to Oxford at the age of sixteen, and admitted a member of Jesus College in the year 1641. But on the breaking out of the civil wars, after having
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taken up arms for the royal cause, though he did not long continue in a military capacity, he was under the necessity of leaving the university, and of returning to Glamorganshire. In a short time, he was engaged as a tutor for the son of Sir John Aubrey, at Llantrythid, which was then an asylum to the persecuted royalists. Here he became acquainted with many eminent characters, and amongst others, with Dr. Frewyn, Archbishop of York, and with Dr. Sheldon, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury. Having been forced, by the misfortunes of the times, to leave the kingdom, after a second attempt to settle in Oxford, he travelled, during the period of three years, over a great part of France, Germany, and Holland, by which means he acquired a proficiency in the languages of those countries. At the restoration, he returned to Jesus College, and was elected one of the fellows. Soon after, on the resignation of Dr. Mansel, he was unanimously chosen principal of the society. When the Dutch war increased the business and fatigues of the Court, he was, in consequence of his profound knowledge in civil and maritime law, made assistant to Dr. Exton, judge of the admiralty: and after he had exercised his functions jointly for some time, on the death of the principal he was himself appointed sole judge; in which situation his charges and decisions are deservedly held in repute even to the present day. In the year 1668, he was appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, at the express desire of King Charles the Second, to succeed Dr. Myric as judge in the prerogative court of Canterbury: and his conduct in each court was honourable to himself, in proportion as it was satisfactory and beneficial to his country. Henrietta Maria, the widow of Charles the First, died in France in the year 1669. Her property was claimed by her nephew Lewis the Fourteenth. Dr. Jenkins with three others was commissioned to go to Paris, where

where he demanded and recovered the queen-mother's effects, discharged her debts, and provided for her interment: and King Charles the Second, to testify his high approbation of the services performed in this instance, conferred on him the honour of knighthood on his return to England. His next appointment was to be one of the commissioners on the part of England, to treat with those authorized from Scotland about an union between the two kingdoms. He was chosen a representative in parliament for Hythe in Kent, one of the cinque ports, in the year 1671. In 1673, having resigned his situation as Principal of Jesus College, this rising statesman was appointed to attend a congress at Cologne, as ambassador and plenipotentiary with others, for the purpose of attempting to settle a treaty of peace under the mediation of Sweden, between the Emperor, Spain, and Holland, on the one part, and England and France on the other. The negociation having failed at Cologne, he was appointed one of the mediators in the discussion of the treaty at Nemiguen, in conjunction with the celebrated Sir William Temple. From Nemiguen he was appointed ambassador extraordinary to the Hague, where having continued a short time, he returned to Nemiguen, and succeeded most happily in accommodating all differences. In 1679, he returned to England, after having been employed above four years in a tedious treaty. Soon after his arrival in England, he was elected one of the representatives for the university of Oxford. In 1680, he was sworn a privy counsellor, and was appointed secretary of state. He retained the seals about four years, during a period of uncommon difficulty, owing to party rancour and animosity. On resigning his office as secretary of state, in consequence of his declining health, he retired to Hammersmith, between three and four miles from the metropolis: but having been again elected a member for the university of Oxford, he was sworn
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of the privy council, after the accession of James the Second. But his indisposition speedily returned, and he died on the first of September, 1685. His remains were conveyed to Oxford, and interred in the area of Jesus College chapel, where there is an epitaph written in Latin by his friend Dr. Fell, at that time Bishop of Oxford and Dean of Christ Church, which enumerates his offices and honours in regular progression, and concludes with styling him almost a second founder of Jesus. Having never been married, his whole estate was bequeathed to charitable uses; and by far the greatest part of it was left after his death to that college, which he had so liberally patronized in his life-time. The events, which are here sketched, require no comment: but I would briefly call the attention of my reader to the circumstance, that this distinguished Knight, Doctor of Laws, Judge, Privy Counsellor, and Secretary of State, was not worth a surname. The son of Jenkin Lhewelin, a common combination to this day, became Sir Lhewelin Jenkin, according to the very singular custom of this country: but the latter noun, to comply with English manners, was pluralized into a permanent surname, and, had he been married, would probably have given birth to a higher race of Jenkins's. It adds not a little to the pleasure, with which we contemplate so deserved an elevation, that Jenkin Lhewelin and Elizabeth his wife both lived till the year 1667, and consequently shared in the prosperity of their son.

CHAPTER IV.

CASTELLA. NEW BRIDGE. DUKES ARMS. PORTO BELLO. MELIN
GRUFFYTH. PENTYRCH. CHAPEL LLANILTERN. LLANDAFF.
ST. FAGANS....ST. LYTHANS COMMON....COEDRRWGLAN.
ST. NICHOLAS. DUFFRIN HOUSE. COTTEREL. ST. GEORGES.
PETERSTON SUPER ELWY...BONVILSTON...LLANTRYTHID
PARK...ST. HILARY...COWBRIDGE.

THE descent on the northern side of Llantrisant opens to the view a country, where the effects of cultivation are less generally visible, and the less expanded vale partakes the character of the hilly scenery by which it is surrounded. On passing the cleft in which the town stands, the change in the face of nature is very striking, and the contrast of character between a mountain valley and that which you have just left, rarely impresses itself more strongly on the mind. From this eminence Castella, a seat belonging to the family of Trahaern, is seen to much advantage, and forms, by its cultivated and inhabited appearance, a gay and brilliant spot in a landscape, whose prevailing style is grand and sombre. It was once, as the name denotes, a fortified place: but what bloody scenes have been acted there, it has not been my fortune to discover. Perhaps its retirement within the hills has involved it in a peaceful and happy security.

At the bottom of the long descent, the road on the right leads to Yr Evel Iffa, and across the Taff to Caerphilly Castle; but the road to New Bridge carries you straight forward up a hill, higher than that you have just descended, and places you at once in the unfrequented wilds, which compose the interior of Glamorganshire. For about three miles, nothing can be conceived more dreary
than



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte.

New Bridge.

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than this almost impassable road: and it may not be unreasonable to inform the traveller, that it is impracticable to pass this way in a covered carriage, but with four horses, and then at considerable risk to the vehicle. At very great inconvenience, and with every sensation the reverse of pleasure, is this broad and high ridge crossed over, where the effects of cultivation, so miserably disproportioned to the toil, impress a gloom beyond that of actual barrenness, without possessing the sublimity of naked nature, to raise and inspire the imagination. But the change, on reaching the brow of a very steep hill, a mile in length, is instantaneous and delightful. The vale of Taff displays itself at once, in the very spot where its artificial and natural beauties are most eminently combined. The confluence of the Taff and Rontha Vawr, each rolling impetuously over its bed of rocks; the brawling of smaller and nearer rills, whose waters are unseen, but the sound of their fall distinct; the amphitheatre of hills, of which two, the boldest and most grand, seem to defend the passes of the Taff, and to be connected by that stupendous bridge, viewed from this spot in all the triumphs of its art; the luxuriance of the hanging woods diversified by projecting masses of rock, that relieve the eye from the satiety of richness; the hills which close in upon the river above and below this widest part of the vale; all these circumstances, rushing at once upon the sight, after a long Lent of dreariness, combine to make up as pleasurable a scene, as the traveller can wish to recompence his labours. The effect of the bridge is much more sensibly felt, if it is first seen from this eminence, than if your approach is from the Cardiff road; and I must take occasion here to observe, that the vale of Taff is viewed to more advantage, by taking the turnpike road from New Bridge to Cardiff or Llandaff, than by coming up from either of those places. The appearance of the bridge from the hill on the Llantrisant road has generally been likened to that of a rainbow,

from the lightness, width, and elevation, of the arch. Without weighing the exactness of a simile, I may safely say that the effect of such a structure, in such a position between two rocky but well-wooded crags, with a considerable reach of the river and valley seen through the lofty arch, affords an instance scarcely to be paralleled, of art happily introduced among the wildest scenes of nature. It is a question therefore to be asked, what eminent artist, whether from our own or some foreign academy, furnished this extraordinary design. But as the circumstances of this Welsh bridge-builder were totally different from those, in which so celebrated a work might be supposed to have been undertaken, I conceive that it will be adding something to the stock of interesting biography, if I supply the deficiencies of former publications, by the following account, drawn up from the communications of his son David Edwards, with which I was favoured at his own house, in the month of October, 1803.

William Edwards was the son of a farmer, who had two other sons and a daughter. The family lived in the parish of Eglwyfilan, in the county of Glamorgan, very near the spot which was hereafter to be the foundation of its celebrity. William Edwards was born in the year 1719. His father died when he was only two years old. He was the youngest son. He, with his other two brothers and sister, lived with their mother on the farm, till he was about sixteen or eighteen years of age. When he had reached his fifteenth year, he frequently repaired the walls, or stone fences, of the farm. Every traveller, who is acquainted with Wales, must have remarked, that such fences are common in the mountain district. He was observed to perform his work in a style uncommonly neat and firm, and with an expedition surpassing that of most others. Some friends, observing this, advised the elder brother to encourage him in this employment, not only on their own farm, but in the service of any neighbours, who

who might wish to engage him. William readily assented to this proposal, and worked almost continually at wall-building, for which occupation his talents were in eager request. He added his earnings regularly to the common stock of his mother and brothers, who carried on the business of the farm. The fences in this part of the country are called in technical phraseology dry walls, from the circumstance of their being constructed without any mortar. Some time after he had exercised his ingenuity in this way, some masons, regularly brought up to the trade, came to the neighbourhood for the purpose of erecting a shed for shoeing horses at a smith's and farrier's shop. William Edwards admired the neatness with which they constructed the pillars, and other parts of the shed, and felt an anxious wish for the ability to do the same. He often left his work, and came to a field opposite the smith's shop, where the masons were employed. He observed that with the common mason's hammer of the country, one end of which is also an axe, they were able to dress their stones very neatly; and this led him to the discovery, that the principal reason why he could not do the same, arose from his hammer not being steeled. He made all possible haste therefore to procure from a smith some hammers better suited to his purpose, such as he observed those masons to use; and found that with them he could execute his dry-walling much better, and with a neatness far beyond what he had before been able to accomplish. Being thus furnished with proper tools, and having acquired a degree of dexterity in the use of them, he aspired to a higher rank in his profession; and from a dry-wall builder, hoped to become a builder of houses. Soon afterwards, he undertook to build a little workshop for a neighbour; and gained great applause for the propriety with which he performed his contract. A very short period had elapsed, before he was employed to erect

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a mill in his own parish; and it was in the prosecution of this building, that he first became acquainted with the principles of an arch. When this mill was finished, it did not merely meet with cold approbation, but was admired by all approved judges as an excellent piece of masonry. He was now considered as the best workman in that part of the country. Employment was thrust upon him on better grounds than Malvolio's greatness; and as skill and fidelity are indispensably requisite in a business, which requires the evidence of time and experience to detect faults, not then to be remedied, application was generally made to William Edwards, by those who wished to avoid both disappointment and altercation. In 1746, he undertook to build a new bridge over the river Taff, at the spot, the singularities of which have introduced him to our attention. This he executed in a style superior to any thing of the kind in this, or indeed any other part of Wales, for neatness of workmanship and elegance of design. It consisted of three arches, elegantly light in their construction. The hewn stones were excellently well dressed and closely jointed. It was admired by all who saw it. But this river runs through a very deep vale, that is more than usually woody, and crowded about with mountains. It is also to be considered, that many other rivers of no mean capacity, as the Crue, the Bargoed Taff, and the Cunno, besides almost numberless brooks that run through long, deep, and well-wooded vales or glens, fall into the Taff in its progress. The descents into these vales from the mountains being in general very steep, the water in long and heavy rains collects into these rivers with great rapidity and force; raising floods that in their descriptions would appear absolutely incredible to the inhabitants of open and flat countries, where the rivers are neither so precipitate in their courses and projections, nor have such hills on each side to swell them

them with their torrents. Such a flood unfortunately occurred after the completion of this undertaking, which tore up the largest trees by the roots, and carried them down the river to the bridge, where the arches were not sufficiently wide to admit of their passage. Here therefore they were detained. Brushwood, weeds, hay, straw, and whatever lay in the way of the flood, came down, and collected about the branches of the trees, that stuck fast in the arches, and choaked the free current of the water. In consequence of this obstruction to the flood, a thick and strong dam, as it were, was thus formed. The aggregate of so many collected streams, being unable to get any further, rose here to a prodigious height, and with the force of its pressure carried the bridge entirely away before it. William Edwards had given the most ample security, both in his own person and the sureties of respectable friends, for the stability of the bridge during the space of seven years. Of course he was obliged to erect another; and he proceeded on his duty with all possible speed. The bridge had only stood about two years and a half. The second bridge was of one arch, for the purpose of admitting freely under it whatever incumbrances the floods might bring down. The span or chord of this arch was one hundred and forty feet; its altitude thirty-five feet; the segment of a circle whose diameter was one hundred and seventy feet. The arch was finished, but the parapets not yet erected, when such was the pressure of the unavoidably ponderous work over the haunches, that it sprung up in the middle, and the key-stones were forced out. This was a severe blow to a man, who had hitherto met with nothing but misfortune in an enterprize, which was to establish or ruin him in his profession. William Edwards, however, possessed a courage which did not easily forsake him, so that he was not greatly disconcerted. He engaged in it the third time; and by means of
three

three cylindrical holes through the work over the haunches, so reduced the weight over them, that there was no longer any danger from it. These holes or cylinders rise above each other, ascending in the order of the arch, three at each end, or over each of the haunches. The diameter of the lowest is nine feet, of the second, six feet, and of the uppermost, three feet. They give the bridge an air of uncommon elegance. The second bridge fell in 1751. The third, which has stood ever since, was completed in 1755. It is generally supposed, that William Edwards experienced the liberality of some gentlemen in the county, which was increased by the gratuities of others, who came from many parts of the kingdom to see the bridge and its builder: but of this we have no clear or certain accounts; nor do his family know that he was ever indebted for any emolument but to his own industry and abilities.

Hitherto the Rialto was esteemed the largest arch in Europe, if not in the world. Its span or chord was ninety-eight feet. But New Bridge is forty-two feet wider; and was till lately, if it is not still so, and I am not aware that its claim to this distinction is invalidated, the largest arch in the world, of which we have any authentic account. The fame of this bridge introduced William Edwards to public notice; and he was employed to build many other bridges in South Wales. One of the next bridges that he constructed was Usk Bridge, over the river Usk, at the town of Usk in Monmouthshire. It was a large and handsome work. He afterwards built the following bridges, in the order of succession which is here assigned them. A bridge of three arches over the river Tawy; Pont ar Tawy, over the same river, about ten miles above the town of Swansea. This was of one arch, its chord eighty feet, with one cylinder over the haunches. Bettws Bridge in Caermarthenshire, consisting of
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one arch, forty-five feet in the span. Llandovery Bridge in the same county, consisting of one arch, eighty-four feet in the span, with one cylinder over the haunches. Wychbree Bridge, over the river Tawy, about two miles above Morriston: this has one arch, ninety-five feet in span, twenty feet in altitude, with two cylinders over each of the haunches to relieve them. He built Aberavon Bridge in Glamorganshire, consisting of one arch, seventy feet in span, fifteen feet in altitude, but without cylinders. He likewise built Glasbury Bridge, near Hay, in Brecknockshire, over the river Wye: it consists of five arches, and is a light, elegant bridge. The arches are small segments of large circles on high piers, as best adapted to facilitate the passage of floods under the bridge, and travellers over it.

William Edwards devised very important improvements in the art of bridge-building. His first bridges of one arch he found to be too high, so as to be difficult for carriages, and even horses, to pass over. The steep at each end of New Bridge in particular are very inconvenient, from the largeness and altitude of the arch. This peculiarity, it is true, adds much to its perspective effect as a part of the landscape; but the sober market-traveller is not recompensed for the toil of ascending and descending an artificial mountain, by the comparison of a rainbow and the raptures of a draughtsman. He avoided this defect in his subsequent works; but it was by a cautious gradation that he attempted to correct his early and erroneous principles, and to consult the ease of the public, at the same time that he surmounted the greatest difficulties of his occupation. At length he discovered, not by reading, conversation, or any other mode of extrinsic instruction, but by dint of his own genius matured in the school of experience, that where the abutments are secure from the danger of giving way, arches of much less segments, and of far less altitude, than

general opinion had hitherto required, are perfectly secure, and render the bridges much easier for carriages to pass over, and in every respect adapt them better to the purposes of a ready and free communication. Impressed with the importance of those rules, by which he had assiduously perfected his own practice, he was in the habit of considering his own branch of architecture as reducible to three great requisites: durability; the freedom of the water flowing under; and the ease of the traffic passing over. These are certainly maxims of peculiar importance in bridges of one arch, which are not only the best adapted to situations, where tremendous floods occur, but in many cases are the only bridges securely practicable in mountain vallies.

The literary knowledge of William Edwards was at first confined to the Welsh language, which he could read and write from early youth. He was supposed to be rather obstinate when a boy; an imputation which generally rests on genius, that sees beyond the scope of those by whom it is controlled. His own account of this alleged temper was, that he always considered whether any thing that was proposed to him, or any principle he was required to act upon, coincided with his own ideas of rectitude. If he found that it did, he firmly persisted in it. His general character was that of uncommon resolution and inflexibility. He was very wild, as it is commonly reported of him, till about eighteen years of age. After that period, he became very steady and sedate. A neighbour instructed him a little in arithmetic. About the age of twenty or twenty-one, he undertook the building of a large iron forge at Cardiff, and lodged with a person named Walter Rosser, a baker, and blind. This man taught English reading. William Edwards was alive to every opportunity of improvement, and rapidly acquired what he eagerly pursued. He seems, indeed, to have possessed a mind, that could not easily
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be stopped in its progress. To the two languages, however, his attainments in literature were confined; but their application to the various branches of study in which he was engaged, afforded constant exercise even to his industry and spirit of inquiry. After he had performed his engagement at Cardiff, he built many good houses, with several forges and smelting houses, and was for many years employed at works of this nature by John Morris, of Clafemont, Esq.

Caerphilly Castle is in his native parish. He has often been heard to say, that he would frequently visit that celebrated ruin, and study the principles of its excellent masonry, with all its various peculiarities, appearing in those venerable remains. He considered himself to have derived more important knowledge from this, than from any other circumstance. Indeed, his principles were formed on those of the Caerphilly Castle masonry. He was, what may with sufficient propriety be termed, a mason of the ancient castle, or Gothic school. His manner of hewing and dressing his stones was exactly that of the old castle-masons. He put them together in a style of closeness, neatness, and firmness, that is never seen but in those ancient, and, as far as we know, everlasting edifices. His son is perhaps the only workman remaining, who on any occasion practises the ancient masonry: and in the modern he is equally a proficient.

The full complement of business, which usually attends a high reputation in any line, might be supposed to have engrossed all the time and thoughts of a self-taught man. But William Edwards united with his trade the occupation of a farmer during the whole of his life. Nor was Sunday, though a sabbath, a day of rest to him; for then he had clerical functions to exercise. In his religious sentiments he was a dissenter, of the denomination styled Independents. About 1750, he was regularly ordained

according to the usage of the sect of which he was a member; and about the same time was chosen minister of the congregation meeting at a chapel in his native parish, where he officiated for forty years, and till he died. He was a Calvinist, but of a very liberal description: indeed, he carried his charity so far, that many persons suspected he had changed his opinions, and for that reason spoke very unhandsomely of him. For a length of time, during the last years of his ministry, he always avoided in his discourses those points of doctrine that were more peculiarly in dispute between the Calvinists and other parties. He frequently repeated and enforced a maxim, well worthy the adoption of the most enlightened and eminent divines: that the love of God and of our neighbour is the ultimate end of all religions, which having attained, their possessors had arrived at their object; and that it is against the spirit of Christianity to suppose, that among all parties, be they what they may, there are not many who have indisputably obtained this distinguishing characteristic. Few among his party were considered to be so edifying in their discourses as he was; and this specimen has a strong tendency to accredit the opinion: but sentiments of such liberality and moderation must have been suspected of trenching a little on the soundness of his Calvinism. Another principle of his evinced that his judgment was equal to his candour. He always declared it to be the duty of a religious society, to support their minister decently; and for this reason he took from his congregation the stipulated salary, though he never converted a single farthing of it to his own use, but distributed the whole among the poor members of the church, and even added very considerably to this largess from his own personal property. He very wisely alleged, that though a lucrative business would have allowed him to officiate gratuitously, his successor might be differently circumstanced; and the

the people, relieved from a burden for a time, would look with an evil eye on an instructor, who had it not in his power to exhibit similar disinterestedness. So judicious a mixture of prudence and generosity might furnish a lesson to certain indiscriminating enthusiasts, who brand with the opprobrious name of hire those fair emoluments, from which respectable abilities, however or wherever employed, are entitled to derive ease and competence. From these authentic notices it will sufficiently appear, that those who have termed him sarcastically, or by way of ridicule, a methodist preacher, have egregiously misrepresented him. He never officiated at any of the methodist meetings. He frequently preached at the dissenting meeting-house of the Rev. Lewis Rees, father of Dr. Abraham Rees, the editor of the New Encyclopedia. This meeting-house was situated near Morriston, the building of which he superintended. Many of his discourses were taken down in short-hand by William Jones, clerk to Mr. Padley of Swansea. They were always delivered in Welsh. It may well be supposed that he detested an intolerant or persecuting spirit, and always reprobated the rancour of too many dissenters towards the established church. He was well respected by the most intelligent and liberal of all sects and parties, and died, very much lamented by all who knew him, in the year 1789, and in the seventieth year of his age, in his native parish of Eglwyfilan, where he lies buried in the churchyard. He had six children: four sons and two daughters. Thomas, David, and Edward, were brought up to their father's trade; William was shot at Gibraltar in the American war.

His son David is likewise very skilful in bridge-building, the principles of which he learnt by working with his father. Among many others, he built in Caermarthenshire, Llandilo Bridge, of three very light, elegant, and large arches, over the river Towy,

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six miles above the town of Caermarthen; Edwinsford Bridge over the river Cothy; Pontloyrig over the river Taw, that divides the counties of Caermarthen and Pembroke; Bedwas Bridge over the Remny, between the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth; and, last of all, Newport Bridge over the Uſk in Monmouthshire: and this, if we consider the impediments with which he had to struggle here, must be allowed to have been a very arduous undertaking. The difficulty of making good foundations, together with the hazards attending Welsh mountain floods from the land, and the furious Severn tides from the Bristol Channel, might have deterred a less enterprising artist: but he surmounted every obstacle, and completed it in 1801. It consists of five arches, supported by high piers. The central arch is seventy feet in the span, and twenty-two feet and a half high from the base or chord of the arch. The other arches are each sixty-two feet in the span, and twenty-two feet in altitude. The piers are fourteen feet wide at the springing of the arches. The height, from low-water mark to the top of the parapet, is fifty-seven feet. It is a very ornamental, magnificent, scientific, and conveniently constructed bridge.

Mr. David Edwards lives at present in Glamorganshire, in a good farm of about five hundred pounds per annum. He is very much respected in his neighbourhood; simple in his manners, hospitable in his house, and very intelligent in his profession. His son William, brought up to the trade, is a very skilful mason, and particularly so in all kinds of bridge and water-works. He now superintends many of the locks and bridges of the Kennet and Avon navigation from London to Bristol: but his father is not informed whether he has yet entered into a contract for the rebuilding of Caerleon Bridge in Monmouthshire. The present is an uncommon instance of the same taste and talents pervading
a family

a family for three generations. Bridge-building and farming seem destined to be their hereditary employments.

About half a mile above New Bridge on the Taff, is a water-fall of considerable celebrity, not for its height, but for the grandeur of its concomitant scenery. The way is along a path, beautifully overhung, between the bank of the river, and that lofty pile of impending rock, which has been mentioned before as seeming, at a distance, to be connected with its rival on the other side by the magnificent arch of New Bridge. The naked terrors of the rock are relieved and rendered picturesque by the wood, which springs luxuriantly from between its clefts: and I have been informed by a native of North Wales, that he has not been accustomed in his own country to meet with so much of mountain ruggedness and sylvan beauty combined in one spot. The river exhibits a scene of uncommon wildness: as far as the eye can reach, its bed is choaked with rocks, which in some places collect the water into deep transparent pools, and in others tower above its surface in high and irregular masses. The effect of these piles on the character of the stream, and of its constant wearing on their forms in return, unites the properties of singularity and sublimity in a very high degree. The fall is divided, by the strata over which it is projected, into several cascades, which, by their number and variety, atone to the eye of wonder for the inconsiderable descent of ten feet. In times of flood, these several streams must coalesce nearly into one, only interrupted by the large and lofty mass about the centre of the bed; and then so wide a sheet of water foaming over the grey rocks, contrasted with the shadows which the banks project, and the surrounding verdure, must indeed be grand. From the rocks in the middle of the river, the reach of the vale is peculiarly advantageous: and perhaps the magic of New Bridge is no where so imposing, as when viewed from the front

front of the fall. The abutments on each side are concealed by a small bend of the Taff, and by the intervening foliage of the banks; and the arch seems to ride unsupported in the air.

On the Rontha there are many falls; one of them well known: but I shall defer my remarks on that river till a future occasion. The road from New Bridge to the Duke's Arms, a respectable inn, passes along the river side, with which a very curious canal keeps pace. This canal is esteemed a remarkable instance of art triumphing over the obstacles thrown in its way by nature. The course of the river continues dark, rocky, interrupted, and romantic. The hills that close in the narrow vale are lofty and precipitate, but clothed with an almost exhaustless magnificence of wood. As you look towards Cardiff, they encroach still more, and apparently converge to a point, where intervolving mountains seem finally to close the scene. As the hills crowd more obtrusively on the bed of Taff, the road is carried higher and higher up their sides, to the unspeakable gratification of the traveller, whose eye is kept on the stretch by the rapid succession of scenery exhibited at every turn. It is with difficulty that the admirer of mountain vallies, whose route requires him to turn on the left for Caerphilly Castle, can persuade himself to exchange this theatre of enchantment for that rude and laborious path, which is to conduct him towards the magnificent object of his search, but affords him no gratification, except the sight of Energlyn, till he arrives there.

The character of the scenery along the road continues similar, though various, till you arrive at Porto Bello, the spot where the mountains close in on each side, as described above; and here the mountain, along whose side you are journeying, is romantically topped by a very picturesque castle in ruins. This is a most characteristic spot, and, as it were, the gate-way of the vale,
composed

composed of wood and rock. This castle was a dependency on Cardiff, and a fort of outpost: it derives its Welsh appellation from the high rock of red stone on which it stands. Its elevated position, and the contour of its half-prostrate walls, render it a most magnificent addition to the beauties collected on this luxurious spot. It must have been nearly impregnable in ancient times, from its height and steep ascent. I found the ruins, when I arrived at them, infinitely more considerable than they appeared to me from the road. But this concealment, effected as it is by the intervention of bushes and foliage, only serves to render it more ornamental in the landscape. The rocky summit of the mountain, which is of a bluish tint, forms a fine contrast with the red soil and thick foliage, so rich and picturesquely decorative on its sides. From this place the prospect is beautiful and striking: on one side appears the valley above this strait in all its romantic variety; on the other, the flat and fertile country stretching out under the eye, and bounded by the sea. After descending from the castle, the face of nature changes, and the valley becomes wider; the fancy is still gratified by pleasing, but less stupendous views; and the vicinity of population is anticipated by the more regular and artificial aspect of the country.

The tin works at Melin Gruffyth are perhaps the largest in the kingdom; not less than thirteen thousand boxes of the very best tin plates, containing two hundred and twenty-five plates in each box, have been known to be sent within the year from this manufactory to Bristol. The scraps of iron plates from which the tin is made are converted into bolt-iron for ship-building. This place is four miles north of Cardiff. The numerous ranges of buildings for the habitations of the workmen give this part of the vale an air of bustle and business; while the canal, passing parallel with the Taff, and not being carried in a straight line,

infringes less on nature and beauty, than almost any other artificial construction of the kind. The banks opposite the towing path are steep, though not lofty, and richly ornamented with hanging woods.

Near this place, the road towards Llandaff crosses the canal, while the Cardiff road keeps straight forward. There is nothing particularly deserving observation, till you reach Llandaff Bridge, a venerable structure overhung with ivy, and commanding a long reach of the Taff, which has now completely changed its character. It has quitted the obstructions of the hills, and keeps on a steady, tranquil course through the plain, its bed deep and unincumbered, its banks shady and contemplative. There are few occurrences more gratifying to the mind, than the contrast of scenery higher up the vale, and at Llandaff Bridge. The course of the water, from having been rapid, shallow, noisy, and narrowed by obtruding rocks, is become gentle and glassy like a lake, deep, broad, and silent. The bridge is carried over it, where a long reach without any winding lies directly under the eye, and forms a scene of sylvan beauty, perfect in kind and exquisite in degree.

There is likewise a turnpike road from Llantrisant to Llandaff, running parallel with that just described, and passing through the vale of Elwy, shut in by those hills on the east, which bound the vale of Taff to the west. The character of the country here is altogether different; it affords perhaps the most advantageous specimen of richness and cultivation to be met with in Glamorganshire, to so great an extent. Its inequalities, indeed, and picturesque interest are less; but it is woody and pleasingly diversified, so as in some degree to mingle the requisites of the painter with those more substantial ones of the farmer.

At a short distance from Llantrisant on the right, are the ruins
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of an ancient monastery, dedicated to St. Cawrdav, son of Caradoc with the Brawny Arm, though of no great extent, more distinct and complete than almost any thing of the kind remaining. Ewenny is at present the most perfect; but the dilapidations now beginning to be committed on that venerable remnant of monastic life will rob Glamorganshire of its proudest antiquarian honours. It is a trite remark, that the monks always knew how to choose their situation. The structure of which I am speaking stands on a moderate eminence, overlooking this fertile and pleasant vale. The charms of the spot are at present heightened by a very well-planted park and handsome mansion immediately under the eye at the foot of the hill. The ruins are only worth notice on account of their antiquity.

On the left of the road about Pentyrch, are very extensive collieries among the hills, which likewise abound in iron ore, and are thought to be capable, by the application of industry and enterprize, of rivalling Merthyr Tydvil in quality and copiousness. The country, as in all such neighbourhoods, is wild and black; and one of the largest mountains in Glamorganshire overhanging these mines gives a magnificence to the sooty complexion of the scene. One of these mines has been known to have been on fire for many years; indeed, according to my information, during the memory of the oldest person in the neighbourhood: the spot was generally to be traced by smoke issuing from the surface of the ground, burnt to cinders by the pent-up fire; and sometimes by flame issuing as from a miniature volcano. About two years ago Mr. Rickards, jun. the son of a very respectable clergyman at Llantrisant, in pursuit of game, fell up to his middle in this heap of ashes then burning, and was very much scorched. His companions, from one of whom I received the account, experienced much difficulty in extricating him; and, had he been alone, in

all probability he would have sunk much deeper, and must inevitably have perished. A long stick pushed down would at any time, by giving vent to the subterraneous fire, occasion smoke, and often flame, to ascend: but it is now probably extinguished, as it has not been discovered burning by any of the country people for the last year; and I tried the experiment of stirring it repeatedly in vain. The country from Penttyrch to Llandaff is fine, without any very marked objects, except that there is an inscription at Chapel Llaniltern, in the corner of the tower without, said to be to the memory of Arthur's wife.

Myric, King of Glamorgan, and the whole of the Silures, founded the episcopal seat of Llandaff, in the middle of the fifth century, and endowed it with all the lands between the rivers Taff and Elwy. St. Dubric, a native of Pembroke-shire, from the banks of the Gwin, where from early youth he had been so celebrated for his learning, that the whole country round about flocked to his school by the river side, was first appointed to the new bishopric of Llandaff, for his zealous opposition to the Pelagian heresy. This distinguished ecclesiastic was afterwards consecrated Archbishop of Caerleon, and made metropolitan of Wales. In this capacity he crowned successively Uther Pendragon and the great King Arthur; in whose reign he died, on the 13th of November, 522. He left behind him some learned declamations in Latin. He was succeeded in the primacy at Caerleon by St. David, who procured the translation of the archbishopric to his own town. St. Owdock succeeded him as Bishop of Llandaff, in whose time many parcels of land and large possessions were added to the revenues of the church, by petty kings and princes, as an expiatory penance for murder and injustice. St. Telean was next in succession to the bishopric of Llandaff, in the latter part of the fifth and beginning of the sixth centuries. There are several

several churches dedicated to St. Telean in South Wales, which are to be known by the circumstance of the parish to which they belong bearing the name of Llandilo, which is in English the church of St. Telean. This saint was distinguished, with David and Padern, for the zeal with which he preached the gospel without reward. They were called the three holy visitors of Britain. This disinterestedness, however, can only be considered as applying to their conduct before their consecration. During several centuries this bishopric continued to profit by multiplied compensations for crimes: but in the twelfth century, the bishop of the time complained heavily to the Pope that his brethren of Hereford and St. David's had encroached on the jurisdiction and revenues of his church, which had once been the mistress of all Wales, but was then almost desolate, and had only two instead of four-and-twenty canons. These infringements of its territorial rights, together with the improvident disposal of its property and estates after the reformation, have reduced it from one of the most splendid, to the poorest see in Great Britain.

The diocese of Llandaff at present contains, besides some parcels of the adjoining shires, above three parts in four of Glamorgan; in which county there are two deaneries, Llandaff and Cowbridge; and all the deaneries are under the Archdeacon of Llandaff. The members of the cathedral are a bishop, who has, besides the episcopal throne, the decanal stall in the choir, an archdeacon, treasurer, chancellor, precentor, and nine prebendaries, who constitute the chapter. The other members are, two priest-vicars, a schoolmaster, virger, and bell-ringer. There were formerly four lay-vicars, an organist, four choristers, and a Latin schoolmaster; but these were put down, that their stipends might be applied towards repairing the fabric; a suppression that might have been considered

considered as meritorious, had the renovation been decently and tastefully conducted.

The history of the building seems to be this: that it was destroyed at the time of the conquest, and rebuilt in its present form by its bishop, Urban, in the year 1120, at which time the bones of St. Dubric were translated from the place where he died, for more honourable interment in his own cathedral. It was this Urban who complained to the Pope of invasion; and probably he proportioned the dimensions of his new edifice to the more circumscribed limits within which his jurisdiction was confined; for though the present remains evince a high degree of merit and skill in their architecture, it was on a very small scale as a cathedral, though in the earlier ages its importance was nearly commensurate with that of St. David's, with which it has by some been thought to have shared the archiepiscopal honours for a time. The church, when rebuilt, was dedicated to St. Peter, as before; but St. Dubric, St. Owdock, and St. Telean, were added to the firm. The west end had two towers, one of which only remains, and that in ruins, having been damaged by a violent storm in 1703. The north tower was elegantly rebuilt in the reign of Henry the Seventh: but its pinnacles and battlements were also destroyed by the same tempest. A considerable portion of the west front, with some part of the side walls to the spring of the arches, affords an elegant and beautiful specimen of what is commonly called Gothic architecture. There is on the south side a very richly executed Norman door-case: yet the whole being unroofed, serves only as an entrance to the new building, which the zeal of the chapter, ill supported by its taste, has united with the ancient, as an outrageously incongruous appendage of modern finery. To whom they were indebted for
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the design I know not: whoever he was, he played on their unarchitectural credulity, but altogether at the expence of his own reputation. As it stands at present, the apostolic church of St. Peter, St. Dubric, St. Owdock, and St. Telean, serves as a vestibule to a Grecian temple. I wish the stipends of the lay-vicars, the organist, the choristers, and the Latin pedagogue, had accumulated till this time; for the pains which the present chapter have taken in clearing away the rubbish, that the well-sculptured ruins may be commodiously seen, together with a laudable anxiety for their preservation, as far as depends upon them, all seem to argue that they would have carried on the line of the nave, if not in a style of corresponding magnificence, at least with neatness and consistency. There is neither cross aisle, nor middle tower, to this cathedral. This is the most ruinous church, belonging to a bishop's see, in Great Britain. It is understood to have suffered greatly during the rebellion in the reign of Henry the Fourth. It stands, as seems to have been the fashion in this part of the country for buildings of great account, in a bottom, surrounded by rising grounds, that overlook its highest battlements. It serves, therefore, neither as a beacon nor ornament to the neighbourhood: but its situation, when you come to it, is awful and monastic, interspersed as it is with religious remains, and partially overhung with wood, or clothed with ivy. There are several ancient, and some elegant monuments of bishops and considerable families. There is one in particular, of an emaciated figure, in which the appearance of sickness and morbid wasting is represented with admirable fidelity and appeal to feeling. There are also two in alabaster, belonging to the family of Mathews, that are very tastefully executed, and thought to be the work of an Italian sculptor.

The castellated palace of the bishop was once a residence suited to.

to the dignity of the see; but nothing now remains, except part of the outer walls, and a very stately gateway. This mansion is supposed to have been built at the same time with the cathedral, and to have been destroyed in the same rebellion by which that venerable edifice suffered. It probably was never rebuilt or repaired; nor does it appear that the bishop since that time has ever possessed a fixed residence at Llandaff; the consequence of which is, that the chapter only assembles annually at the time of audit. The site of the palace or castle now belongs to what is commonly called the court of Llandaff, a mansion adjoining, and is formed into a garden.

To those who look for the population and magnificence attending the episcopal stations in England, the appearance of a Welsh city is attended with considerable surprise and disappointment: and though the situation of Llandaff is beautiful, and has several elegant residences, belonging to dignitaries and other gentlemen, the houses of the poorer people, lying away from the traffic of the main road, and yet collected into a town, have unusually little of that neatness and accommodation, which either cleanly retirement, or the more frequent intercourses of society, afford.

Near Llandaff, to the north-west, is the rural and retired village of St. Fagan's; which has a castle, built in a much more modern style than those of Glamorganshire in general. I have not been able to trace its connection with history: and probably it was designed rather as a place of dignified retirement, than for political purposes or defence. The dedication of this church to Christian worship is much more ancient than that of Llandaff, according to the account both of the English and Welsh writers, none of whom place the arrival of this missionary later than the second century. Drayton, indeed, identifies his existence and ministry in Wales, with the highly doubtful, if not exploded, story

story concerning Joseph of Arimathea. The passage is in the twenty-fourth song :

Next holy Joseph came, the merciful'st of men,
The Saviour of mankind, in sepulchre that laid,
That to th' Britons was th' apostle ; in his aid
St. Duvian, and with him St. Fagan, both which were
His scholars, likewise left their sacred relics here ;
All denizens of ours, t' advance the Christian state,
At Glastenbury long that were commemorate.

When the second civil war broke out in the year 1648, the Welsh were the first to take up arms in favour of Charles the First. They collected about eight thousand men. This army met Oliver Cromwell's at St. Fagan's, on the 8th of May, 1648. The republicans were obliged to give way ; but being reinforced with such a train of artillery as Wales had never seen, after a bloody conflict of two hours, the royal army was entirely routed : about three thousand were slain, and as many taken prisoners. The Elwy was reddened with blood ; and the battle of St. Fagan's gave sixty-five widows to that single parish, and more than seven hundred to Glamorganshire.

The descent to the river by the castle wall is pleasing : and the bridge affords a fine view of the Elwy. A short distance brings the traveller into the high road between Cardiff and Cowbridge, at the foot of a steep hill, on the top of which he comes upon St. Lythan's Common, affording one of the richest and most extensive, but not most picturesque views in this county, over the vale of St. Fagan's or Elwy, bounded by the mountains to the north. At the edge of the common, on the right as you proceed towards Cowbridge, is Coedrrwglan, a handsome brick house, the property of Lhewelin Trahaern, Esq. This residence, placed on the brow of a very steep declivity, bears a very imposing

aspect when viewed from the bottom about the village of St. Fagan's. The village of St. Nicholas has nothing remarkable about it, except some very neat cottages, with uncommonly pretty gardens: but a road turns aside to the left, which leads to some ancient monuments, supposed to be druidical, near Duffrin House, in a vale with a village so called, about six miles south by west of Cardiff.

These monuments bear, in every point of view, the marks of great antiquity. Duffrin is Welsh for vale: and the proper English translation of the name, by which this estate goes, would be the vale of worship, adoration, or prayer. But there are no traces, not the least vestige, of any place here, in which Christian worship can be supposed to have been instituted. Of druidical worship, indeed, there are very obvious and striking appearances. The most remarkable of these monuments is a grey stone, on one of the farms belonging to the Honourable William Booth Grey, about half way between the village of St. Nicholas and Duffrin House, near the abode of the farmer. It is a rude piece of antiquity, and seems to take its class among that kind, which in North Wales is termed Cromlech. There is one near Newport in Pembrokeshire, which has hitherto been supposed to be the largest in Wales: but that opinion only arises from the singular circumstance, that the object of our present inquiries, though in so public a neighbourhood, has been generally overlooked by those travellers, who have favoured the public with the result of their observation. Mr. Salisbury Brereton has noticed it, but with very few particulars. Even the learned and laborious Camden, though such researches have been pursued by him with more diligence than by almost any other man, makes no mention of this archæological curiosity. He seems to have taken his road from Cardiff to Cowbridge nearer the coast.

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This monument at Duffrin is supported by five large stones, enclosed entirely on the east, west, and north sides, and open to the south, forming a considerably large, though low room, sixteen feet in length, fifteen wide, and, at the east end, six feet high, but only four and a half at the west end. What the real height was originally, cannot be known without clearing away the rubbish within it, that stands about two feet and a half, or three feet, above the surface of the field, in which the cromlech is situated. Some other rubbish, with a heap of stones, is placed about it to a greater height on the outside. The supporting stone to the north is sixteen feet long; that on the west end about nine feet in length. At the eastern extremity there are three stones set closely together. The middle stone is four feet and a half wide; the northern stone of these three about three feet, and the southern nearly two feet in width. These stones standing upright, support a large stone on the top, which forms the roof of this rude apartment. The length of this horizontal stone is twenty-four feet. It is seventeen feet in its widest part, and of different breadths at other places. I found it by measurement to be ten feet at one extremity, and twelve about the middle. I likewise found it to be from two feet to two and a half thick. The top stone, therefore, having for its mean breadth thirteen feet and a half, if twenty-four feet be multiplied by that mean breadth, the contents will be three hundred and twenty-four square feet: by which it appears that this top stone is nearly thrice as large as that of the cromlech near Newport in Pembrokehire. There appears to have been an immense heap of stones thrown over it; and it seems as if, subsequently, this had been in part removed, so as to open a way into the room. This is a singular circumstance: but the like appears in a structure of the same kind near Barmouth in Merionethshire, and in many

other places, according to the best accounts. For what reason these collections were made, may be a subject of plausible conjecture; but no certain opinion can be formed. The heap of stones about this place occupies something like four square perches of ground, and is overgrown with thorns and brambles, so that it is not very easy to get into this curious apartment. About fifty yards south, in another field, appear the quarry and rock whence these large stones were taken. It is a coarse kind of freestone, very durable, of an Isabella yellow colour, and contains in it a considerable portion of calamine, or zinc ore. It is a kind of stone that in building might be applied to many useful purposes, from its largeness, durability, and its not being very difficult or expensive to work. This piece of antiquity stands about three quarters of a mile north by west of Duffrin House. There are in the same field with the quarry two flat stones of no inconsiderable, though comparatively small dimensions, set up nearly in the same manner, though much incumbered by rubbish and brambles: there are several very large pieces in the quarry, loosened from the main rock; and the stile, by which the two fields communicate, is formed by a very massy piece of the same stone, which seems, by its colour and appearance, to have served that purpose for ages.

This estate came to Mr. Grey by marriage with Miss Price, co-heiress of Thomas Price, Esq. The grounds about Duffrin House are richly wooded, and the country round variegated and pleasing. The house at present has little to recommend it on the score of outward show: but it is understood that Mr. Grey has some intention of building. About three quarters of a mile distance to the south-east of Duffrin House, stands the greyhound-bitch kennel, in a meadow which derives its appellation from the name of a greyhound-bitch. It is rather singular, that these

these cromlechs, as they are called in North Wales, and in some parts of South Wales, should almost every where in Glamorganshire, where there are many of them, be known by this uncouth term of greyhound-bitch kennels. Mr. Edward Williams, who possesses more real knowledge and conjectural sagacity on antiquarian subjects, than almost any man of his day, has furnished me with the following plausible supposition: that in all probability, the first British Christians, by way of shewing their detestation, wherever they met with druidical or heathenish places of worship, converted them into dog or bitch kennels.

The second curiosity in question near Duffrin, bearing this odd name, consists of four large stones: one on the north, another on the south side, each about ten feet and a half long, and more than seven feet wide or in height, standing on their edge and very upright, nearly two feet thick. At the west end, there is another stone five feet long, and of the same height as the sides. These three stones support the top, which is nearly fourteen feet long, and thirteen feet wide at the east end, where we always find the widest end of the stone in structures of this kind. It is narrower at the other end. The mean breadth is about ten feet; by which multiply fourteen, and the contents in square feet will be one hundred and forty, which makes even this larger than the stone near Newport: and as it is every where about two feet thick, it also contains more cubic feet than that. The opening of this is to the east. It forms a kind of room eleven feet long, five wide, and seven feet high or more. It has at times been used as a house for sheltering cattle, and other rustic purposes, and, as I have been informed, it was formerly occupied as a stable for one horse. It is certainly large enough for any such application. There are some remains of a carn, or heap of stones, round this, on three sides, but none at the entrance. This heap of stones has.

has possibly been diminished, for the sake of building a cottage that stands just by. The stone is of the same nature as that before described. There is a third structure of the same kind in the neighbourhood: but I have neither been able to discover its situation, nor obtain any account of it. There are others, whose present state proves that they must either have fallen, or been thrown down, or else the stones must have been brought to the places where they appear, for the purpose of erecting such edifices. It is not very material to discover which of these conjectures is the truth. We may indeed naturally suppose, that after the stones had been brought, they would of course be erected. The probability therefore is, that, when Christianity gained the ascendancy, they were thrown down as objects of pagan superstition and idolatry; and that the largest were suffered to remain, only because they were too unwieldy to be overturned. Over these possibly they threw a heap of stones; for this was used by the ancient Britons as a punishment of malefactors. When a criminal was condemned to die by the laws, he was fixed to a spot, and a heap of stones thrown over him: whoever passed by threw a stone to the heap in token of detestation. Hence arises the common Welsh expression of a carn murderer, or a murderer that deserves to have a heap of stones over him. To the same origin is to be traced an imprecation much in use among the people: "May a heap of stones lie upon thy face, or be thrown over thee." From these instances it may perhaps be inferred, that the Christians, detesting the place of heathen worship, might cover it with a heap of stones.

The Druids always worshipped in the open air. It was a standing maxim of their religion to do so. Indeed, all solemn public meetings or assemblies were held in the same manner, whether religious, legislative, or judicial. The laws of Howel
Dha,

Dha, the famous Welsh legislator, were enacted by him and his senatorial assembly in the open air. The place where they met is as highly venerated, to this day, as is Runny Mead, near Windsor. By those laws it appears, that the courts of justice, especially the supreme courts, were always held in the open air; and the King or Prince, who was accustomed to sit as supreme judge, was placed on the leeward side of a large stone fixed up for the purpose. It is very clear, in the oldest historical documents, that the early Welsh Christians, from the middle of the first to the middle of the fifth century, always met for religious worship in the open air. No churches, at least such buildings as we now term churches, are ever mentioned, or in any sense hinted at, before the mission of the saints Germanus and Lupus, who were sent thither by the Pope in the fifth century, to suppress what was called the Pelagian heresy: so that where I have mentioned St. Fagan's as being dedicated to that Christian missionary, it is not to be understood of the church as we now term it, or any enclosed building on that or any other spot, but merely that Christian worship was established there, after the manner of the time. From the fifth century downwards we read that there were churches, or places of worship, similar to those we have at present. Possibly these cromlechs were places of shelter for the Druids, and after them, for the first Christian priests, in rain and other inclemencies of the weather; unless we may suppose them to have been oratories, from the tops of which they delivered their discourses, or, in times of Druidism, altars on which victims were offered. Such are the conjectures which I have been able to propose, from inquiries into the tradition of the spot, and communication with intelligent antiquarians. If any of the foregoing suppositions may be admitted, respecting the ancient use of these structures, we are to suppose that some time after the
erection

erection of such buildings for religious worship, as are customary among the moderns, became general, those more rude and antiquated places of the druids, and after them of the first Christians, were considered as objects of detestation, and treated with the same ignominy, that awaited the most atrocious malefactors.

The first object of attention on regaining the turnpike is Cotterel, on the side of the road from Cardiff to Cowbridge, opposite the five mile stone. By the gate that enters into the park, grows a very magnificent wych elm, one of the largest trees in the kingdom. At the height of six feet, it girths twenty feet. At the height of about sixteen or eighteen feet, it divides into two large limbs, and soon after, these again subdivide into many other bulky branches, growing high and spreading widely. It is a grand object, and has not the least appearance of decay. The whole premises of Cotterel are very beautiful: the park abounds with picturesque inequalities, and the view from the house towards the hills is uncommonly fine. It is at present the residence of Mr. Lascelles.

In a field just opposite, on the other side of the road, is a very large stone, ten or twelve feet high, and about six or more in width, standing on one end, similar in appearance to those which were to be erected, according to the requisition of the ancient Welsh laws, as just mentioned, wherever the king presided in a court of justice. In no part of the kingdom, perhaps, are antiquities of this kind more numerous than in this part of Glamorganshire. St. George's and Peterston super Elwy have each of them their castles, built by Fitzhamon's knights. In St. George's church there are some Gothic monuments.

The village of Bonvilston is the next object of attention, which has nothing more remarkable to attract, than a well-wooded view

of the flat, from behind the houses on the left side, and some of the most ornamental cottages lining the street, that are to be met with any where.

Llantrythid Park abounds in romantic and picturesque spots. It is finely timbered, and its sylvan honours are unimpaired by the respectable and honourably-descended proprietor. The house was built, according to a family tradition, in the time of Henry the Sixth; and the truth of this story is confirmed by the style of the architecture. The large stone-framed Gothic window of the dining-room is twelve feet square. The other windows are in general large, and in the same style, in the two ancient wings. In addition to these, another suite of rooms was built, fronting the east, close upon the churchyard, as it should seem by the architecture, which is a mixture of Roman and Gothic, in the time of Elizabeth, or soon after. The windows are of stone, with large lutherns. The great window of the principal parlour, looking into the churchyard, is twelve feet wide and nine feet high. Another of the same room to the south is nine feet square, and has some fine painted glass in it, with coats of arms, and other heraldic and splendid decorations. This house is a very fine specimen of the taste that prevailed in the age to which its building is ascribed: but the introduction of tawdry ornaments is a puerility in architecture, from which the better instructed moderns must totally dissent.

The Aubreys are one of the most ancient families in this county, and have been possessed of this estate for many ages. They were distinguished by their attachment to the cause of Charles the First; and this place was one of the last retreats that welcomed the disconcerted fugitives of the party from every quarter of the island. Both the gentlemen of the county and the tenantry of the estate have to regret, that Sir John Aubrey is only an occasional

visitor among them. The property is very considerable; but Sir John has another large estate in Buckinghamshire, on which he principally resides.

There is a large, widely-branching yew-tree in the churchyard, not at all decayed, which girths eighteen feet six inches. The graves, in this receptacle of the dead, are planted with flowers, such as pinks, carnations, sweet-williams, gilliflowers, and all the variety that the pious attentions of the relations can procure. Some of them are made fragrant with thyme, hyssop, southernwood, rosemary, and other aromatic productions. This is a very common practice in Glamorganshire; and it is a maxim never to plant any flowers or herbs on graves, but such as are sweet-scented.

From Llantrythid Park you come upon a down, which opens a fine prospect, though the moorish common immediately below rather disfigures the fore-ground. The town of Cowbridge in the bottom, the hill and church of Llanblethian, with its castle beyond, and the boldly situated castle of Penline, altogether form a scene of much grandeur. On the left is the village of St. Hilary, the residence of Llewelyn Trahaern, Esq. This situation almost vies with Coedrrwglan in point of boldness; at the same time that it is rather more defended from the elements, and therefore more desirable as an abode. Mr. Trahaern is of a long-established and well-respected family in this county. I have never heard that he traces his genealogy to any of the princes whose name he bears; and I am well aware that it would be inconsistent with his unaffected good-sense, to entertain a wish of deriving such distinction but from the most authentic sources.

In the year 1091, the town of Cowbridge was encompassed with a stone wall by Robert de St. Quintin, who afterwards built the castle of Llanblethian. It should therefore seem as if this place was part of his allotment, and not reserved by Robert Fitzhamon,

Fitzhamon, according to Camden's account. One of the gates remains, and is ornamental to the part of the town where it stands. There is nothing particularly worthy of observation here, except the free-school, which was endowed by Sir Lhewelin, or Leolinus, Jenkins, who has already been mentioned as secretary of state in the reign of Charles the Second. He was not, as has been erroneously stated, the founder; but, on the contrary, his benevolence was probably directed to this object by the recollection, that he had derived the first elements of his great knowledge from this source. He may, however, with much propriety be considered here also, as a second founder; for it is to him that the young men on the foundation owe, in addition to a small annual stipend while in school, the probability of enjoying considerable advantages in Jesus College, Oxford, where there are two fellowships, two scholarships, and an exhibition, exclusively confined to students educated at this school. Its literary reputation has kept pace with its academical advantages, under a succession of able masters. It is at this time under the government of the Rev. William Williams, Prebendary of Llandaff, whose name I have had occasion to mention in another place, on a subject so personal to myself, as not to admit of my enlarging here on the present character of the school. There is also a very good school for reading, writing, and accounts; so that I question whether there be any town in Great Britain, better provided, in proportion to its extent, with the means of instruction, both vernacular and scholastic.

CHAPTER V.

ST. MARY CHURCH.....LHANCARVAN.....FLEMINGSTONE.....
 ST. ATHAN'S.....FONMORE CASTLE.....BARRY ISLE.....
 SCILLY ISLE....MICHAELSTON LE PIT....LLANDOUGH.....
 WENVOE.....ELWY BRIDGE....WHITE HORSE BRIDGE.....
 CARDIFF.

THE road from Cowbridge to St. Mary Church is through some of the prettiest, most woody, and picturesque country, to be found in the cultivated part of Glamorganshire. The village itself contains nothing remarkable: but there is, in a beautiful field very near it, a castle that challenges the admiration both of the antiquary and architect. Whether considered with a reference to the national events that are supposed to have taken place there, or to the history of the fine arts, it merits much more attention than it has hitherto received. Its Welsh and Norman designations are convertible, and must in English be translated into "Fair meadow." The princes Lhwelin and Conan ap Sitsfylht, Gruffyth ap Lhwelin, and Robert ap Sitsfylht, were successively lords of this castle: and the Cecils, Earls of Exeter and of Salisbury, are lineally descended from the Sitsfylhts of this place. The surname is corrupted or anglicized into Cecil.

It is rather a singular circumstance, that Lhwelin ap Sitsfylht, Prince of South Wales by hereditary right of his wife, and of North Wales, it is difficult to say by what right, should keep his court, at least very frequently, at this place, which was in another principality,

principality, that of Glamorgan; where he was only the subject of a prince less powerful than himself. An old Welsh adage says, that the man privileges the place, but place does not privilege the man. But probably this was understood only in a moral, and not in a legal or jurisprudential sense. It is to this day a popular tradition in Glamorganshire, that this place was formerly the palace of kings: but no person ever lived here, excepting Lhwelin ap Sitsfylht and his brothers, together with his son Gruffyth probably for some time, who in any proper sense of the word could have been called a king.

The descent of the noble families just mentioned from the Welsh princes is thus deduced: Lhwelin, Conan, and Robert ap Sitsfylht, were brothers, and successively resided in this castle, the inheritance of which descended to Sir James Sitsfylht, the son of Robert. Sir James took part with the Empress Maud, and was killed at the siege of Wallingford Castle, in the fourth year of King Stephen. He left a son and heir in the person of John Sitsfylht, who was taken prisoner at the siege of Lincoln, after the death of his father, in the same reign. His son was named Eustace, and married Sir Walter Pembridge's daughter, by whom he had Sir Baldwin Sitsfylht, who was knighted by King Henry the Second, but was slain at the siege of Cardiff Castle, during his father's life-time. This Sir Baldwin was married twice. His eldest son was Gerald Sitsfylht, whose heir was Robert Sitsfylht. The next in descent was James Sitsfylht, who was succeeded by Gerald, the eldest son living at the time of his death. This Gerald Sitsfylht was married four times. His eldest son by the first wife was John Sitsfylht, who was succeeded by the valiant and renowned Sir John Sitsfylht, in the reign of Edward the Third. His right to the family arms was solemnly adjudged, in consequence of a vehement controversy, as lineally descended from James Sitsfylht,
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who

who fell during the siege of Wallingford Castle in the reign of King Stephen. He had a son and heir named John, who died in his life-time, leaving behind him a son called Thomas Sitsfylht, who succeeded his grandfather Sir John Sitsfylht. Next came Richard; then Philip Sitsfylht, whose eldest son was Philip, and his younger, David Sitsfylht, from whom are descended the present Earls of Exeter and Salisbury, which titles respectively originate with the two sons of the great Lord Burleigh. It appears, therefore, that the Earl of Exeter, as sprung from the elder branch of Lord Burleigh's family, is rightful heir to the crown of Great Britain in the Welsh line of Sitsfylht. Such circumstances are curious and worth mentioning. They might, indeed, have danger in them, where the claims of genealogy are held paramount to every other consideration. But the royal honours of the Sitsfylhts have long since faded, though their nobility remains fresh and untainted. The British sceptre, in the early periods of our history, was alternately wrested by conquerors, and recovered by hereditary claimants; now the plea of conquest and the disputes of pedigree are all absorbed in that substantial tenure, by which the free choice of the people placed it in the hands of the reigning family; a choice not announced by a tumultuary show of hands or shout of voices, but resulting from the solemn decision of an assembled legislature. This has made us an united people, has broken the spring of civil wars, and eradicated every fibre of hazardous ambition from men's breasts.

The castle, which has given rise to the foregoing investigation, was sold by one of Robert ap Sitsfylht's descendants to Sir Philip Bassett, lord of St. Hilary: but how long either St. Hilary or that castle remained in the family of the purchaser, or when they came to the Edmondes's, from whom the present proprietor derived St. Hilary by marriage, I have not been able to ascertain.

There

There is still a tradition in the family of the Bassetts in Glamorgan, that the first draught of Magna Charta was drawn up at this castle by Sir Philip Basset. Yet this is in general thought to be improbable; for Sir Philip Basset, lord of St. Hilary, who bought this estate, was indeed lord chief justice of England, and in that capacity might well be supposed to have been consulted on any great acts of legislation; but he lived too late to have any supposable concern in modelling the enactments of Magna Charta. Neither do there appear to be any reasonable grounds for imagining, that Magna Charta should have been drawn up by any one of the Sitsylht family. It may be said, perhaps, that it is of no great consequence whether it be true or false; yet still such ancient and established traditions are worth an inquiry, minute, indeed, but rendered pleasing by the recollection, that in general there is some truth to be found at the bottom, the investigation of which brings out latent facts of history and interesting sketches of biography. In the present case, one of the Basset's might have been concerned in the framing of this important instrument, though before the time of Sir Philip Basset. But it is necessary I should proceed to the architectural character and singularities of this place.

A family, bearing a surname of the same import with Hog in English, had hereditarily for many generations possessed and worked some freestone quarries near the mouth of Ogmore river. Two brothers of this family, Richard and William, worked those quarries about the time of Edward the Sixth and of Queen Elizabeth. They were young men, and, unfortunately, each of them became enamoured of the same young woman. This occasioned mutual jealousies between them, which at last ended in a virulent and inexplicable quarrel, so that they both solemnly swore never to speak the one to the other. They however

continued

continued to work at the quarry as usual; and whenever one of them wanted the assistance of the other to lift or move a large stone, or for any other of those purposes that occasionally occurred in the progress of their business, he beckoned, or made some sign. The misunderstanding went on thus for some time: but the young woman having been informed of the situation in which things stood between the brothers, vowed on her part never to admit either of their addresses. This resolution, and the unnatural terms on which he lived with his brother, threw Richard into a deep melancholy. Soon afterwards he left the country, and went no one knew whither. For a long period he was not heard of; but after the lapse of twenty or thirty years he returned to Glamorganshire, having been in London, Paris, several parts of Italy, and probably over a considerable portion of the continent, working at his trade of a stonecutter, or freestone mason. In the course of his travels he had assiduously applied himself to the study of architecture and sculpture in their various branches, in each of which arts he acquired a very considerable proficiency. On his return, he found that his brother had left the family quarry, and had discovered the freestone quarries of Bridgend, where he had settled. Richard therefore entered upon the old quarries, and worked at them. The superior manner in which he executed his work attracted the notice of the gentry, who resided in this part of Glamorganshire; and Richard Bassett of this place employed him to do the ornamental parts of the stonework belonging to his chapel at the castle, the frontispiece of which he executed with his own freestone in the Ionic order. It has over its entrance the arms of the Bassett family carved in stone, with the Welsh motto signifying, "Better death than disgrace," in embossed or relieved letters, and over it the date, 1586. He was afterwards employed to execute the porch, which is of Dunderdy freestone,

freestone, near Bristol. This is a fine and very ornamental specimen of Greek architecture, three stories high, consisting of the Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian, and over these a sufficiently elegant attic story. The capitals of the columns, intaglios, and other sculptures, are finished in a very masterly manner. Over the arch of the entrance are the family arms in very light and bold relief. In the intercolumniations of the second or Ionic story, and dado of the pedestals, are three tablets with the following inscriptions on them:

SAY COWLDST THOU E. VER FYND. OR EVER HEA RE OR SEE: A WORLDLY WRET CHE OR COWARD PROVE
--

A FAYTHEFUL FRYNDE TO BE. RYCHARDE BASSET. HAVING TO WYFE KATHARINE DOUGHTER TO
--

SIR THOMAS IOHNS KNIGHT BWYLT THIS PORCHE WITH THE CHYMNYE TUNNES IN ANNO 1600. HIS YERES 65. HIS WYFE 55.

The whole is in a very graceful style, and much superior to the earliest examples of Greek and Roman architecture in England, where those principles of the art appear to have been first introduced about this time. There is here, however, a single trait of Gothicism. The arches of the entrances to the chapel and porch are pointed ellipses, or, as workmen term it, the ox-eye arch.

These anecdotes of Richard and William, of the porch and its architect, though only traditional, there is good reason to consider as true. I had them from Mr. Edward Williams; and he derived his information, many years ago, from William and Richard Roberts, freestone masons of Bridgend quarries, who were, as they assured him, descendants of William, whose posterity, down to the present age, have been in possession of the freestone quarries at Bridgend, and have worked them. Thomas Roberts, the last of this family, who was also of the trade, died about the year 1787.

I should think it necessary to apologize for my prolixity on

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this

this subject, were it not that these facts, hitherto unknown or unnoticed in the history of architecture, go near to invalidate some very stubborn opinions. And lest it should be thought that mere traditional assertion, coming from persons who might think to derive honour from the tale, is insufficient to shake more grave and learned authority, I shall take the liberty of premising, that the inference I deduce from Mr. Edward Williams's information is sufficiently maintained by the unquestionable evidence of the date, though the whole of the foregoing narrative should fall to the ground.

Inigo Jones, in the time of James the First, is said to have been the man who introduced the Greek and Roman architecture into this island. In the temple of British worthies at Stow, the Marquis of Buckingham's seat, there is a bust of this distinguished artist, with the following inscription under it: "Ignatius Jones, who, to adorn his country, introduced and rivalled the Greek and Roman architecture." But Inigo Jones never executed any thing in architecture, at least in England, till the reign of James the First: yet this porch was completed three years before the death of Queen Elizabeth; and the entrance of the chapel, when this great representative of England in one branch of the fine arts, as Sir Joshua Reynolds in another, was but fourteen years of age. Of course he could not be the introducer of Greek and Roman architecture into this island, though he certainly was its very great improver. Old Somerset House was the earliest specimen that ever came to my knowledge of Greek and Roman architecture in England; and I am only able to speak of that from the recollection of plates, which are not now at hand. It was taken down about the year 1775. It was built by the Protector Duke of Somerset, in the time of King Edward the Sixth. The demolition of churches and religious houses to furnish materials for this palace,

lost the Duke much of his popularity, and involved him in the suspicion of a stronger partiality for a fine house, than was consistent with the decencies of religion, or a due respect for the sacred resting-places of the dead. I have read somewhere, though my recollection does not serve to quote the author, that it was executed by Italian artists or architects. Hence it may fairly be supposed, that the Richard above mentioned, when he left Glamorganshire, came to London, and might have worked as a journeyman at the building of Somerset House, where of course he would first become acquainted with the rudiments of Greek and Roman architecture. The time when he must have left Glamorganshire corresponds perfectly with the time when Old Somerset House was built. Should there be no reason to question the probability of his being thus employed, we may further conjecture, that he might have gone over to Italy, or some other part of the continent, with a party of the Italian workmen who were on their return home after Somerset House had been finished. But whoever introduced the Greek and Roman architecture into England, it was this Richard, or at least the architect of the porch in question, let him be who he will, that brought it into Wales. I believe that there was nothing in Somerset House equal in delicacy of sculpture to this porch. It was of two stories, if my memory is accurate, for I have not an immediate reference to the prints; the lower was Doric, the upper of the Ionic order; and there was not much sculpture. Horace Walpole, Lord Orford, considers John of Padua, or Holbein, as entitled to the credit of beginning the reformation in building: and he infers, from the pension of the former being renewed in the third year of Edward the Sixth, that he owed it to the Protector, and was the architect of his palace. All therefore that can be meant by the inscription at Stow is, that Inigo Jones was the first who practised the

unmixed Grecian, and therefore he only could be said to have introduced it in its perfection, and to have rivalled it. This indeed was probable; for all innovations require time to gain ground: and we find accordingly, that Somerset House was a compound of Grecian and Gothic, and therefore, though a specimen of the new taste, was more unclassical than the old in its best and purest manner. But the porch of this castle, and frontispiece of the chapel, with the exception of one infringement, are as chaste and exact, though on a comparatively small scale, as the most splendid of Inigo's designs; who himself indeed, as in the instance of St. Paul's cathedral, occasionally blended the two incongruous styles. Whether therefore the name of the architect and his origin be as I have stated or not, whether he learnt his art at the building of Somerset House, in Italy, or elsewhere, the dates of 1586 and 1600 prove Wales to have possessed a specimen of regular architecture before the time of Inigo Jones, probably one of the earliest in Great Britain, and certainly more perfect than that of Somerset House. Should these unmethodized, and probably incorrect remarks, obtain for this porch a notice it has not yet received, from some better-informed amateur, or some practitioner of the art, I shall consider myself as having done some service, more than equal to the tediousness I have bestowed on my reader, by a prolix detail of provincial tradition.

The house is large and ancient; all of it but the porch and the entrance into the chapel, in that style of Gothic architecture that chiefly prevailed in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. It has close by it a very large barn of equal antiquity. The arches of its doors are highly pointed in a very old style. It is on this farm, and in this house, that Mr. David Edwards the bridge-builder resides. Here was the last congress of Bards, according to the precise laws of their ancient institution, in the seventeenth century.

Lhancarvan

Lhancarvan is celebrated as the birth-place of Caradoc the historian, from whose authority a considerable part of the historical matter in these volumes is derived. He wrote the history of Cambria, from the abdication of Cadwallader to his own time. Of this work there were several copies preserved in the abbeys of Conway and Ystradfflur, which generally agreed in matter, but differed in phraseology and the period of their terminations. This apparent variance may be reconciled by supposing, that such copies were so many different editions written by him and distributed in the course of his life, which terminated, according to some accounts, in the year 1156. But probably the time of his death is merely taken for granted, because he ended his collections with that year. One of his works, printed in the Welsh Archæology, comes down to the year 1196. But David Powel, who corrected, augmented, and continued, Humphrey Lhuyd's translation, accounts for this circumstance by informing us, that these successions and acts of the British princes were afterwards augmented yearly, and compared together every third year, by the Bard in his progress from one abbey to the other, at the time of their triennial visitation. This species of register was continued in those abbeys till the year 1280, two years before the death of the last Lhwelin. There is another copy extant which contains the whole down to this latest period, but still without distinction of Caradoc from the hand of his continuator. In David Powel's time, which was that of Queen Elizabeth, there were at least one hundred copies dispersed over Wales: and when we consider that all these agreed in every thing but in form and literal phrase, and that Humphrey Lhuyd inserted what was defective, and corrected what was discordant, from the authorities of Matthew Paris and Nicholas Trivet, we may reasonably believe that the present translation, improved as it is from records and authors consulted by

by David Powel, forms a sufficiently authentic compendium of Welsh antiquities. There was anciently a monastery at Lhancarvan, founded about the end of the fifth century, by Cadock, son to Prince Brechan.

The village of Flemingstone derives its name not from the colony of Flemings on the coast, but from the family of Fleming, who possessed the castle and lordship of St. George's under Robert Fitzhamon. There are still some remains of a castle adjoining the churchyard, some parts of which are still used for purposes connected with husbandry: and the marks of antiquity about this and all the neighbouring villages are continually recurring in the pointed forms of door-ways and windows. In this village lives Mr. Edward Williams; a man who is capable of doing the world more service, than the world seems willing either to receive or to return. He stands unrecommended by external rank in society; yet are his mental powers of a superior order. He is best known to the English public, by two volumes of poems, highly meritorious, considering the disadvantages under which they were composed: but his best claims to distinction are founded on his knowledge as an antiquarian, profound and sagacious in every thing curious relating to the customs, manners, and history, of his native principality. He was very unhealthy while a child, and has continued so through life; a misfortune that frequently attends more than ordinary expansion of intellect. It was thought useless to put so unpromising a boy to school, where his three brothers were kept for many years. He learned the alphabet by seeing his father inscribe grave-stones. His propensity to poetry appeared at an early age; for his mother, who was a woman of good education, taught him to read; but could never persuade him to learn from any other book, except a volume of songs, entitled, "The Vocal Miscellany," to which his fancy appears to have been

been directed by his mother's agreeable singing. He was born about the year 1747. At that time there were no bookfellers in Wales, and consequently none but Welsh books to be bought, which were sold by itinerants. His mother's library consisted of the Bible, some of Pope's works, Lintot's Miscellany, Steele's Miscellany, Randolph's poems, Milton's poetical works, a few volumes of the Spectator, Tatler, and Guardian, The Whole Duty of Man, Browne's Religio Medici, and Golding's Translation of Ovid's Metamorphoses, in the black letter, with two or three books of arithmetic. This respectable parent also taught him writing, and the principal rules of arithmetic, with something of music. His first attempts in poetry were Welsh, though English was the language of his father's house. He worked at his father's trade of masonry from the time he was nine years of age, but never associated with the children of his neighbourhood, or joined in their amusements. He returned every night to his mother's fireside, where he talked or read with her. If ever he walked out, it was alone, in unfrequented places. He was pensive, melancholy, and very stupid in all but his mother's estimation; and his cheerfulness, when it occurred, was wild and extravagant. His mother died in 1770, and he could no longer be happy at home. He rambled for some years over a great part of England and Wales. During that time, he chiefly studied architecture, and other sciences appertaining to his trade, and composed English poetry at his leisure hours. In 1777, he returned into Glamorganshire, and has ever since exercised the humble occupation to which he was originally destined. His attachment to the cause of the French revolution, at a time when it presented prospects to the warm-hearted, which are for ever shut out by rapine, injustice, and tyranny, created him many enemies before the extinction of party: but this can no longer operate to his prejudice, as events
have

have convinced him, in common with most other men, whose pride does not stand in the way of their conviction, that a mixed constitution, if not theoretically the most perfect, is practically the most conducive to all the worthy and attainable ends of government. But his character perhaps is not sufficiently accommodating, to promote his advancement in life. As an example of a certain pertinacity, which is apt to accompany talents, he had in early life a habit of making resolutions, which he has never broken in a single instance, though in many cases he has lamented their inconvenience or absurdity. Many of them however were, under his circumstances, wise. I shall just mention one or two of his best and worst. He knew that his talent for song-writing would procure him many pressing invitations to join the pot-companionships of persons in his own humble sphere. He saw the incongruousness of such society with his pursuits and inclinations: he therefore made a resolution never to sit down in any public tap-room. A confirmed habit of uncommon abstemiousness soon rendered this precaution unnecessary to sobriety; so that he makes no objection to an appointment of business at such places, if it suits the convenience of the parties; he is willing to stay one or two hours, or as long as the affair to be negociated may require; but always in a standing posture. In early life he was frequently invited by the gentlemen of the country, who took a pleasure in hearing him recite his poetry: but he conceived himself to be treated with less respect than other guests, and made a resolution never again to repeat his own verses. He has often offended those, who were disposed to be his patrons, by the refusal; but is generally willing to lend his unpublished manuscripts, though at the risk of losing them. He thought his family unkind at his entrance into life, and made a resolution never to enter the house of a relation: but he has
forgotten

forgotten all animosity, and converses with his kindred in the most friendly manner on the outside of their own doors. On a review of his resolutions at large, he found the inconveniencies to overbalance the benefits: he therefore, without abrogating what he had already formed, made the wisest resolution of his life; never to make any more resolutions: and he has observed this last as inflexibly as any of the rest. It is much to be lamented, that his talents, in the line of his profession, have been buried where they could not possibly emerge from their obscurity. Had they been noticed in early life, the public would probably have gained an eminent architect or sculptor, without losing a valuable antiquarian. As it is, there are few better judges either of design or execution in architecture. For some time past, he has been employed by the Board of Agriculture in collecting materials for a statistical account of the principality, or at least of South Wales. I heard of him at the houses of the most intelligent and enlightened gentlemen in Cardiganshire, through which he had travelled; and they all concurred in a most honourable testimony to the simplicity of his manners and the extent of his qualifications. I am sorry to say that the proverb of a prophet in his own country is but too much verified in him; for while Mr. Williams the antiquarian is mentioned elsewhere with the respect due to the attainments, without the estate, of a gentleman, there are few in Glamorganshire who know him by any other name than that of Ned Williams the stonecutter. Indeed, he has to complain of injustice as well as neglect from some persons, who have made him not the slightest recompence for the discovery of very valuable quarries on their estates: and such conduct is impolitic as well as mercenary, because it has excited in him an angry disposition to withhold the remainder of his knowledge on that subject. This part of Glamorganshire abounds with very fine
S marble,

marble, many beautiful specimens of which he possesses, that take a very high polish. He is married, and has several children.

The village of St. Athan's derives its name from a saint, who lived in the beginning of the sixth century. He was the founder of a church, to which he returned, after an absence of some years, and was buried here. The castle was built in the year 1091, the date of the great revolution, and all its dependent antiquities, by Roger Berelos, who divided his lands with the original proprietor of the whole, and out of his reserved moiety gave subsistence to other families, who had been deprived of their estates upon the Norman usurpation. Such liberality and feeling, in an age when those virtues were little known or understood, prove that Roger Berelos was designed for something better than a conqueror. This castle stands on the edge of an extensive flat, and overlooks one of those remarkable sinkings in the ground, that have been noticed in a preceding chapter. A small rivulet runs through the bottom, giving an interest to this singular recess, which is tolerably well wooded, considering its vicinity to the sea. The ruin is rather picturesque. A cottage erected within its walls has lately fallen to the ground, owing to the superstitious fears of the vulgar, though it has been offered rent-free to any poor family who would inhabit there. A very luxuriant wild-fig-tree grows out of the cement, of which the chapel walls are composed; and it is remarkable how much that tree affects such situations, and that even in the most exposed aspects. This circumstance seems to hold out a probability, that the tender Turkey fig might be propagated with more certainty and success, by grafting it on this sort of wild fig. Perhaps this wilding might be originally produced from the seed of the cultivated fig, planted by the Norman lords in their gardens. The trunk of the ivy, that encompasses the northern part of this castle, is of an uncommon substance. It at least

least girts five feet, and in some years yields large quantities of gum.

From this spot there is a very advantageous view of Fonmore Castle, which has already been mentioned as one of those parcelled out to the Norman intruders. Colonel John Jones, who signed the death-warrant of Charles the First, who took his seat in the council of state on the commencement of the commonwealth, and died on the scaffold among the regicides at the restoration, was the possessor of this castle, and from him the present owner is descended. It is probably the most extensive and august of the inhabited castles in Wales. The kitchen belonging to this castle is said to be the largest in the kingdom. There is here perhaps the finest portrait extant of Oliver Cromwell.

On the sea shore near this place are the two isles of Barry and Scilly, with the Flat-holm and the Steep, of which Drayton speaks thus:

Of all the inland isles her sovereign Severn keeps,
That bathe their amorous breasts within her secret deeps
(To love her Barry much and Scilly though she seem,
The Flat-holm and the Steep as likewise to esteem),
This noblest British nymph yet likes her Lundy best,
And to great Neptune's grace prefers before the rest.

In Camden's Britannia there is the following passage: "In a rock of the island of Barry, in Glamorganshire, there is a narrow chink or cleft, to which if you put your ear, you shall perceive all such sort of noises, as you may fancy smiths at work under ground; strokes of hammers, blowing of bellows, grinding of tools." The accurate and judicious Camden, however, borrows this story from Girald, without giving it much credit, as he could

not perceive any such effects in his own time, nor could he find that any credible person had ever been ear-witness to them, though the tradition was universally prevalent. He thinks, indeed, that the place is mistaken, as similar noises have been described along the western part of the coast. But after all, supposing it to be so, there is nothing extraordinary; and probably such phenomena are frequent along a rocky and continually perforated coast, and are little noticed except on spots, where the prodigies of wild and romantic fancy are called in to point the tale of superstition. It requires but a moderate stretch of imagination to create this cyclopean imagery, when the sea at high tides is often in possession of cavities, under the feet of the stranger, and what we may call its ordinary tone of voice is both modified and magnified by confinement and repercussion.

These two isles derive their names from a saint and a conqueror. The saint was buried on his island, and the Norman spoiler had the castle and lordship of Scilly on the main land for his share in the division. From Barry the noble family of that name in Ireland derives its original. I have been told, in opposition to Camden's incredulity, that a determined listener may hear those sounds to this day, or hear them as it were. The Flat-holm and Steep are seen from all this neighbourhood, and the former has its light-house.

At Michaelston le Pit is an elegant villa, in a most delicious retirement, belonging to Mr. Rous. It has lately been laid out and completed. Any thing more beautiful, on a small scale, cannot well be conceived. The house, which stands on a pretty stream artificially widened and improved, running down into Barry Harbour, looks to the left upon an unterminated dingle, with a picturesque rock of limestone, surmounting its ample furniture of wood.

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In Tanner's *Notitia Monastica* we have an account of an ancient monastery in Glamorgan, the name of which, or of the place where it stood, was unknown to him. Cyngar, having settled one monastery in Somersetshire, is said to have come over into this county about the latter end of the fifth century, and to have built another here in some place, the very vestiges of which are destroyed, for twelve monks or canons, dedicated to the Holy Trinity, and endowed by Paulentius, King of Glamorgan. The writer of the pedigrees or genealogies of the British saints also mentions him as having founded a congregation or college in Glamorgan. Cyngar was also called Docuinus, or Dochen: and it is hence inferred, though it seems to have escaped both these writers, that a place still well known, and styled Llandough on the law records of the county, as well as on the surveys of the manor, points out the ancient church of Dochen. It is, however, the Llandough on the banks of the Elwy, and not the church of the same dedication in the neighbourhood of Cowbridge, which the Welsh antiquaries have fixed on, in consequence of a tradition still retained, that there was a monastery there in remote times. In the churchyard there is still remaining a very ancient cross, ornamented with rudely executed Roman frets, similar to those at Llantwit Major, with a short but unintelligible inscription, in the Roman or British characters of the fifth century. The abbot of this place ranked as one of the three great abbots in the diocese. The abbots of Llantwit Major and Llancarvan were the other two. They are on several occasions mentioned as the principal persons, next to the bishop, at the synods held in their respective churches or monasteries, and even in the bishop's church, or cathedral, at Llandaff.

Llandough is at the distance of two miles from Michaelston le Pit. It stands on a rising ground, on the western side of Elwy river, about

about a mile above its fall into Pennarth Harbour, and about three miles to the south-west, in full view of Cardiff. The church is in a very antique style, antecedent to the Gothic, though some Gothic windows have in subsequent ages been inserted. The village has perhaps from thirty to forty houses. It has fine views of Cardiff and its wide vale, of Llandaff, with Monmouthshire in the distance, and down the river to Pennarth Harbour. In the parish of Llandough stands Coggan, now the Marquis of Bute's property; a fine old Gothic mansion, well built with hewn stone, in the style that prevailed in the fifteenth century. It is now inhabited only by a tenant, who has converted the large and noble hall into a barn. The arms of the Herberts, Earls of Pembroke, whose property it formerly was, are well carved in stone over the principal entrance. The soil in this part of the country is a stiff clay or loam, on a limestone rock, producing wheat, beans, oats, and other articles for consumption, of the finest quality. It is not equally good for barley. The horned cattle, that are reared on it, thrive very much. It is less favourable to sheep, especially if kept over winter; but in summer and autumn they fatten on it very rapidly. The butter made on this soil is supposed to be the best in the county. Though the crops here are of backward growth in spring, wheat frequently ripens as early as in July; whereas on lands in the neighbourhood, seemingly warmer and drier, as being on the gravel, it is not reaped till the month of August is some way advanced. In the quarries of this parish are found fine black marble, alabaster, some fuller's earth, and other useful productions. The country is well wooded. It only wants a better state of the roads, occasioning a more unrestrained intercourse, to make it a most enviable spot.

Wenvoe is the seat of Robert Jenner, Esq. and was built in the castle form by his maternal grandfather, Mr. Birt. It is a
very

very large, handsome, and commodious house. But I do not, on the whole, accede to the good taste of building modern castles in a country abounding with such magnificent specimens of that architecture, unless where there are remains, which may be preserved and rendered habitable, by additions in a style of massy grandeur, in some degree at least approaching to the original: and a country gentleman should possess almost a royal purse to conduct such works, now that he has no longer his vassals or their labour at command. The towers at Wenvoe seem rather to aim at the convenience of a bow-window, than at any of those purposes for which such structures were intended. Indeed, the criterion of true taste in all arts is ornamented utility; but the ornament without the utility favours of that false and affected refinement, for which the French are disgracefully proverbial. The castles of antiquity were the protection of their inhabitants: and the beauty of a castle, as a specimen of art, consists in uniting magnificence with strength. We preserve these monuments of our ancestors as long as we can, because they furnish ocular proof of their arts, their domestic habits, and progress in civilization: but why should we erect works of defence, where no defence is wanted? or if it were, such works as we can erect possess only the outward show and trappings, without the solid capability of military fortresses. We may possibly seem to be justified in this taste by the circumstance, that the ancient barons built their palaces of recreation in the castellate form. The reason was, that in their state of society, they were liable to surprise from their hostile neighbours, and could never change the scene without the attendance of an armed retinue, though less numerous than that which they maintained at their established stations of military and political residence. But we have no hostile neighbours, no armed retinues: nor is any individual of sufficient weight to be exposed,

whatever

whatever may be his wealth or rank, to the danger of a surprize, or the honours of a conspiracy.

There is a considerable domain about Wenvoe, and Mr. Jenner has ventured to a large extent in the patriotically useful, but, to individuals, the doubtful experiment of farming. The grounds are well wooded, agreeable and diversified; but afford nothing peculiarly adapted either to description or the pencil. The village of Wenvoe is neat and pretty. Between Wenvoe and the Cardiff road lies Caera, which signifies a fortification. There is here an entire Roman camp, occupying a hill of ten or twelve acres, oblong and nearly rectangular in figure. The parish church is situated within the works, which are formed by high ramparts of earth all round the hill. They are very lofty to the south, on which side the entrance is steep and narrow. The Porta Decumana is to be seen on the west, and at the east end the General's tent, which is deep and entire, of a circular form, with a very narrow entrance from the camp. From this camp, the traveller comes upon the turnpike road, at the distance of about four hundred yards, opposite to St. Fagan's, and crosses Elwy Bridge at no great distance. The flat is enlivened, as he proceeds, by Pennarth and its harbour with the shipping; till White Horse Bridge, over a smaller arm of the Taff, which separates itself from the main stream a little higher, and rejoins it just below, introduces him to the beautiful meadows that stretch up to Llandaff. Over these the eye may now range at will, uninterrupted by what were once "the wayless woods of Cardiff."

Cardiff is the capital of Glamorganshire, though far from the first of its towns in extent and population. It was built about the year 1079. The requisitions of the Welsh are so moderate, that they consider this as a neat and agreeable place, though it has little contrivance to boast in the arrangement of its streets,
little

little of accommodation or symmetry in the construction of its buildings. If, indeed, all other features of the principality corresponded with the inartificial model of its towns, there would be very slight attractions to induce the visit of a stranger. Yet is Cardiff far from deficient in objects of interest to the antiquary, or of more active speculation to the enterprising and commercial mind. Its castle is among the most distinguished by military and political events; though what are called the modern improvements derogate considerably from its venerable aspect, and scarcely allow us to suppose, from its present appearance, trim and shorn in the interior on the principles of modern gardening, that it was once the fearful seat of Fitzhamon's usurped sovereignty. It is distinguished in history by a most barbarous and tragical event, which took place soon after its present foundation. The circumstances, which produced and attended it, are prolixly detailed by Drayton, in his *Legend of Robert, Duke of Normandy*, and more concisely related by Selden, in his *Illustrations of the Polyolbion*, with a legal disquisition annexed, on some supposed articles of release. Drayton introduces fortune personified, alluding to the most atrocious part of the alleged cruelty, in the following terms:

The while in Cardiff he a captive lies,
 Whose windows were but niggards of their light,
 I wrought, this Henry's rage not to suffice,
 But that he robb'd Duke Robert of his fight,
 To turn this little piece of day to night;
 As though that sense, whose want should be the last
 To all things living, he the first should taste.

That Robert so unfortunately blind,
 No outward object might disperse his care,
 The better to illuminate his mind,
 To see his sorrows throughly what they were,
 To do so much to this great prince I dare,
 By taking from him that which serv'd him best.

T

"Newly

“ Newly escaped out of prison (whither for state misdemeanors he was committed by Henry), he dispatches and interchanges intelligence with most of the baronage, claiming his primogeniture right, and thereby the kingdom. Having thus gained to him most of the English nobility, he lands with forces at Portsmouth, thence marching towards Winchester: but before any encounter the two brothers were persuaded to a peace; covenant was made, and confirmed by oath of twelve barons, on both parts, that Henry should pay him yearly two thousand pounds of silver, and that the survivor of them should inherit, the other dying without issue. This peace, upon denial of payment (which had the better colour, because, at request of Queen Maud, the Duke prodigally released his two thousand pounds the next year after the covenant), was soon broken. The King (to prevent what mischief might follow a second arrival of his brother), assisted by the greatest favours of Normandy and Anjou, besieged Duke Robert in one of his castles, took him, brought him home captive, and at length using that course (next secure to death), so often read of in Choniatas, Cantacuzen, and other oriental stories, put out his eyes, being all this time imprisoned in Cardiff Castle in Glamorgan, where he miserably breathed his last. It is by Polydore added, out of some authority, that King Henry after a few years imprisonment released him, and commanded that within forty days and twelve hours (these hours have in them time of two floods, or a flood and an ebb) he should, abjuring England and Normandy, pass the seas as in perpetual exile, and that in the mean time, upon new treasons attempted by him, he was secondly committed, and endured his punishment and death, as the common monks relate. I find no warrantable authority that makes me believe it: yet, because it gives some kind of example of our obsolete law of abjuration (which it seems had its beginning from one of the statutes published under name of the Confessor),

Confessor), a word or two of the time prescribed here for his passage; which being examined upon Bracton's credit, makes the report therein faulty. For he seems confident that the forty days in abjuration, were afterward induced upon the statute of Clarendon, which gave the accused of felony or treason, although quitted by the Ordel (that is, judgment by water or fire, but the statute published, speaks only of water, being the common trial of meaner persons), forty days to pass out of the realm with his substance, which to other felons taking sanctuary and confessing to the coroner, he affirms not grantable; although John le Breton is against him, giving this liberty of time, accounted after the abjuration to be spent in the sanctuary, for provision of their voyage necessities, after which complete, no man, on pain of life and member, is to supply any of their wants. I know it a point very intricate to determine, observing these opposite authors and no express resolution. Since them, the oath of abjuration, published among our manual statutes, nearly agrees with this of Duke Robert, but with neither of those old lawyers. In it, after the felon confesses, and abjures, and hath his port appointed; I will (proceeds the oath) diligently endeavour to pass over at that port, and will not delay time there above a flood and an ebb, if I may have passage in that space; if not, I will every day go into the sea up to the knees, assaying to go over, and unless I may do this within forty continual days, I will return to the sanctuary, as a felon of our lord the king; so God me help, &c. So here the forty days are to be spent about the passage, and not in the sanctuary; compare this with other authorities, and you shall find all so dissonant, that reconciliation is impossible, resolution very difficult. I only offer to their consideration, which can here judge, why Hubert de Burch (Earl of Kent, and Chief Justice of England under Henry III.), having incurred the king's high

displeasure, and grievously persecuted by great enemies, taking sanctuary, was, after his being violently drawn out, restored; yet that the sheriffs of Hertford and Essex were commanded to ward him there, and prevent all sustenance to be brought him, which they did, *decernentes ibi XL. dierum excubiis observare*: and whether also the same reason (now unknown to us) bred this forty days for expectation of embarkment out of the kingdom, which gave it in another kind for return? as in case of disseisin, the law hath been that the disseisor could not reenter without action, unless he had as it were made a present and continual claim; yet if he had been out of the kingdom in single pilgrimage (that is, not in general voyages to the holy land), or in the king's service in France, or so, he had allowance of forty days, two floods, and one ebb, to come home in, and fifteen days, and four days, after his return; and if the tenant had been so beyond sea, he might have been *essoigned de ultra Mare*, and for a year and a day, after which he had forty days, one flood, and one ebb (which is easily understood as the other for two floods), to come into England. This is certain, that the space of forty days (as a year and a day) hath had with us divers applications, as in what before, the assize of Freshforce in cities and boroughs, and the widow's quarantine, which seems to have had beginning either of a deliberative time granted to her, to think of her conveniency in taking letters of administration, as in Artois the reason of the like is given; or else from the forty days in the *essoign* of child-birth allowed by the Norman customs. But you mislike the digression. It is reported, that when William the Conqueror in his death-bed left Normandy to Robert, and England to William the Red, this Henry asked him what he would give him? Five hundred pounds of silver (saith he), and be contented, my son; for, in time, thou shalt have all which I possess, and be greater than either of thy brethren."—Selden.

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In the year 1110, Robert Fitzhamon died of a terrible frenzy in his castle of Tewkesbury. After this event, King Henry the First gave the daughter and heiress of Robert Fitzhamon to his own natural son Robert, creating him at the same time Earl of Gloucester. This Robert endeavoured to force the English laws on the Welsh of Glamorgan. But Ivor, son of Cedivor, who was called Ivor Bach, from the smallness of his stature, contrasted as it was by his formidable prowess, heading his countrymen, rushed suddenly on Cardiff Castle, broke into it, seized on Robert and his wife, and held them close prisoners, till they consented to restore their ancient laws and liberties to the people, and all their privileges as they had ever stood, since the time of Howel Dha, the famous lawgiver. Nor would he release them, till the king confirmed these extorted concessions, by solemnly declaring, that he would no farther concern himself with Glamorgan, than by extending his friendship towards the people on the terms of general union and public league, but private and domestic independence. It was among the number of these stipulations, that no Welshman should be obliged to serve in any office, or to render any other performances or aids, but on condition that every one subjected to such duties should have his lands in free tenure, and all his rights and immunities, as due to him without favour, by the nature of his engagement, as well as to all the Welsh nation under similar circumstances. After all these privileges had been confirmed to them, Ivor and his men concluded a peace with the king, and all of them returned to their habitations. Camden places this gallant enterprize a generation later, supposing it to have been carried into effect against William, Earl of Gloucester, Fitzhamon's grandson by the before-mentioned daughter. In either case, the fact, to which he, and other English authorities bear testimony, remains the same.

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A dark and damp dungeon is still shown, which tradition assigns as the prison of Duke Robert; but the possibility of existing there is doubtful. The keep, raised on an artificial mound, is now called the magazine, from its having been applied to that purpose, when Cardiff espoused the cause of Charles the First. The castle was bombarded by Cromwell in person for three days successively, nor would it so soon have been gained, but for the treachery of a deserter, whom Oliver executed in an *ex post facto* fit of moral indignation. It is enclosed by a high rampart, round the top of which a walk is carried, affording an advantageous prospect of the town and the surrounding country. The modernised and habitable affords ill with the ancient and ruinous part of this fortress: the windows are in a style of uncommon violence against every principle of harmony and taste; and the rooms afford nothing but a few family portraits, that confer little lustre on the personal graces of their originals.

At the eastern extremity of the town there was a priory of Franciscan Friars, the shell of which still remains, but is continually mouldering. Much of it has fallen within these few years, and the rest will soon follow. It continued till the dissolution of religious houses by Henry the Eighth, after which the property was vested in the Herberts, who were very great lords and owners in the principality, and to whom Cardiff Castle gave a title, while it owned their jurisdiction. The titles that attach to the chief of the Herberts are among the most numerous and honourable of the peerage. They are Earls of Pembroke and Montgomery, Barons Herbert of Cardiff, Ross of Kendall, Parr, Fitzhugh Marmion, St. Quintin, and Herbert of Shutland; and they have generally been Knights of the Garter. The eldest son takes the title of Lord Herbert. The property of Cardiff, however, with their other castles and lordships in this county, has altogether
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migrated

migrated from this family by intermarriages: and such is the revolution occasioned by a few scores of years, that I am not aware of their possessing a single foot of land in any part of the principality at this moment. Their connection with the literary as well as political history of the country, entitles them to some biographical notice: but as the Pembrokes of other name and stock have borne their part in the transactions of their times, I shall, on another occasion, collect into one catalogue the most prominent, who have been honoured with that illustrious title.

The church has a high tower of peculiar beauty, the parapet of which is richly carved, and crowned with four light Gothic pinnacles at the corners. It is a bold effort of masonry: for one of the abutments is supported on a very small arch, beyond the centre of which it projects considerably. The long-tried stability of the building, in defiance of a weight seemingly disproportioned to the means of its support, has warranted an experiment that contradicts the established rules of masonic computation. The arch of the west door-way is rich and good. Within the church, adjoining the north wall, is a monument of Sir William and Sir John Herbert, under a canopy of white marble, supported by four pillars of black, gilded and painted with all the puerility that constituted the magnificence of the age. It is, however, handsome of its kind. There are two figures in a praying posture, one of them in armour: but the inscription, which appears to have been very long and minute, is nearly obliterated. The taste would fix it about the time of James the First, if we had not the evidence of the persons to whom it is erected. The organ was built, I believe, about a century ago by Byfield and Harris. It is a much better instrument than generally falls to the lot of a country church. The diapasons are remarkably fine. The body of the church is a plain Norman building,

building, respectable and commodious, but not on a level with the architectural excellence of its more modern tower.

There was formerly another church, as there are two parishes: but St. Mary's was gradually undermined by the river, which has made frequent encroachments on the western extremity of the town: the church was at length swept away suddenly by an inundation of the sea, in the seventeenth century. There was also, in former times, a monastery of Black Friars without the west gate. The trade of this town is increasing, and consequently its wealth, population, and prosperity. It has the advantage of Pennarth harbour, which enables it to carry on a considerable traffic with Bristol in the produce of the farm and dairy. From Cardiff there is a very good canal, which establishes that town as the connecting link between the great iron works of Merthyr Tydvil and the English markets. This canal, passing through a country so rich in collieries immediately on its banks, tends greatly to facilitate the exportation, and reduce the price of coals to the public at large, though it may enhance it near the pits. The future inroads of the spring tides on the moor between the town and the Bristol Channel are prevented by a sea-wall; and the tide-lock is remarkable as the only one in the principality. The town is enclosed by a stone-wall, and there were formerly four gates. The ditch and a watch-tower are still to be seen. The bridge over the principal branch of the Taff was built by Mr. Parry in 1796. Vessels of four hundred tons burthen come up to the town. But Cardiff is capable of much greater improvements in a commercial point of view, than are yet contemplated by the inhabitants, notwithstanding the successful example of their neighbours. Pennarth harbour, below the town, is the best and safest in the Bristol Channel, except Milford Haven. It is formed by the junction of three considerable rivers, Taff, Elwy,

Elwy, and Remny, just where they fall into the sea; though these rivers, as we proceed up their banks into the interior of the country, diverge widely from each other. Ships of the greatest burden may at all tides enter into Pennarth harbour, where they may anchor, and lie on very fine mud, without any rocks or sands. Many hundreds of vessels may have ample room there. Very frequently twenty, thirty, and even fifty sail of the Bristol shipping are obliged to take shelter in Pennarth harbour. When it is considered that by the canal Cardiff might be easily, abundantly, and cheaply supplied with coal from the collieries, and iron from Merthyr Tydvil, for carrying on the hardware manufactories; with tin-plates also from the largest tin mills in the kingdom, on the banks of the canal, three miles above the town at Melin Gruffyth; with copper and brass by water from Swansea, Neath, and other establishments in the western part of the county; it is difficult to ascribe a limit to the commercial capabilities of this place. Bristol is a market, equal to the absorption of any quantity that could be produced of such manufactures. Cardiff is situated in as plentiful a country as any in the kingdom for all kinds of provisions; and having so good a harbour for the largest shipping, could easily export its produce and manufactures, not only to Bristol, but to any part of the world. It could with equal facility import any thing it might want. Birmingham, one of the remotest towns in this island from the sea, with a very long and expensive land-carriage to and from its sea-ports, of iron and other metal wares, heavy beyond all other articles, rose into its present opulence under these discouragements and disadvantages, long before it had any inland navigation. Cardiff, on the contrary, possesses all the advantages of nature that can in this respect be conceived, and those on the largest scale. Yet after all, advantageous as such extensions necessarily must be

to the community at large, it may well be doubted, whether either the comforts, habits, or character, of the immediate neighbourhood would be improved by the speculation I have suggested, if the subject is to be considered in any narrower point of view, than that of commercial splendour and national aggrandisement. The influx of wealth would bring with it wants, which have not hitherto made themselves known; while the philosophic beauty of rural manners might possibly be lost in the pursuits of higher fortune, and the affectation of refinement.

CHAPTER VI.

ROATH....CEVEN MABLE....RUPERRAH....CAERPHILLY
CASTLE.

THE village of Roath adjoins Cardiff on the eastern side, and forms, as it were, the suburbs of that town. The road, as far as the river Remny, which separates the counties of Glamorgan and Monmouth, is over a dull and dingy moor. The river itself is muddy, from the tide about the bridge, and extremely disagreeable at low water; but when you skirt it up to Ceven Mable, it becomes interesting, though without any features of grandeur. In order to keep near its banks, it is necessary to cross into Monmouthshire on the turnpike road, and then taking the first path to the left, to cross a second time into Glamorganshire at the distance of about two miles. The character of the country here assimilates with that of Monmouthshire in general: the meadows to the west of the river are fertile, and woody in the hedge-rows, and the hills to the east of the Taff form the western boundary of the prospect on the banks of the Remny. From the main road, Ceven Mable, a large yellow house on a considerable eminence, is seen standing due north; and above that, on a higher ground in the same direction, Ruperrah, appearing from a distance as a smaller mansion: but when you arrive at Ceven Mable, it seems nearly lost in the magnificence of Ruperrah, backed by stately groves, and, though in an elevated situation, placed under the brow of the superior heights, that bound the

vale of Caerphilly. Ceven Mable is an ancient seat and park of the Kemes family, whom I apprehend to have come originally out of Pembrokehire, though they were settled at this place before the seventeenth century, in the course of which they became connected by marriage with the Mansels of Margam. The house, in point of architecture, is tasteless and insignificant, low and irregular; but it has a length of front that renders it conspicuous from afar. Its prospect is rich and extensive, without being picturesque. Sir Nicholas Kemes raised a thousand men within his own county, with whom he joined the forces that were defeated by Oliver Cromwell at St Fagan's in 1648. Sir Nicholas and his troops retired to Chepstow Castle, which they defended with great bravery for about three weeks: but Colonel Pride, arriving with his heavy artillery, made a breach, and carried the castle sword in hand. Sir Nicholas is said to have been put to death with circumstances of peculiar cruelty. So fatal had been the battle of St. Fagan's to the Welsh, that in the ensuing harvest, the hay was mown, and the corn was reaped, chiefly by women; nor did men enough survive in that part of Glamorganshire for the common business and purposes of life.

The walk from Ceven Mable to Ruperrah through the meadows is singularly beautiful. The ascent to the latter is rather steep and inconvenient; but the features of the place furnish sufficient recompence for any little trouble attending the excursion. This mansion belongs to the Morgans of Tredegar, Machen, and Llantarnam, who are descended from Cedivor Mawr, the son of Collwyn, about the period of the conquest. The death of Cedivor is assigned by the Cambrian Biography to the year 1089. This estate has been possessed by various branches of the family, almost from time immemorial: but the present house was built by Inigo Jones, and is the only structure the principality can boast of from

that great architect. It was burnt down some years ago, after which misfortune the inside was built in the commonest manner possible; but the shell was preserved; so that the exterior still exhibits a specimen of Inigo. It is, however, designed after the castellate manner of the country, which renders it a less important and interesting relic, than it would have been, had he exercised his fancy on the more costly and tasteful embellishments of that newly-acquired style, that gave most scope to the display of his excellence. There are four fronts, with five windows in the centre of each, and four round towers. The hall windows in the south front are lower than the rest, which destroys its uniformity: but this sacrifice I take to have been made for some purpose of internal convenience at the time of the rebuilding, when the dignity of the original design seems to have given way to other considerations.

I am told that some among the numerous tribes of Jones's in the principality claim Inigo for a countryman and a relation; but it is probable that London gave him birth, as he is understood to have been the son of a cloth-worker, and bound apprentice to a joiner, when he was noticed either by the Earl of Arundel or the Earl of Pembroke. He might, however, have been of Welsh extraction; and, at all events, a few brief memoirs cannot be unacceptable, when they relate to an artist of whom Greece or Italy, in its best times, might have been proud, in a country which has not hitherto been distinguished by preeminent knowledge or genius in the fine arts. He was born about the year 1572, and sent over to Italy by one of his patrons, to study landscape: but he changed his pursuit, and became an architect. He saw the works of Palladio in the state of Venice, and profited by the example. The palace at Leghorn and the front of a church are thought to have been executed from his designs. He was appointed architect to Christian the Fourth of Denmark, where
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our James the First found him, and brought him over in the retinue of Queen Anne. On the death of Prince Henry, to whom he had the appointment of architect, he returned into Italy, and extricated himself from the inconsistencies of the mixed Grecian and Gothic. When the place of surveyor became vacant, he came back again to England, and in the year 1620 was appointed one of the commissioners for the repair of St. Paul's: but the work was not begun till 1633, when the Bishop of London laid the first stone, and Inigo Jones the fourth. Yet a Roman portico, however excellent, had little affinity with a Gothic church. But his greatest design was the palace at Whitehall; and the Banqueting House, though a small part of the intended pile, is so complete as to furnish a perpetual example of the most exquisite and finished taste. He was also employed to design a chapel and a river front for Somerset House. The accession of Charles the First introduced no new favourite, to direct the pleasures of the court. He continued to invent the decorations of those masques, for which Jonson composed the poetry, Lanier and Ferabosco the music; while the royal family and the nobility acted and danced. Wilton was another distinguished theatre, where the genius of Inigo Jones had to follow that of Holbein. Surgeons' Hall, in London, Covent Garden with its church, and Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, were executed by him, or under his direction. Gunnersbury, near Brentford, was his; but the portico is thought to engross too large a portion of the front. The idea of Greenwich Hospital is said to have been borrowed from his papers by Webb. But the civil war interrupted his efforts. He was a royalist and a Roman catholic: he was therefore fined and persecuted. Grief and misfortunes are said to have shortened his days; but surely time may come in for its share of the disgrace, when it is considered that he was nearly eighty years of age.

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From Ruperrah the gardener conducted me across the park. The prospect was uncommonly attractive. The harvest moon at the full was just risen. The effect of it shining on the Bristol Channel, with the bold hills of Somersetshire beyond, was in a high degree beautiful. The channel, though from twelve to fifteen miles across, seemed but like an inland river. The mountain-valley of Caerphilly, as you come upon the Newport road, has a powerful effect upon the mind, as seen by a bright moon-light.

About a mile to the south-east of Caerphilly is an ancient house in a ruinous state, formerly a seat of the Lewis's, ancestors to the Earls of Plymouth.

Caerphilly Castle was once the largest in Great Britain, next to Windsor, and it is without exception the most extensive ruin. Its magnitude and strength have caused the probability of its origin to be much controverted: and it is perhaps too much the custom to question the authenticity of those documents or traditions, which happen not exactly to tally with our own conjectures or preconceived hypotheses. The memorials which I have been able to collect, from the Welsh Archæology, extracted for me by Mr. Edward Williams, and from other sources, received as the most authentic in that country, furnish the following broken and interrupted particulars of this place from very early times.

Cenydd, the son of Gildas, the celebrated author of the epistle *De Excidio Britanniae*, founded a church and monastery in the eastern, and another in the western part of Glamorgan. This anecdote is found in a very ancient manuscript account of the British saints, in the Welsh language: but no place is assigned to the first of these. To the second our attention will be drawn hereafter. But Caradoc Lhancarvan, in a copy differing from
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that which Powel translated, supplies the deficiency by informing us, that, in the year 831, the Saxons of Mercia came unexpectedly in the night, and burned the monastery dedicated to St. Cenydd, standing where Caerphilly Castle is now; though there was at that time a sworn truce between the Britons of Glamorgan and the Mercian Saxons. In the year 1094, the Earls of Arundel and of Gloucester, Arnold de Harcourt and Neale le Vicount, came with an army against the Welsh of Glamorgan, in aid of Robert Fitzhamon. The armies met, and in the battle of Gellygare, which is five miles north of Caerphilly, the natives slew every one of those Norman leaders, and accomplished an exemplary vengeance on their enemies, taking from them very rich and copious spoils. Some of the Normans escaped into their castles; but few of them were so fortunate; for Ednerth ap Cadwgan, with his sons, Gruffyth and Ivor, followed them very closely, and slew great numbers in their retreat. Others of the defeated army fled from their pursuers into England; while such of the Normans as had been able to secure themselves in their castles, granted, as they termed it, but more properly restored to the Welsh, their ancient laws and immunities, with their lands in free tenure.

The continuator of Caradoc Lhancarvan informs us, that in the year 1217, Rees Vechan, Prince of South Wales, took this castle, but it is not mentioned from whom: the garrison, however, to impede his operations, from the success of which they dreaded summary punishment, burnt the town. Hence there appears to be some truth in the tradition at Caerphilly, that the town was formerly much larger than it is now; but that in early times it had been burnt, during a siege of the castle. They still shew in the fields, and other vicinities of the town, many ancient foundations, with various vestiges of buildings; and so lately as the year 1802, in digging foundations for a new fulling-mill and
other

other works, destined for the purposes of a woollen manufactory, in addition to those which are already established there, some very strong old foundations were discovered, with several pieces of oak timber, some of them partly burnt, a great number of old nails, and other remains, that confirmed the traditional relation. These discoveries were made nearly a quarter of a mile out of the present small town. It is mentioned in the annals of the same year, that Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales, Gwenwynwyn, Prince of Powise, son of Owen Cyveiliog, and Rees Vechan, Prince of South Wales, confederated to destroy the castles of the Normans and English in Wales, and among others, they took the castle, which is the subject of the present remarks. But whether we are to understand, that these two accounts refer to the same event, and that the reduction of this castle was allotted to Rees Vechan, in the arrangement of their concerted operations; or that he lost it again, and that the allies immediately combined their forces to recover it, is neither easy nor important to ascertain. In the year 1218, Lhwelin ap Jorwerth is represented as having taken this castle once more from Reynald de Bruse, Lord of Brecknock, and having then consigned it to the custody of Rees, Prince of South Wales. Rees soon afterwards rased it to the ground. In 1219, John de Bruse, son of William de Bruse, married Margaret, daughter of Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales. In 1221, John de Bruse rebuilt and fortified this castle, with the permission and by the advice of his father-in-law, Prince Lhwelin ap Jorwerth. In the year 1270, Lhwelin ap Gruffyth ap Jorwerth, the last Prince of North Wales, took the Castle of Caerphilly. This is the first time it is called by the name of Caerphilly in the Welsh history. It was in earlier times denominated from the founder of the monastery, on the site of which, after its

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demolition,

demolition, the castle was rebuilt. This is also the last time it is mentioned at all in the Continuation of Caradoc, from which these particulars are taken. But there is a more correct, and an ampler continuation of Caradoc extant, which is not at present put to the press. It is strongly suspected, that there are some considerable errors, or at least deficiencies, in all the copies hitherto published.

It is not distinctly ascertained, into what hands Caerphilly Castle passed after the period of Llewelyn's capture. There may probably be some notices, dispersed in genealogical manuscripts; but it is difficult to collect those short anecdotes, faintly and imperfectly recorded here and there, in a mass of confused materials. In the time of Edward the First, it was undoubtedly in the possession of Gilbert de Clare, lord, or prince, as he is sometimes termed, of Glamorgan, who purchased it, but from whom I know not. On his marriage with Joan of Acres, he settled this castle, and the lands belonging to it, on her and her heirs for ever: but the estates belonging to the lordship of Glamorgan, with those belonging to his earldoms of Gloucester and Hereford, he settled on her only for life. After his death, she married, unknown to the king, Ralph de Mortimer, and settled Caerphilly Castle, with the estates belonging to it, on him and his heirs for ever. After her death, Gilbert, son of the last Earl de Clare, who was only five years old at the time of his father's decease, succeeded to the lordship or principality of Glamorgan. Mortimer, however, remained possessed of Caerphilly. This young lord, Gilbert de Clare, was slain at the battle of Bannockburn, in the year 1314, leaving no issue. His lordships of course descended to his three sisters, coheiresses. One of them, named Eleanor, was married to Hugh Spencer the younger; another, Margaret, to Piers Gavastone; and the third, Elizabeth, to John de Bugh.

Hugh

Hugh Spencer the younger came to possess the lordship of Glamorgan by this marriage, and by purchase or compromise from the other coheiresses. Among other acts of depredation, he seized on Caerphilly Castle, which is said to have been built in a stronger manner than hitherto by Ralph de Mortimer. He likewise usurped the lands belonging to it, and added considerably to the strength and magnitude of the Castle. He and his father were the great favourites of Edward the Second; and being countenanced by him in all their licentious proceedings, both the father and son acted so directly in violation of all laws and justice, as to excite the indignation and resentment of the English barons, as well as the hatred of the nation in general. Their Welsh subjects, who made up the petty sovereignty of Glamorgan, were not backward in expressing their detestation: and Roger Mortimer, who was heir at law to Caerphilly Castle and its estates, drew up a regular statement of his case, and accompanied it with a petition, complaining of the unjust seizure, by which his property was converted to the use of young Hugh Spencer. He presented this memorial to the barons, at a meeting held by them, for the purpose of taking into consideration the iniquitous conduct of Hugh Spencer. The barons agreed to furnish him with an army of ten thousand men: they placed him at the head of it, and encouraged him to enter Glamorgan, and take possession of his estates. But the Spencers had so strongly fortified and garrisoned the castle, and had supplied it with such an immense store of provisions, that they held out for a long time. The queen, siding with the barons, found means to raise a powerful army. King Edward her husband, on the other hand, was enabled to get into Caerphilly Castle. But, after a long siege, the castle was taken, in consequence of a breach having been effected by means, which it requires some faith to credit on the testimony of local traditions

and manuscripts. According to such accounts, a battering-ram was worked by one thousand men, and suspended to a frame, composed of twenty large oaks. The breach was made in the depth of a dark night, and King Edward escaped in the habit of a Welsh peasant. The more effectually to disguise himself, he assisted with great eagerness to pile wood on the tremendously large fires, that lighted the besiegers in battering the castle. Local authorities assert, probably with some degree of poetical amplification, that one hundred teams were employed to supply wood for those vast fires. The Welsh are said to have assisted the besiegers from all quarters, at a proper opportunity. Edward made his escape from every danger, and through the dark and stormy night went on, till he came to the parish of Llangonoyd, twenty miles westward, where he hired himself as a cowherd or shepherd, at a farm still known by so singular a circumstance. After having been there for some time, but how long is not precisely ascertained, the farmer, finding him but an awkward and ignorant fellow, dismissed him. Such is the colouring of one account: but another story in manuscript relates, that the farmer knew who he was, and befriended him as long as he could. From Llangonoyd he went to Neath Abbey, whence he issued a proclamation, ordering his subjects to take the queen, with other particulars, which are to be found in Rymer's *Fœdera*. The Spencers were taken in their castle, where prodigious quantities of salt and fresh provisions were found. Of live cattle, there were lodged within the castle walls, two thousand fat oxen, twelve thousand cows, twenty-five thousand calves, thirty thousand fat sheep, six hundred draught horses, and a sufficient number of carts for them; two thousand fat hogs, of salt provisions two hundred beeves, six hundred muttons, one thousand hogs, two hundred tons of French wine, forty tons of cyder and wine, the
produce

produce of their own estates, with wheat enough to make bread for two thousand men for four years. In one of the towers, every apartment was crammed full of salt. Under this tower was a furnace for smelting iron, hot masses of which had been thrown by engines on the besiegers, who, when they had got possession of the castle, let out the fused iron from the furnace, and threw water upon it. This occasioned a most dreadful explosion, that rent the tower in two, and destroyed the salt. What stands of the tower at present is that which overhangs its base. The subsequent fate of the two Hugh Spencers, father and son, is too well known to need a record on this occasion. Hugh Spencer the grandson, however, with his faithful garrison, found means to destroy, very unexpectedly, a considerable number of the besiegers, and leading his men to the breach, was able to prevent others from entering. Presuming on this success, young Spencer succeeded in destroying his enemies within, and procuring tolerable terms, by which he was permitted to remain in possession of the castle and his estates, together with the lordship of Glamorgan. His son Thomas Spencer succeeded him. The next in the catalogue was a second Thomas Spencer; the last, and, if possible, the worst, of this tyrannical and unprincipled family. He, after the accession of King Henry the Fourth, was on his way home, in consequence of the conspiracy being betrayed, and the rebels routed at Cirencester. He was met there by a great number of the Welsh, who had been deprived of their properties by him and his ancestors. These Welshmen took him out of his bed at Bristol, and being joined by the populace, beheaded him. He left no male issue, and only one daughter, Isabella, his heiress, who married Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick, and in her right lord of Glamorgan. There remained in Glamorganshire, of illegitimate issue, several families bearing

bearing the surname of Spencer. The Spencers, lords of Glamorgan, were immensely wealthy; and hence we may easily account for the magnitude of Caerphilly Castle.

This castle having been thus roughly handled by the queen and barons in the years 1326 and 1327, there are some reasons for supposing, that it was never afterwards inhabited by the lords of Glamorgan. For we find that in the year 1400, the famous Owen Glandwr had obtained possession of it. A celebrated Welsh bard addresses a fine ode to Glandwr, expressing himself after the following manner, making allowance for the difference of idioms.

“ Bring together a faithful host from the territories of the Dauphin: pursue thy course to Ross and Pembroke, and to the region of Breiddin. Then, a protector like Constantine, bring forth thine armies from gigantic Caerphilly, a fortress great in its ruins.”

It is very probable that it had remained in a state of ruin, ever since the siege of the barons. Still, however, it must have been a place of considerable strength, or it would not have been occupied by Glandwr, after whose time there is but little mention of it to be met with, for more than a whole century. It seems to have been a place, where its rapacious lords the Spencers amassed every thing they could possibly get, by plundering their vassals or tenants, and the inhabitants in general. From this circumstance arose the Welsh proverb, It is gone to Caerphilly; signifying, that a thing is irrecoverably lost, and used on occasions when an Englishman of no very nice selection would say, It is gone to the devil.

A distinguished Welsh bard of the fourteenth century, David ap Gwilym, has in a satirical poem of his the following passage, the sense and style of which may in some measure be preserved in English, uncouth as they appear in our phraseology:

"May all curse, and I will curse; yes, curse that fellow, and my curses will prevail. He of hardened lips;—he with all the courage of excessive cold;—he, our enemy;—may he become a dead carcase:—his soul;—may his dog run away with it, or become possessed of it, and may his body go to Caerphilly."

More passages of this nature might be collected from the poets; but these are sufficient to illustrate the gloomy ideas which were associated in the minds of the natives, with the seat of so many horrors and such rapacity.

Leland, who wrote about the year 1530, mentions Caerphilly Castle in his Itinerary, as set among marshes, with ruinous walls of a wonderful thickness, and a tower kept up for prisoners.

In the first volume of the *Archæologia*, published by the Antiquarian Society, there is a paper by the late Daines Barrington, at that time one of the judges on the circuit of North Wales. In this communication, he offers some reasons for supposing, that Caerphilly Castle was built by Edward the First, on the ground of the probability, that as he had thought it necessary to construct the castles of Conway and Caernarvon, for the purpose of controlling the northern inhabitants of the principality, he might also have erected other castles in South Wales for the same purpose. I believe that the reputation of the author, and the ingenious reasoning of the paper, are generally considered as having set the question at rest; for it is attributed to Edward the First, in most modern publications, on this authority specifically, without the slightest hint of suspicion or uncertainty. But I apprehend that a closer inquiry into the subject would have led that acute and learned antiquary into a train of observation, not altogether consistent with his hypothesis, and have induced him at least to doubt. Glamorgan was one of those petty sovereignties, called Lordships Marchers. Its lords were its sovereigns. They had their

their parliaments, their courts of justice, and their other offices executive and jurisprudential, in which they, and not the King of England, were supreme. They exercised jura regalia, and did not hold of the crown, but per gladium, as their term was. They were generally, for their greater safety, in close alliance with the King of England, but not his subjects. This distinction, however, is to be understood in reference to these lordships only; for with respect to their baronies and estates in England, they were to all intents and purposes subjects. King Edward had no jurisdiction at that time in Glamorgan. He could not possess an acre of land there, but as a subject to the lord of the country. It happened, indeed, in subsequent ages, that in consequence of intermarriages, the lordship of Glamorgan devolved on the king of England, and he in that case granted it to others on such terms as he thought proper, till, in the time of Henry the Seventh, it was united to the crown of England, as were most of the other Lordships Marchers in the same manner: and this assumption enabled Henry the Eighth to incorporate the whole of Wales with England. Edward the First had united North Wales by conquest with the crown of England. He had done the same by that part of South Wales, which had been subject to the house of Dinevowr and its princes: but those most powerful of the Lordships Marchers, Glamorgan and Pembroke in South Wales, with those of Denbigh and Flint in North Wales, part of the lordships belonging to the Earls of Chester, that of Shrewsbury, and possibly some others, continued independent of the crown of England till the time of Henry the Eighth, when the incorporation took place. These circumstances go to prove, that it could not have been Edward the First who built Caerphilly Castle. We have already seen from historical documents, deduced from the Welsh authors, that John de Bruce built it in 1221; that after it had been taken,
and



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laportt.

Pl. 1. 11. 2. 11

and of course partly ruined, it had afterwards been rebuilt in greater strength than it had before possessed, by Ralph Mortimer; and in process of time was again greatly augmented and strengthened by Hugh Spencer the son, whose wealth appears, by all the accounts we have of him, to have been fully equal to such an undertaking: and it may be supposed, with sufficient probability, that it was as great, and very possibly greater, than that of Edward the First.

The present appearance of Caerphilly fully accords with the ideas which ancient records inspire of its strength, magnificence, and extent. The area is entered between two dilapidated towers; and the interior view of this great gateway, between its mighty bastions, is as striking and perfect as any part of the venerable structure. The circuit of the outer works encloses a very large tract of ground, though the circumference, great as it is compared with that of fortresses in general, scarcely renders credible the enormous provision, related to have been thrown in by the younger Spencer. The wall of the celebrated leaning tower, though but a fragment, is still between seventy and eighty feet high, and of a prodigious thickness. It hangs eleven feet and a half out of the perpendicular, and seems only to rest on one part of its south side. It appears as if held together principally by the strength of its cement, which is of a tenacity unknown to the experience of modern masons. Its singularity is best observed by an interior examination, or from the moat underneath, whence the effect of its apparently falling mass is indeed stupendous. They show the mint close by this interesting part of the ruin, arched in a curious manner, with two furnaces for melting metal. These furnaces likewise dealt out dreadful vengeance on besiegers, and were the means, according to the most plausible as well as best-authenticated accounts, of placing the adjoining tower in that singular situation,

to account for which has given rise to so many conjectures of fancy, and so many tales of superstition. From the mint there is an ascent to a long gallery, which communicated with the different apartments, and afforded a ready intercourse between the guards, who occupied the embattled towers. This corridor remains entire for the extent of from ninety to one hundred feet on the south side, except where the staircases have been destroyed, which circumstance prevents its being traversed: but the view from the extremity, along the vaulted passage, darkening as it recedes, realizes the awe inspired by the irrational sublimity of chivalrous romance. The descent of the sally-port is tremendously steep. When once the force of the castle began to pour down, the alternative rested between victory and death. The declivity impelled the steps of those, whose fear might have paused on even ground: and there could be no retreat for the foremost, while the ranks behind were rushing to the conflict. The great hall is large and complete. It exhibits an august example of Gothic grandeur, united with a considerable degree of elegance. This room is about seventy feet by thirty, and seventeen in height. It has large windows, and an ornamented chimney-piece in masterly and scientific proportions, with clusters of pillars along the side walls. The north window of the chapel is not only perfect, but uncommonly light and elegant. The window of what my guide, in the spirit of modern refinement, called the drawing-room, is nearly entire. Close by one of the drawbridges is the western entrance of the ruin, with a high Gothic arch in the centre, supported by two ponderous towers in a circular form. This great gateway is grand and perfect, and leads to the stupendous structure of the inner court from the west, as the gate with the hexagonal towers from the east. The dungeon has all those excellencies of a dungeon, to which the ancient barons knew how to give full effect; darkness, damp, and gloom. The interior
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has not a great deal of ivy; but the outer walls, particularly to the west, are venerably clothed. It would be superfluous to enter into a description of the buildings for the garrison, or the outworks. Suffice it to say, that it still exists a monument of magnificence, and an intimation of almost irrefragable power, in the ancient possessors of this once important lordship. There is from the castle court a fine view of Energlyn, the seat of Mr. Goodrich.

The trade of Caerphilly is becoming of importance. It was only known as an object of antiquarian curiosity till of late years, when a woollen manufacture was established. There are now three: and the effect is observable in traffic on the roads, and population in the town. There is here one of those very large shops, furnished with articles of every description, which are established in particular stations of the mountainous country, and by supplying the wants of the inhabitants, for many miles round, generally ensure a fortune to the industrious and indefatigable adventurer.

CHAPTER VII.

ENERGLN...EGLWYSILAN...LLANBRADACH....LLANVABON...
 CEVEN HENGOED....GELLYGARE....QUAKERS YARD....
 ABERDARE....HIRWIN FURNACE....MERTHYR TYDVIL....
 PENDERYN...CYFARTHFA WORKS....DOWLAS IRON WORKS
GELLY VALLOG....LLWYN Y PIA....YSTRADYVODWG
LLYN VAWR....PONTNEATH VECHAN.

THE turnpike road from Caerphilly to Merthyr Tydvil winds through Ystrad vale. I rather chose the road over Eglwyfilan mountain, which is only a horse path, as more favourable to the objects of my journey. There is somewhere in this district a quadrangular monument described by Camden; but it was not my fortune to meet with it, having at this time no guide, and having appointed my servant, who was better acquainted with the country, to meet me at Merthyr Tydvil. The courtesy between Caerphilly and Energlu is reciprocal; for each affords a most advantageous view of the other. The latter place is handsome and well laid out, with woods at the back and sides for ornament and shelter. The front aspect to the south-east is genial and pleasing, and commands a striking view of the plain hemmed in by mountains, with its august castle completely under the eye, and impressively exhibited in its collected mass.

The ascent from Energlu to the farm-house above opens gradually an extensive and grand prospect of the plain immediately beneath,

beneath, and over the nearer mountains to the channel, with almost an uninterrupted expanse of country on each side. Beyond the farm-house on the flat top of the mountain, as you retreat from the southern scene, you have Ystrad vale to the right, while you look over into the vale of Taff on the left, and the prospect is terminated on that side by the hills which bound the horizon to the west of that river.

The character of the district is wild, yet not without occasional specimens of cultivation and beauty. Among these is the undulating line of brushwood in the valley, that overhangs the quiet and concealed course of the Remny: the respectable mansion of Llanbradach, the cottages belonging to the chapelry of Llanvabon below the mountain on one side, Ceven Hengoed on the other, the improved and well-wooded grounds about Gellygare in front; while the rude grandeur of the scene, thus relieved and diversified, is appropriately terminated by the two lofty and perpendicular peaks of Mounchdeny, which are seen from very distant parts of South Wales, and thence called the Brecknockshire beacons, forming part of that continued chain from Llandilo Vawr to Crickhowel. The parish church is dedicated to Helena, and thence called Eglwyfilan, and the name of the chapel annexed, Llanvabon, imports it to have been consecrated to her son, who was Constantine. About two miles from Caerphilly, in this direction, are several tumuli, in which burnt bones have been found, but no medals. They were opened about the year 1752, and have been mentioned in a paper by the Rev. William Harris, read to the Society of Antiquaries, and printed in the *Archæologia*. The urns were all broken by the workmen.

After descending the mountain, my road lay to the left in the vale near Gellygare, where the memorable battle was fought after Fitzhamon's conquest, which proved to the Normans, at their cost,

cost, how dearly the natives loved their liberty, and how deeply they resented its loss. The next deviation was up a steep ascent, winding round suddenly on a height, that overlooks the Quaker's Yard, with all its romantic scenery. This is, on the whole, perhaps the most singular spot in the vale of Taff. The Quaker's Yard is a burial-place belonging to that sect. Directly beyond it, on the curiously-contrived turnpike road from Merthyr Tydvil to Cardiff, is a bridge over the Bargoed Taff River, just at its junction with the Taff; the banks of which have here acquired their woody character, while the valley on each side is choked up by mountains. The road, carried over a precipice, exhibits the eccentricities of nature in all their extent and variety. I had been informed that the direct road from the Quaker's Yard till within a mile or two of Merthyr Tydvil was a continued range of mountainous and unrelieved barrenness. I determined therefore to take a circuitous route; and for that purpose bent my steps, near the feeder to the canal, towards New Bridge, by which direction, at different times, I completely explored the richer part of this delicious vale. At the aqueduct, where the canal is carried over the river, an iron rail-road, for the present, ends; and from the wharf at this place the canal is the only conveyance for heavy goods to Cardiff. The length of it, as far as it has already been completed, is about ten miles; but it was designed to have extended from Merthyr Tydvil to Cardiff; and it is said that one horse would have been able to draw forty tons of iron the whole distance of twenty-six miles in one day. I understand, however, that it is not likely to be finished: and indeed it is much more necessary where it is now made, from the occasional want of water, than lower down, where the confluence of many and copious streams affords a more certain supply to the canal.

The wonders of art in this neighbourhood almost rival those of

nature. There are just here eighteen locks on the canal in the space of one mile, eleven of which follow each other in such immediate succession, as to occupy only one quarter of that mile. After pursuing this interesting part of the road nearly as far as New Bridge, I returned over the aqueduct into the vale of Cunno, or Aberdare. This clear and rapid river pays its tribute to the Taff at this place; and the romantic narrowness of the opening between the clustered mountains to the north-west, where the two vales meet, strongly invites the traveller to deviate, at the expence of time, distance, and intolerable paths. The right bank of the Cunno leads directly through the parish, which is many miles in length, to the village of Aberdare. It has already been described as very narrow at the eastern extremity, but it widens as you advance, and becomes exquisitely beautiful and verdant. It is equally secluded, but less wild than Ystradyvodwg. About two miles from the aqueduct, there is on the left bank of the Cunno a most luxuriant and majestic grove of oaks. The next feature of peculiar attraction beyond, is a very picturesque hollow way overshadowed with lofty trees. The road, a rough and much-obstructed horse-path, afterwards runs by the side of the Cunno, the bed of which is so shallow here, that you may stand in it, and catch a beautiful view of its reach, encompassed by mountains on every side. Near the place to which I refer is an Alpine bridge, formed by two trunks of trees, with the luxury and safeguard that does not often occur, of a railing on each side, to compensate for its tremulousness under the foot. The river soon becomes broader, and introduces you to a fine view of the vale in its most open and extensive part. The track afterwards takes a higher level on the side of the mountain, and introduces more of the upper grounds into the landscape. For some way it runs along a precipice over the water with hanging woods beneath
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fringing the river to its edge; while the nakedness of the rocks above contrasts and sets off the luxuriance and verdure of the meadows and groves below. But there is a confined view, about three miles short of the village, which struck me as the most engagingly romantic and beautiful of the whole. It consisted only of three meadows, surrounded by groves of oak and fir, which completely shut out the world, and realize the tales of uninhabited islands, whose wildness is partially pruned and regulated by some shipwrecked mariner or exiled sojourner. It is worth while to climb a hill close by, for the purpose of taking a general view of the country down to the Taff, which you have just examined in detail. It is a bold and rich scene, and the meadows form a most pleasing fore-ground. This vale, taken as a whole, is one of the most fertile and beautiful in the mountains of Glamorgan.

All the circumstances of these wild districts do not correspond in the agreeableness of their features. The face of nature is enchanting; but the state of human accommodation would be considered as frightful by the nursed inhabitants of more populous and better accommodated tracts. A stronger contrast cannot be conceived than between a cottage in the vale of Glamorgan, and a cottage in the vale of Aberdare or Ystrad-y-vodwg, though probably there is scarcely ten miles of intervening space in a straight line. Yet even to the cottages of Aberdare I can give the negative praise, that I have since seen worse. The diet of the peasants in the hills is of the coarsest kind: it consists of oatmeal bread, with a relish of miserable cheese; and their beer, where they have any, is worse than none. Their butter and milk are of a more palatable quality. Yet I question whether their ignorance of better things, and consequent exemption from the purgatory of comparison, may not keep them among the most contented, though poorest of the poor.

poor. Their cheerfulness among one another, and communicative disposition towards inquirers, renders it a matter of regret to a stranger, that he has no common language in which to converse with them. Having formed my preconceived opinion from what I had witnessed of Ystradyvodwg in the summer, and the style of the huts I had passed in my progress up this vale, I found the village of Aberdare more populous and better arranged than I expected. This is to be attributed to its having become, in common with Merthyr Tydvil, a manufacturing place, though its establishments bear no comparable proportion with that metropolis of iron-masters. It produces a sudden and rather inexplicable sensation in the mind, to meet with the modern improvements of scientific ingenuity, and the activity of commercial enterprise, in a country which seems to have precluded all such possibilities, and appeared but just before like the very head-quarters of solitude. I did not visit, and of course do not describe, either the works of Aberdare belonging to Mr. Scales, or Hirwin Furnace, at the distance of four miles to the north, whose columns of smoke, rising from its station at the black and barren extremity of this Alpine vale, obscure and stifle those rural images, produced on the fancy by the sportive creations of nature. Such arrangements are every where similar; and as I was to see the most extensive and perfect hereafter, I was glad to escape from the confusion of anvils, the blast of furnaces, and the whirl of wheels. The churchyard of Aberdare has some venerable, but decaying yew-trees, and some monuments, in all the pomp of gilded cherubims, with a profusion of devices in every taste but the good. It is difficult to conjecture how the supposed simplicity of these mountaineers could have conceived, much less executed, such finery. But the church itself is a most lame and impotent conclusion to this funereal magnificence, though quite as good as

most others in similar situations. The natives of the Welsh mountains worship their Maker, where an Englishman would not litter the most ignoble quadruped about his house; in darkness and in damp, pelted through crevices by the elements, and immersed in dirt more profound and impenetrable than that of their own miserable hovels. In respect to cleanliness, indeed, there is a lamentable difference between the peasants of the mountains and the vallies; a difference that makes it a question, whether that virtue, as it is justly called, is not rather an invention and refinement of society, than an instinct of nature, as those are apt to imagine, who have been too long in its habits to remember their own initiation. A canal to join the other is begun, and a turnpike road through the vale is in agitation. It is yet doubtful whether either will take effect.

The road from Aberdare across the mountain, that divides it from the vale of Merthyr Tydvil, is of rugged and toilsome ascent, and passes by the works of Mr. Scales. The communication between the two places is constant, and renders the scene widely different from the unfrequented wilds of Aberdare. From the summit, the town of Merthyr Tydvil, with its populous vale, stretches itself under the eye. The first perception of singularity that it occasions in the mind, is the extreme disproportion between the population and the visible means of sustenance. A mountain valley, overspread, as far as the eye can reach, with the comparatively commodious habitations of masters, agents, engineers, and workmen, seems to have been peopled in the teeth of every obstacle, and to assert the triumph of fact over probability. The vale is of considerable width, and inaccessible to all but the equestrian traveller, except at the very narrow passes of the extremities. The mountains are bleak, barren, and devoid of wood: the bottom has its sprinkling of successful cultivation; but

but the inhabitants live on the contributions of distant parts, and enhance the prices far beyond their natural level, at the same time that they drain the surrounding country of its labourers. It is seldom that so populous a district and so bare a soil are found to coalesce. It is, however, owing to the difficulty of mountain tillage, which strong inducements will always overcome, and not to a defect of vegetative powers when called into action, that this tract exhibits these peculiarities, in a fair train for being diminished and effaced by time. Since the establishment of the iron-works, the great increase of the population, and the proportionately imperious demand for articles of consumption, the farmers have been excited to improve their lands; so that all sorts of corn, in very good and plentiful crops, are now raised upon lands, where it was once taken for granted that no corn could possibly be produced. Agriculture is perhaps improving here more rapidly, than in parts of the county more favourable to its efforts; and the energies thus awakened seem likely to be crowned with a success, not predicted by the most sanguine hopes of the projectors.

Merthyr Tydvil derives its name from Tydvil, the daughter of Brecan, Prince of Brecknockshire. She was the wife of Cyngen, son of Cadelh, Prince of the vale royal and part of Powise, about the close of the fifth century; and is reckoned among the ancient British saints. She, with some of her brothers, was on a visit to her father, then an old man, when they were beset by a party of Pagan Saxons and Irish Picts, as they are termed in various old manuscripts. Tydvil, her father Brecan, and her brother Rhun Dremrudd, were murdered. But Nevydd, the son of Rhun Dremrudd, a very young man, soon raised the country by his exertions, and put the infidels to flight. It should seem by this anecdote, as well as others that may be found in the Cambrian biography, derived from the ancient manuscript memorials of the

British saints, that Brecon had his residence, or what the modern language of princes usually terms court, at this place. Tydvil having been murdered, or martyred in the manner described, a church was here dedicated to her in after times, and called the church of Merthyr Tydvil, which signifies the Martyr Tydvil, from the Greek word *μαρτυρ*, a witness, exclusively appropriated in ecclesiastical language to the designation of those who have borne testimony by their sufferings to the truth of their religion.

These are the few and scanty memorials which have hitherto been discovered respecting the history of this place in the earliest times. But it was in after ages, though inconsiderable in population and political importance, of no contemptible note as a sort of hot-bed, that contributed principally to engender, and kept alive for more than a century, those religious dissensions, which still separate a larger portion of the inhabitants in Wales, than in any part of England, from the established church. Indeed it cannot be, but that the zealous and devout, whether capable or not of appreciating controverted creeds or metaphysical distinctions, will form themselves into distinct societies, where the scanty provision of the clergy, and the neglected state of the churches, scarcely admit of that seemliness and grave impression, so necessary to the due effect of public worship. Almost all the exclusively Welsh sects among the lower orders of the people have in truth degenerated into habits of the most pitiable lunacy in their devotion. The various subdivisions of methodists, jumpers, and I know not what, who meet in fields and houses, prove how low fanaticism may degrade human reason: but the intelligent and enlightened part of the dissenters, among whom have appeared many luminaries of our learning, are every where respectable, and no where more respected, than in the estimation of moderate and candid churchmen. In this parish the first dissenting congregation
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in Wales was formed about the year 1620, or very soon after; and it was while preaching to this society, that Vavasor Powel, a man celebrated in the annals of nonconformity, was taken up and imprisoned in Cardiff gaol.

Vavasor Powel was born in Radnorshire, and descended on his father's side from the Powels of Knuckles in that county, an ancient and honourable stock; by his mother, from the Vavasors, a family of high antiquity, that came out of Yorkshire into Wales, and was related to the principal gentry. He was educated in Jesus College, Oxford. When he left the university, he became an itinerant preacher in the principality; and the circumstance of his belonging to the unpopular sect of baptists exposed him to much persecution. In 1640, he and his hearers were seized under the warrant of a magistrate, but very shortly dismissed. In 1642, he was driven from Wales, because he objected to presbyterian ordination. At that time there were but two dissenting congregations in Wales, of which this at Merthyr Tydvil was one. In 1646, he returned to the exercise of his profession with ample testimonials: and such was his indefatigable activity, that before the restoration there were more than twenty baptist societies, chiefly formed under his superintending care. He was one of the commissioners for sequestrations. The usual fate of bold integrity awaited him; that of becoming obnoxious in turn to all parties. As an advocate of republican principles, but not for their prostitution to the mockery of freedom, he preached against the protectorship, and wrote some spirited letters of remonstrance to Cromwell. For this he was imprisoned. He was known to be a fifth monarchy man: at the restoration therefore he underwent a series of persecutions at Shrewsbury, in Wales, and lastly in the Fleet prison, which ended only with his death. He was permitted to return to Merthyr Tydvil, after his imprisonment at Portsmouth

as well as at Shrewsbury: but as he persisted in exercising his functions, he was committed to Cardiff Castle, and afterwards sent to London, where he expired in the Fleet, and was buried in Bunhill Fields.

But it was not to the bloody memory of its martyrs, whether ancient or modern, that Merthyr Tydvil was to owe its rank in the historic page; for it continued a very inconsiderable village till about the year 1755, when the late Mr. Bacon took more notice of the iron and coal mines, with which this tract of country abounds, than they had before excited. For the very low rent of two hundred pounds per annum, he obtained a lease of a district, at least eight miles long and four wide, for ninety-nine years. It is to be understood, however, that his right extended only to the iron and coal mines found on the estate, and that he had comparatively a very small portion of the soil on the surface, on which he erected his works for smelting and forging the iron. He possessed in addition some fields for the keep of his horses, and other necessary conveniencies. He at first constructed one furnace; and little besides this was done, probably for at least ten years. The next advance was the erection of a forge for working pig into bar iron. About the beginning of the American war, Mr. Bacon contracted with government for casting cannon. Proper founderies were erected for this purpose; and a good turnpike road was made down to the port of Cardiff, along an extent of twenty-six miles. At Cardiff likewise a proper wharf was formed, still called the cannon wharf, whence the cannon were shipped off to Plymouth, Portsmouth, and wherever the service required. These were carried in waggons down to Cardiff, at a prodigious expence of carriages, horses, and roads. There are those who do not hesitate to assert, but I know not with what truth, that sixteen horses were sometimes employed to draw the

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the waggon that contained only one cannon. It is likewise said, that the roads were so torn by these heavy waggons and the weight of their loads, that it was a month's work for one man to repair the turnpike after every deportation of cannon. I had no opportunity of inquiring properly and minutely into the truth of these relations; but I cannot help suspecting them to be matter of fact in the main, hyperbolically aggravated, though I derive the account from very respectable sources of information.

This contract is supposed to have been immensely lucrative to Mr. Bacon; but he was obliged to relinquish it about the close of the American war, or rather to transfer it to the Caron Company in Scotland, as I have been informed; where most, perhaps all, of the cannon are now cast. He made this disposal, that he might be enabled to hold a seat in parliament, to which he had been elected. Soon afterwards, about the year 1783, he granted leases, I believe for thirty years, but I cannot answer for my own accuracy on this point, of his remaining term, in the following parcels: Cyfarthfa works, the largest portion, to Mr. Crawshay, for five thousand pounds per annum; Penderyn to Mr. Homfray, at two thousand pounds per annum; Dowlas Iron Works to Messrs. Lewis and Tate, and a fourth part to Mr. Hill. What the rents of these two portions are, I have not learned from any direct intelligence; but I conclude them to amount in the whole to three thousand pounds, because it is very generally asserted and believed, that the heirs of Mr. Bacon have from all those works a clear annual income of ten thousand pounds. Mr. Crawshay's iron works of Cyfarthfa are now by far the largest in this kingdom; probably, indeed, the largest in Europe; and in that case, as far as we know, the largest in the world. He employs constantly upwards of two thousand men; and pays weekly in wages and other expences of the works, twenty-five thousand pounds. He makes

makes upon an average between sixty and seventy tons of iron every week; and has lately erected two new additional furnaces, which will soon begin to work; when he will be able to make, one week with the other, one hundred tons of bar iron. Mr. Homfray makes weekly, on a moderate average, fifty tons of bar iron and upwards, and is now extending Penderyn and its buildings, which will soon be completed. He will then make at least eighty tons per week. Dowlas Iron Works, belonging to Messrs. Lewis and Tate, are on as large a scale as those of Penderyn, and about to be augmented in an equal proportion. Those of Mr. Hill make now thirty tons of iron weekly, and upwards. Additional buildings are now erecting, which when finished will make at least forty tons per week. At present more than two hundred tons of iron are sent down the canal weekly to the port of Cardiff, whence it is shipped off to Bristol, London, Plymouth, Portsmouth, and other places, and a considerable quantity to America. It is supposed that in the course of a year or two they will be able to send out three hundred tons weekly. The number of smelting furnaces at Merthyr Tydvil is about sixteen. Six of these belong to Cyfarthfa Works; the rest to the other gentlemen who have been named. Around each of these furnaces are erected forges and rolling mills for converting pig into plate and bar iron.

This town, as it may properly be termed, is now by far the largest in the whole principality. Its population, in the year 1802, was found to be upwards of ten thousand; and it is supposed that it amounts at this time, December 1803, though at the interval of only one year from the date of the numeration, to considerably more than eleven thousand; and this is to be understood without including the suburb, as we may denominate it correctly enough, of Coed y Cummar, on the Brecknockshire side of the river, the
population

population of which is at least one thousand. Swansea, heretofore the largest town in Wales, exceeding every other town by at least one thousand inhabitants, is now nearly, if not quite, doubled by Merthyr Tydvil. It is true, the external appearance of Merthyr Tydvil is not to be compared with that of Swansea. The house of Mr. Homfray at Penderyn is large and elegant, with fine and well-planted gardens, green-houses, hot-houses, and all the accommodations befitting the residence of a wealthy family: but the splendours of Merthyr Tydvil begin and end with this mansion. When the first furnaces and forges were erected, there could not exist the slightest glimmering of prescience, that this little obscure Welsh village would, in less than forty years, grow up to such a magnitude, as to be far more populous than any other town in Wales. The first houses that were built were only very small and simple cottages for furnace-men, forge-men, miners, and such tradesmen as were necessary to construct the required buildings, with the common labourers who were employed to assist them. These cottages were most of them built in scattered confusion, without any order or plan. As the works increased, more cottages were wanted, and erected in the spaces between those that had been previously built, till they became so connected with each other, as to form a certain description of irregular streets, very much on the plan of Crooked Lane in the city of London. These streets are now many in number, close and confined, having no proper outlets behind the houses. They are consequently very filthy for the most part, and doubtless very unhealthy. Some streets, it is to be observed, have within these few years been built, and more are building, on a better plan; in straighter lines, and wider, having decent houses, with commodious outlets, and other necessary attentions to cleanliness and health. In some of the

early, and rudely-connected streets, we frequently see the small, miserable houses taken down, and larger and very seemly ones built in their stead. Such improvements are increasing with some degree of rapidity. Shopkeepers, innkeepers, forge-men, some of them at least, and in no inconsiderable numbers, are making comfortable fortunes, and consequently improving their dwellings. Mr. Crawshay, however, is more conspicuously qualified to set them an example of industry than elegance. His house is surrounded with fire, flame, smoke, and ashes. The noise of hammers, rolling mills, forges, and bellows, incessantly din and crash upon the ear. Bars and pigs of iron are continually thrown to the hugely accumulating heaps that threaten to choke up every avenue of access. It is more humorously than truly said in the neighbourhood, that such scenery is most congenial to the taste, such sounds most lulling to the repose of the owner. The fact, however, is, that the situation of the master's dwelling was fixed long before Mr. Crawshay came to it: and when it is considered how conveniently it lies for the superintendence of the business, few men, brought up in the habits of commercial prudence, would consult agreeable prospects and domestic elegance, at the expence of that best security, the everlasting eye of a principal. The machinery of this establishment is gigantic; and that part of it, worked by water, among the most scientifically curious and mechanically powerful to which modern improvement has given birth. Watkin George and William are the two principal engineers, and natives of this country.

Such is the architectural character of Merthyr Tydvil; a place that never had a premeditated plan on which to be built, but grew up by accident, and on the spur of variously occurring necessities. Such obviously has been the case, unfortunately for convenience and the arts, with many of our greatest cities. It is
evident

evident that they consisted originally of cottages, communicating with each other in very confused directions. The first inhabitants little dreamt that the rude village would ever grow up to be a populous town, perhaps the metropolis of a mighty empire; for to such an origin may London itself be with every probability ascribed. Had Sir Christopher Wren's plan been adopted after the fire, we should have indeed possessed a capital, commensurate with our political rank and commercial greatness: but the early reinstatement of the sufferers was too imperiously demanded, to admit of the delay, which so expensive a reformation must have occasioned.

The workmen of all descriptions at these immense iron works are Welshmen. The language is almost entirely Welsh. The number of Englishmen among them is very inconsiderable. But the ill effects, which large collections of the lower classes produce upon the state of manners, are here very observable, though by no means to so great an extent, as in the manufacturing towns of England. The simplicity, sincerity, and disinterestedness, of the peasant is lost in the mercenary cunning or extortion of the mechanic. But a few miles off, you can scarcely prevail with the rustic to accept your gratuity, though he has lost half his day's work by directing you over the mountains: here, you are beset with the demands of the importunate hordes upon your purse, though the only favour you request at their hands, is to view the objects of your curiosity without their intrusion. The people come together at this place from the interior and mountainous parts of Wales; and for that reason there is less English to be heard here in common conversation, than in any other considerable town of the principality. The men employed at these works are too much addicted to drinking; but in other respects no great immoralities are to be found among them; far

less indeed than might have been expected, from the tide of dissoluteness which is usually found to flow in upon a place, from the rapid increase of vulgar population. The principal check to immorality arises from the iron-masters, as the proprietors are called, being magistrates of the county. Mr. Maber, the clergyman of the parish, is also a magistrate; and the high respectability of his character renders him a most valuable acquisition, where the united influence of example and authority are required, to preserve peace and decorum. These magistrates appoint a proper number of constables. The whole system, and the proceedings attendant on its operation, are all subjected to the quarter and great sessions of the county; and consequently more energetic and effectual than a police vested in the courts and magistrates of corporations; an additional illustration to the more prominent instances of Manchester, Birmingham, and other unfranchised towns, that the laws and law courts of the country at large are better calculated to preserve good order, than the powers usually vested in corporate bodies, and are at the same time much less oppressive to the community in general.

There is a printing-office here, and a bookseller who communicates with London every week. It cannot be expected that literature should have been much cultivated, or the arts of elegance and civilization have been held in much price, in a town which owes its existence to rough, unpolished industry. Yet literary improvement has begun to put out some buds of early promise, and we have only to hope, they may be brought forward to that state of ripeness and utility, which science has attained in many other places, originating in similar causes, and blessed with similar prosperity. There are many of the inhabitants who apply themselves to the study of mineralogy, chemistry, and other branches of natural knowledge, in a regular train of scientific initiation.

initiation. Indeed, the nature of the place leads them to such investigations. There are several book societies at Merthyr Tydvil, and a philosophical society is in its infancy. The parish church is well attended, and it has been furnished with an organ of late years. It is rather large, but not sufficiently so for the place; in consequence of which a spacious and elegant chapel of ease is now erecting, and nearly finished. This is an octagon building, to be furnished also with its organ. There are about ten dissenting and methodist meeting-houses; and their denominations are thus divided: three baptists, two presbyterians, two independents, two in the connection of Wesley, and one, if not two, in that of Whitfield. A theatre has lately been erected at Merthyr Tydvil, where an itinerant company of actors, by no means of the lowest description, perform at stated times.

A very good canal, of which some incidental notice has before been taken, is made from Merthyr Tydvil to Cardiff. It was begun about twelve years ago, and completed in June 1798. From the tide-lock, where it enters Pennarth Harbour, up to the town of Cardiff, it is navigable, as was before mentioned, for ships of four hundred tons; but from Cardiff to Merthyr Tydvil it is navigable for barges of one hundred tons. The head of this canal at Merthyr Tydvil Bridge is five hundred and sixty-eight feet five inches higher than the tide-lock two miles below Cardiff, where it falls into Pennarth Harbour. This canal has upwards of forty locks on it in the space of twenty-six miles, which is its whole length; and it is crossed by more than forty bridges.

Merthyr Tydvil has three market places, that are well supplied twice every week, on Wednesdays and Saturdays. It has several fairs in the year; and in the same parish, on the top of a mountain about two miles out of town, there is a very ancient market-place, with a large public house and a cottage or two. Here weekly
markets.

markets have been held for at least eight hundred years, during the summer season, from the 14th of May till the 14th of October. This singular market is in its season frequented by great numbers. There are also several large fairs for cattle chiefly held here.

The neighbourhood of Merthyr Tydvil abounds with excellent coal, iron ore, very good mill-stones, and limestone rocks, in which are found beds of black marble, equal to that of Derbyshire. They afford marble of various other colours, some variegated like the Broccatello in the south of France. In this country, impregnated with iron, chalybeate springs abound. Excellent flag-stones for paving, and a very good kind of slate for covering roofs, are plentifully found in this neighbourhood, and indeed throughout the mountainous district of Glamorgan. While I am on this subject, it will not be impertinent to observe, that though the French are, generally speaking, infinitely behind us in all the useful arts of life, they have a manifest superiority in their mode of tiling and slating their houses. The roof of a house in Paris is as symmetrical a part of the building, as the elegant stone front; nor is the one discernible from the other but by a near and curious examination: but our clumsy and inartificial roofs either disfigure the architecture most unmercifully, or are concealed by the unworkmanlike device of a parapet, which contributes neither utility nor ornament, beyond the negative apology of covering a defect.

About three miles north-east of Merthyr Tydvil, near Gelly Vallog, not further than half a mile out of the old road over the mountains to Brecknock, which I shall pursue hereafter, is a very ancient castle on the top of a mountain, with its dismantled materials thrown about in the most dreary confusion, overlooking a dingle of great depth, and desolate wildness beneath, with a branch of Neath Vechan river running in the bottom. It is defended

defended naturally on the north and west sides by the height and steepness of the hill, and by the river at its foot. The south and east sides, though weak in themselves, are strengthened by a wide and deep trench, cut in the solid rock. The main body of the castle was built on an area, forming an irregular pentagon; on the outside of the trench there are several remains of foundations, about three feet and a half thick. The chaotic appearance of the whole on the ascent forbids the expectation of finding any thing entire; but there is at the end of a narrow subterraneous passage, a circular Gothic room with a central pillar, so buried by the ruins that have fallen about it, as scarcely to be accessible. This castle commands the whole country round. The Taff rises above Merthyr Tydvil, somewhat to the westward of this place.

In my first excursion, the direction I took from New Bridge to Brecknock, was through the parish of Ystradyvodwg to Pontneath Vechan: and I question whether any part of my tour is better furnished with its apology, if an untrodden track may excuse an author for supposing, that his observations are of sufficient value to come before the public. I have already mentioned the bridge that crosses the Rontha Vawr at its confluence with the Taff, close by New Bridge. The scenery from this bridge to the first and only known and frequented water-fall on this river, which is a salmon-leap, and frequently mistaken by strangers for the cascade before described on the Taff, is highly interesting, singular, and impressive. The progress of this river, narrow and rapid, is still more turbulent, and more impeded by rocky fragments, than that of the Taff. The vale is very much confined, admitting only a road and a few fields on one side, and on the other, the cliffs rise perpendicularly from the water in all their naked grandeur, but are clothed on the top with some of the choicest
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and most majestic timber that Glamorganshire produces. The union of wildness with luxuriance, and of sublimity with contracted size and space, is here most curiously exemplified. The distance to the water-fall is about two miles. About a quarter of a mile before you arrive at it, there is a very long and tremendously lofty Alpine bridge, constructed with trunks of trees laid together, and supported in a sort of reeling equilibrium by a prop of timber in the middle of the river, without which the rickety contrivance could not abide. It is picturesque in proportion to its rudeness. The fall disappoints those visitors, whose admiration is adjusted by measurement, and whose accuracy of computation teaches them, that there must in all cases be one third more of the sublime in thirty feet than in twenty. But the scene addresses itself with peculiar charms to those, who have other inducements than to tell their friends in London, with travelled self-complacency, that they have seen a cascade or a mountain. I have had the pleasure of visiting this spot at three different times; and once, when the river was very full of water. The composure and solitude of the place, undisturbed by any thing but the roar of the projected stream and the dashing of the spray; the rocks intruding on the precincts of the flood in massy portions, smoothened by attrition and worn into fantastic shapes; the river placid and shady for a lengthened reach above the fall, but thrown as it were unexpectedly down the steep, collecting itself in dark and profound pools among the fragments, and then driving its impetuous course from the scene of its disturbance;—all these are circumstances and features, which aim at our sensibility, more than they command our wonder. When the season suits, the fish-basket, slung across the fall from a pole supported by the rocks, affords a specimen of rustic ingenuity, that adds to the pleasures and speculations of the moment.

The character of the scenery remains the same, when you pursue the road beyond the salmon-leap; but the river, instead of rippling over rocks, becomes deep and darkly placid, but transparent. Indeed, a principal beauty of the rivers in this rocky country arises from their perfect clearness, uncontaminated, unless in very heavy floods, by the least tinge of muddy soil or any other fortuitous discolouring. It may be necessary to observe, that travellers in any sort of carriage, are precluded from adopting this interesting route: for about a mile and a half above the first water-fall, the Rontha Vawr for a space becomes broad and shallow, over a bed of large, loose stones, and the road on the right bank only leading to some coal-pits close by, the traveller, who wishes to pursue this way towards Ystradyvodwg, is obliged to ford at this place. The almost impassable road then continues on the left side of the river, overhanging it at a considerable height, with opposite scenery precisely of the same description, as what engages the attention in the way to the ford. Yet it is curious to observe, that the mere circumstance of changing sides, without any heightened features, gives it all the effect of novelty, and creates for it an increasing interest. At the distance of about a mile, there is a second fall, the height, force, and concomitant appearances of which are so nearly alike, that it would be difficult to distinguish it from the first, were it not for one point of difference. The bed of the river above the salmon-leap is narrower; here it widens above the fall, while large oaks on each side spread their luxuriant branches to a great extent over the water. To delight in pairs, is generally considered as unnatural, and consequently tasteless refinement. The practice of our ancestors, who disposed their ornamental grounds in pairs of clumps, and correspondencies of all kinds, is now considered as the excess of injudicious vulgarity. Yet, in the present instance,

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nature seems to have varied from her unbounded variety, and to have amused herself with uniformity where we should least have expected it, in a pair of water-falls. The traveller has scarcely turned his back on this, before his ears are saluted with the sound of a third fall, at the distance of not more than a quarter of a mile. It altogether differs in character from the other two. It is less beautiful, but larger and more grand. Immediately below it, massy rocks thrust themselves almost across the river, leaving it a very narrow, but deep and clear passage; and the depth of course gives a darkness to the hue of the water, that communicates a degree of sublimity to the general tone. The ascent from this fall is steep and lofty, and after a short space presents a new scene, at the junction of the two rivers, Rontha Vawr and Rontha Vach, which by their confluence form that more important stream, whose banks we have hitherto skirted. There is a bridge of a single arch over the Rontha Vawr, highly ornamental to the distant prospect, which is here of considerable extent. The Rontha Vawr rises in the parish of Ystradyvodwg, and we shall, with occasional deviations, trace it to its source, through a country of uncommon wildness. The Rontha Vach takes its source in Aberdare, and flows through a district of less romantic character, but very considerable beauty. I have no doubt but an excursion to Aberdare would be equally interesting in this direction, as in that which it suited my arrangements to adopt: but I had no opportunity of trying the experiment, and here took my leave of the Rontha Vach. There is here a grove of oaks, remarkable for their height, occupying the side of the declivity, from the road to the river. It may be observed generally, that among these mountains, the oak, if it grows at all luxuriantly, is drawn up to an uncommon tallness.

From the spot just described, the road turns to the left, up a
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steep and barren hill, without any thing to interest, till you meet the direct road from Llantrisant through these wilds; on which you turn due north, when the mountain scenery of Ystradyvodwg breaks upon the view. There is here a gate, which marks the entrance of the parish; and the way lies at the foot of a rocky ridge, grand in its elevation, and most whimsical in the eccentricity of its shapes. The almost perpendicular side is clothed nearly to the top, with dwarfish, stunted oaks, scarcely exceeding the size of garden shrubs. The foliage relieves the eye, but the impoverished vegetation of the place detracts little from the repulsive grandeur of the landscape. Towers of limestone occasionally start up, which overhang the road, and seem to endanger the traveller; while a pleasing, though not rich valley on the left, softens the general dreariness, and reminds us that there are men, with the habitations and the works of men. The descent down a long hill brings the traveller to a little brook, abounding with fish, which joins the Rontha Vawr a little way to the eastward; and at a very short distance from the brook, after descending another hill, you cross a bridge over that river, which has disappeared since its junction with the Rontha Vach: but from this place the sound of it is never lost, though frequently the sight, till you arrive close by its source at the top of the parish, distant about ten miles. Here, however, it ceases to be the leading feature of the prospect. It fertilizes the valley with its pure, transparent stream, rolling over loose stones, but is no longer encumbered, yet ennobled, by massy projections, or stately and aspiring cliffs. Hereabouts, and for some miles to come, there is a degree of luxuriance in the valley, infinitely beyond what my entrance on this district led me to expect. The contrast of the meadows, rich and verdant, with mountains the most wild and romantic, surrounding them on every side, is in the highest degree picturesque.

picturesque. The next object of interest, for such it is in a proportion equal to that of a palace in a better inhabited country, is a substantial farm-house, placed in a most pleasing solitude, as beautifully situated as any thing in the parish. Its name, for it is dignified with a name, is Llwyn y Pia, signifying the magpie's bush. It is occupied by Jane Davis, a widow, but its situation seems little calculated for the feeble exertions of female industry. Though, in truth, the delicacy, and supposed corporeal imbecility of the fair sex are little respected in these mountains. The women at least divide the severest labour, and seem, by their hardy, robust constitutions, to triumph over the bleakness of their winters, and the ruggedness of their toils. On the farm of Llwyn y Pia, standing alone by the road side, there is the tallest and largest oak that ever I have happened to meet with. There is also on the same estate, if you pass through a gate on the left, a little beyond the house, a very beautiful field, with a magnificent grove at the upper end of it, under the shelter of a towering rock. A second bridge over the Rontha, on the other side of which the road winds to the left, furnishes a most interesting point of view, embracing the country just traversed on the one part, and on the other the wilder grandeur of what remains to be explored. I had met with but one person of whom I could ask a question since my entrance into the parish; and then only through the medium of my attendant, whose services as an interpreter were not to be disregarded. My ears, therefore, were not unpleasingly assailed with a shout, which I found to have proceeded from a few people, with most powerful lungs, who were exulting over the lifeless remains of three or four snakes they had just killed. Soon afterwards I heard another clamour, seeming to resent the imputation of solitude, from some labourers at work in the woods. Such sudden salutations almost startle the wanderer, who can
scarcely

scarcely suppose that so much voice could be collected in the district, deserted as it appears to be by human habitations. The people are, indeed, thinly scattered, as well as miserably poor: but one would think they were determined to shake the throne of silence, and atone for the rare occurrence of social intercourse, by giving a loose to loud and boisterous loquacity. I have mentioned the miserable accommodations of the peasants in the parish of Aberdare; in Ystradyvodwg, wilder, less inhabited, without manufactures, and altogether cut off from the commerce of the world, they are, in all these respects, still worse, though better than in some parts of Cardiganshire and Caermarthenshire; and it is a striking instance, how little the state of the animal spirits depends on the possession of external comforts, where the influences of fashion and competition are excluded, that none of the languor, indifference, and stupidity, so generally expected among the inhabitants of such regions, is to be found here. Though ignorant and unpolished, they are far from dull; they have enough of boisterous pleasantry, though it is a pleasantry exclusively their own; and however the fastidious stranger may lament, what seems to him their misery, I question whether his pity would be justified by their complaints, or rewarded by their gratitude.

About a mile from the bridge just described, is the church, near the centre of a parish more than ten miles in length. I had inquired with some anxiety for the church, taking it for granted that there I should find a village, as at Aberdare; but I only got laughed at by my rustic informant, who seemed to wonder I should know so little of Ystradyvodwg, as to expect to find a village: and, indeed, how can a man be said to know the world, without knowing Ystradyvodwg? My error was, however, soon rectified, and every house in the parish, with its situation, was enumerated to me in a detail, the length of which was in no danger

danger of burdening my memory. There is only one house within sight of the church, which was formerly a sort of inn; but now there is neither resting-place nor refreshment for man or horse in a fatiguing, though in general far from dreary space of about thirty miles, from New Bridge to Pontneath Vechan. The church is one of the most miserable in its structure, and most neglected in its preservation, of all that have come within my knowledge in travelling through the mountainous parts of South Wales. The churchyard, unlike the gay absurdity of Aberdare, is wild and overgrown, little occupied by the dead, and little tended by the living. Nettles and thistles supply the place of those flowers, with which the more refined inhabitants of the cultivated vales adorn the last dwellings of their departed friends. Yet even here, all was not silent or solitary: the drowsy hum of mountain scholars, twanging their guttural accents to their Cambrian pedagogue in the church porch, informs us that ignorance does not reign supreme and unrivalled, where knowledge would appear to be least producible, and most difficult of attainment. These children, numerous as they were, must many of them have come from great distances for their instruction; and the attendance on divine service, if indeed it is much attended, must be highly inconvenient; for the church, though centrally situated with respect to the local extent of the parish, is nearly at the extremity of the inhabited part.

After you pass the church, the fields and meadows of the vale are found to be narrower and less fertile: the rocks and hills gradually close in, becoming bolder and more fantastical in their appearances, while the sides of many are clothed with an apparently inexhaustible opulence of wood. The continual water-courses, down those that are naked, break the uniformity of the perspective with their undulating lines, and assist in communicating a
characteristic

characteristic interest, to what may not improperly be termed the Alps of Glamorganshire. The bottom is much encumbered with brushwood, through which the Rontha Vawr takes its course, sometimes visible, and sometimes concealed; the sides are formed of a rocky chain, as has been described, alternately bare and woody; and the front of this narrowing dell is filled up by a single cliff, high, broad to the top, and as it were regularly and architecturally placed, appearing as much the result of design, as those on the sides seem to indicate the fortuitous vagaries of sportive nature. The height of this mountain seems much greater than it is, from its rising abruptly from the level ground, unincumbered by hillocks at its foot, the perpendicular nearly unbroken from the summit to the river that passes at its base. The mountain cattle, which find their way from the other side, grazing on its brow, add greatly to the general effect. By one of those mistakes, which may be deemed fortunate by the traveller, who wishes to see as much as possible of a country, I took the road which seemed the best, and forded the river in front of this mountain, crossing to the left side. At the distance of more than a mile, among the most romantic scenery, a narrow brook precipitates itself from one of the highest mountains, and finds its way to the Rontha Vawr below. My visit to Ystradyvodwg was in the early part of the summer, when the rains had not long ceased; but this and similar beauties must be nearly lost in a dry season. It was long since I had met with any trace of habitation; not since I quitted the church: but there was a solitary cottage, at the foot of this cascade, and the master was at home. He informed my servant in Welsh, that instead of passing in front of the before-mentioned cliff, and crossing the river, we should have pursued a scarcely perceptible track up another mountain on the right; and that the path we were now upon would only carry us
a few

a few hundred yards further, and then desert us. We therefore traced back our steps, and before we began our ascent, fortunately met with some cottagers milking, from whom we derived a very seasonable refreshment, after travelling all day without any opportunity of procuring more substantial sustenance. I should not have introduced our taking a draught of milk by way of an anecdote, had it not been for the purpose of illustrating the disinterested character and simple manners of these mountaineers, who could not help testifying their surprise, at my offering a reward for what they so willingly spared: and it was only by transferring it to the children, that its acceptance could be reconciled to their hospitable feelings. The path up the mountain, which is the highest in Glamorganshire, is winding and difficult; it crosses two torrents near the top, which demand considerable care from the inexperienced traveller; and from the mountain opposite the Rontha Vawr tumbles, though not in an uninterrupted fall; distinguished from the other cascades of the district by glittering through woods, that overhang its course, the only ensign of vegetation within ken;—this view alone well repays the labour of the journey, to those who affect the grander scenes of nature. On gaining the summit, the freshness of the breeze, the extensive view of the mountain valley, the reach of the Rontha Vawr on the opposite height, seen to its very source, with its projection down the crag, all bring to the mind the best descriptions of Alpine scenery, though on an inferior scale. The tops of both mountains are broad: the opposite seemed flat, and not devoid of herbage, or of cattle to feed on it; ours was stony, rough, and uneven; stocked only with a few sheep, that seemed scarcely able to subsist, and were as wild as the region they inhabit; the track impeded by fragments of rock, that had fallen from some higher peaks, starting up in rude and inexplicable confusion. The
brow

brow of this mountain on the northern side is the most elevated spot in the county. It presents a still varied scene, increasing in grandeur and interest. The upper part of Ystradyvodwg parish is as untameably wild, as any thing that can be conceived; and the few, who have taken the pains to explore the scattered magnificence of South Wales, agree in recommending this untried route to the English traveller, as one of the most curious and striking in the principality, not excepting the more known and frequented tour of the northern counties. Hanging over the steep descent, you have immediately below you Llyn Vawr, a considerable lake, the largest in Glamorganshire. It is of great depth, and seems to be formed by the floods, which in heavy rains must pour down the perpendicular sides of the mountain in one broad continued sheet. The deeply-furrowed troughs, as far as the pool extends, worn by streams which had not long ceased to flow, assign a sufficient cause for so large and permanent a body of water. This lake affords ample scope to the fisherman, and attracts the lovers of that amusement from the whole country round. The view is very extensive, with more of cultivation in the distant parts, bounded by the Brecknockshire mountains. A stranger has considerable difficulty, in descending a narrow path, worn upon the side of an almost perpendicular declivity. It happened that we saw two or three country people on their little mountain horses, carrying lime: their courtesy was signally displayed in riding on the very edge of the precipice, where one false step might have precipitated them to the bottom, that they might not interfere with our more cautious progress. The way, after descending the mountain, is rough and dreary, over barren and unprofitable land. The voices of the herdsmen, ranging over the mountains, to collect their dispersed cattle at the approach of sun-set, inspired the idea of labour, unrepaid by any lucrative

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interchange,

interchange, in a tract so unfavourable to the facilities of commerce. Yet it is not in the nature of man to toil without adequate reward: and when we recollect that this region, desolate and inaccessible in its seeming character, lies within the scope of a painful journey to Merthyr Tydvil on the one hand, and to Neath and Swansea on the other, the excitement that stimulates these apparently disproportionate efforts is at once explained and estimated. A few very poor houses gathered together, but more like what an Englishman would call a village, than any thing to be met with between it and New Bridge, relieve the dreariness of this now uninteresting journey. The spot is likewise refreshed by a brook, that runs into Neath river. Immediately above Pontneath Vechan there is a fine view of Neath vale, rich and beautiful, contrasting with the rugged aspect of nature, on a retrospect to the mountains just descended. Pontneath Vechan is a miserable collection of dirty cottages, with a very homely public-house, which is capable of affording the traveller a complete course of eggs and bacon, but nothing more: and I consider it as a necessary caution to my reader to inform him, that he must travel thirty miles from the Duke's Arms in the vale of Taff to Pontneath Vechan, without expecting the most humble accommodation; and it will be expedient to quit his lodgings at that decent inn with the first of the morning, because he must not calculate the distance of thirty miles at his accustomed rate of travelling; and he must allow as much time for the journey on horseback as on foot: if he leaves the Duke's Arms at sun-rise, and reaches the inn at Pontneath Vechan, as it is by courtesy called, a little after sun-set, he will have performed a laborious task. For the place itself, it is watered by Neath river, which is every where an interesting object; it renews the acquaintance of the traveller over the upper part of

Ystradyvodwg

Ystradyvodwg with wood and cultivation, and it affords him a promise of Brecknockshire scenery for the next morning, about to gratify his taste to the very ecstasy of picturesque enjoyment, if he has the good fortune of a heavy rain in the night, which the attraction of the neighbouring hills is apt to afford him at most times, excepting in seasons of peculiar drought.

CHAPTER VIII.

BRECKNOCKSHIRE.

FOR intermixture of rivers, and contiguity of situation, the inlands of Montgomery, Radnor, and Brecknock, are partly infolded; so that the nature of the scenery is through these counties very similar; while the Brecknockshire mountains reach to an elevation, nearly equalling that of those in North Wales. The most famous hills in Brecknock are, Black-Mountain, near Trecastle; Mouchdeny, from which the Taff takes its source, called the Brecknockshire Beacon; and Hatterel, above Talgarth, which is commonly called Talgarth Beacon. They are thus described by Drayton:

But, whilst those would proceed, these threatening them to hold,
 Black-mountain for the love he to his country bare,
 As to the beauteous Uske, his joy and only care
 (In whose defence t' appear more stern and full of dread)
 Put on a helm of clouds upon his rugged head.
 Mouchdeny doth the like for his beloved Tawe:
 Which quickly all the rest by their example draw.
 As Hatterel in the right of ancient Wales will stand.

From Brecon, the son of Aulach, this county came to be called Brecknockshire. He succeeded to it about the year 400, in right of his mother Marchell, the daughter and sole heir of King Tudor. She was married to his father Aulach about the
 year

year 382. Brecan is a distinguished character in legendary story: his family was reckoned one of the three holy families among the Britons. His twenty-four sons and twenty-five daughters have all been admitted into the calendar of ancient British or Welsh saints. Nearly all of them embraced a religious life, and were the founders of a great many churches. The powers of the Brecknockshire floods, as well as the powers of its prince, are recorded by Drayton as far exceeding the floods of North Wales, or the princes of North Wales.

The Venedotian floods, that ancient Britons were,
 The mountains kept them back, and shut them in the rear:
 But Brecknock, long time known a country of much worth,
 Unto this conflict brings her goodly fountains forth:
 For almost not a brook of Morgany, nor Gwent,
 But from her fruitful womb doth fetch her high descent,
 For Brecan was a prince once fortunate and great
 (Who dying, lent his name to that his noble seat),
 With twice twelve daughters blest, by one and only wife:
 Who for their beauties rare, and sanctity of life,
 To rivers were transform'd; whose pureness doth declare
 How excellent they were, by being what they are:
 Who dying virgins all, and rivers now by fate,
 To tell their former love to the unmarried state,
 To Severn shape their course, which now their form doth bear;
 Ere she was made a flood, a virgin as they were.
 And from the seas with fear they still do fly:
 So much they yet delight in maiden company.

Tydvil, the twenty-second daughter in the catalogue, was the only one married; she therefore escaped the honours of transformation. This metamorphosis of Brecan's daughters has been more beneficial to the prince's patrimony, if the modern testimony of the senses may be deemed decisive against the
 authority

authority of monkish tales, than all the sanctity of his numerous sons; for the former were converted into most beautiful and fertilizing streams, as the traveller can bear witness in the following, among other instances:

First our triumphing muse of sprightly Uske shall tell,
And what of every nymph attending her, befell:
Which Cray and Camlas first for pages doth retain;
With whom the next in place comes in the tripping Brean,
With Isker; and with her comes Hodny fine and clear,
Of Brecknock best belov'd, the sovereign of the shire:
And Grony, at an inch, waits on her mistress' heels.

The rivers which find their way into the Wye out of Brecknockshire are thus mentioned:

To whose old nation's praise whilst she herself address,
From the Brecknodian bound when Irvon coming in,
Her Dulas, with Commarch, and Wevery doth win,
Persuading her for them good matter to provide.

Among the most distinguished of Prince Brecan's sons, who gave the name to Brecknockshire, were Cadock and Canock, both recorded, if not remembered, in the annals of martyrs and confessors:

So Clintack, Brecknock's prince, as from one self-same mother,
A faint upon that feat, the other doth ensue,
Whom for the Christian faith a pagan soldier flew.

To these are to be added St. Keyne, another of Prince Brecan's children, who seems to have inherited the prolific holiness of the family, and was, according to the accounts, so highly blest in his endeavours, as to have been the father of thirty reputed saints.

About

About the latter end of the ninth century, during the reign of Alfred in England, while Anarawd was disputing the equitable division of the sovereignty with Cadelh, Brecknockshire suffered greatly by that common grievance, with which the whole island was afflicted in the predatory ravages of the Danes: but it was not till about the time of Fitzhamon's usurpation in Glamorgan, or shortly after, that any thing like a permanent alienation of this district was effected in favour of foreigners. Barnard Newmarch, a Norman nobleman, obtained the lordship by conquest, but strengthened his title by marrying the grand-daughter of Gruffyth ap Lhwelin, by whom he had a son called Mahael, and a daughter. But Mahael fell a victim to his own sense of honour. Having taken offence at the dissolute conduct of his mother, he not only warned her to avoid the infamy to which she was exposing herself, but wounded the knight with whom she intrigued in a rencontre. His mother determined to avenge herself: she therefore swore, though falsely, that Mahael was not the son of her husband. He was disinherited in consequence of this oath, and his sister with the entire estate was bestowed by King Henry the First on Milo, the son of Walter Constable, who was afterwards created Earl of Hereford, Lord of Gloucester, Brecknock, and the forest of Dean. Milo had by his wife five sons, all of whom, excepting one, were successively Earls of Hereford, and Lords of Brecknock, but died without issue. He had three daughters, the eldest of whom was married to Humphrey de Bohune, whose grandfather came into England with the Conqueror. Humphrey de Bohune was in her right Earl of Hereford, and Constable of England. The second daughter's husband, Philip Bruse, was Lord of Brecknock in her right. The forest of Dean went with the third daughter. Humphrey de Bohune had two daughters: the elder was married to Thomas Plantagenet,

Plantagenet, the sixth son of Edward the Third, who was created Earl of Buckingham and Duke of Gloucester by King Richard the Second, and Earl of Essex and Northampton, and Constable of England, in right of his wife, whose father had possessed those titles. The lordship of Brecknock likewise devolved on Thomas Plantagenet, whose son dying without issue, his eldest daughter bestowed it on the Earl of Stafford, in whose line it continued, annexed to the Dukedom of Buckingham, till an attainder vested it in the crown. After Barnard Newmarch's conquest, in the reign of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth of Wales, and Henry the Third of England, while the Welsh still struggled for their independence, Brecknockshire was twice the seat of war; once in 1217, and afterwards in 1233, when Llewelyn came with an army, and destroyed all the towns and castles in the country. At the restoration, James Butler, afterwards Duke of Ormond, was created Earl of Brecknock. These are the leading particulars of the county, as connected with political and historical events.

The general aspect of Brecknockshire is mountainous and grand, affording a sublimity of scenery, interspersed with large plots of cultivation, that attaches to it its peculiar character among the strongly-marked divisions of South Wales. What most distinguishes it from Glamorganshire is, that its vales are more extensive, more level, less interrupted by swelling hillocks, and have a more English complexion both in their natural appearance, and mode of management: the mountainous tracts are more continuous, more lofty, with hill piled upon hill, but less sudden, and less unexpectedly come upon. The scene does not change so instantaneously and incessantly: it therefore creates more awe, but less surprise; it calls up more intense reflection, but presents less variety of pleasure. Its woods are in very large masses, where they occur, but are not very generally distributed: the

the banks of its principal rivers are, however, very luxuriantly clothed, and it is on the whole much better clothed with timber than Glamorganshire. Its rivers are less numerous, and consequently less universally ornamental: but the Ufke and Wye, if indeed the latter is to be called a Brecknockshire river, are larger and more important. Most of the Glamorganshire rivers rise in Brecknockshire; but issuing from among the southern hills, repay but parsimoniously the district that gave them birth. The grand and beautiful variety of occasional sea views is here denied, except from the tops of some mountains; and then too distant to produce much sensation. Vulgar wonder may be excited by an immense expanse, and vulgar pleasure may be materially increased by the assurance, that a corner of the seventeenth county may be distinguished, where common tradition had only reckoned up sixteen: but beyond a certain extent, the distance is filled up by one undistinguished colour, the eye has no object it can embrace or comprehend, the mind no topic, on which to build a sentiment or found an inference.

In regard to agriculture, it is considered to be in an improving state. The introduction of many English purchasers, who have imported English principles of husbandry, is gradually bringing this county to a nearer conformity with the most approved and general modes. The circumstance of its lying contiguous to Herefordshire, than which there are perhaps few parts of England more fertile or better cultivated, is in this respect of infinite advantage. Glamorganshire, on the contrary, is shut out from such a profitable contact; for though Monmouthshire is made English by authority, its manners, opinions, language, virtues, and vices, are as obstinately and decidedly Welsh, as in almost any part of the principality. But it is not only traditional prejudice that arrests the progress of improvement, which might

otherwise rival the career of its neighbours; the invincible and acknowledged love of ease, which marks the character of the natives, and constitutes their least respectable feature, is an insurmountable drawback to those deeply considered speculations, those painfully sought out inventions, or actively prosecuted accidents and occurrences, to which mankind owe what they possess in philosophical discoveries or economical improvements, directed to the use and comfort of human life.

The price of land varies very greatly: the soil on the hills is barren and stony; but the vales produce corn and grass with great fertility. They are not very near lime except in the south: but land bears the highest rent in the northern part of the county, on the banks of the Wye. The best land about Hay will let as high as four pounds an acre; and it is worth two guineas in any favourable situation between Hay and Bualt; but it is much lower on the banks of the Uske. In the neighbourhood of Crickhowel, the general rate near the water side is one pound per acre, and the high grounds ten or twelve shillings. One pound I understand to be the rent of Dany Park; and there probably is not a finer farmer's spot in the vale of Uske. Immediately round Brecknock, inhabited by many families of condition and fortune, the average is probably much higher; but that difference arises from local causes, and throws no light on the general state of agriculture or value of property.

With respect to the condition of the common people, it invariably strikes the eye, on entering this county from Glamorganshire, that the appearance of the cottages, and the condition of the cottagers, changes for the worse. The pride of decorating them, and the comfort of keeping them in repair, seem no longer to enter into the scale of happiness. The gardens and potatoe grounds are not universal, and seem, where they are possessed, not to be very highly

highly valued. Even in the town of Brecknock, the habitations of the labouring poor are in a much worse condition, than streets similarly occupied in the most insignificant town of Glamorganshire, in the vale. Yet Brecknock contains an unusual portion of accommodation for the rich. But the lower classes seem to be in every respect poorer, and to live more hardly. They have no large manufacturing establishments, so that agriculture is the principal object of attention; yet they make a considerable quantity of coarse cloth and stockings in different places. Provisions and labour are not so much advanced as in Glamorganshire, but are much higher than when you advance to the north or west.

The manners cannot be supposed materially to vary in two contiguous counties. In both the constant intercourse with England by the passage of a mail-coach, with the frequency of travelling parties, occasions a continually growing conformity. It is west of Caermarthen that the unmixed Welsh character appears, probably with little variation for centuries. Their countryman Girald ascribes to them good humour, which they preserve uninterrupted to this day; strict morals, and exemplary piety. With respect to the strictness of their morals universally, a cursory traveller has no means of forming a judgment; but as far as decency is an essential of morality, they seem to possess it in the spirit of sincere feeling, as well as in outward semblance. Their piety does not appear very conspicuously, either in the attendance or the care of their churches: and where it displays itself in assemblies of sectaries, except among the regular Dissenters, it is too apt to degenerate into fanaticism. But Girald, in a subsequent publication, sets three vices in array against the previously admitted virtues: fickleness against good-humour, breach of faith against strict morals, and a marauding spirit against piety. A good-humoured man may be conceived to be fickle; but how a faithless man can

be moral, or of what avail is the piety of a free-booter, it is not so easy to comprehend. The latter ascriptions were probably penned under the influence of spleen. Occasional visitors do not remain long enough to try their constancy; but I believe complaints either of pillage or intentional deception on the road to be altogether unknown.

The geographical descriptions of Brecknockshire hitherto published have been very imperfect; but it is to be hoped and reasonably expected that these and all other defects will be remedied, as far as they can be by the diligence, accuracy, and ingenuity, of any individual, in the history of Brecknockshire understood to be forthcoming, by Theophilus Jones, of Brecknock, Esq. His consideration in the county must open all the channels of the most authentic intelligence, and his general qualifications leave no room to doubt, that the best use will be made of the materials extant. I have strongly to regret Mr. Jones's absence from Brecknock when I visited that place the second time, as I lost the opportunity of an introduction to him; and I was led to believe that objects of curiosity would have been pointed out by him, which are now probably overlooked for want of information on the spot, and might have rendered these pages less unworthy the perusal of the reader.

The principal remains of Roman antiquities are in and near the town of Brecknock: a causeway running in a direction nearly at right angles with the Isker, and leading probably to the great Roman camp in the neighbourhood; another Roman road near the bridge of Chapel rhyd y Briw, about seven miles from Brecknock on the Treastle road; another in a part of the mountains the most unfrequented at the present day. The situations of Loventium and Bullæum Silurum remain undetermined by the learned. Even the county of the latter is not agreed, as some
place

place it at Caerphilly, others at Buallt; but probably some little coincidence of orthography and sound, rather than any evidence, has given rise to the last conjecture, since I do not understand, either from information on the spot, or from any archæological memoirs, that Roman coins, bricks, or any other reliques of antiquity, have been found in the immediate neighbourhood of Buallt. It appears from coins found there, and other evidences, that Hay was known to the Romans.

However much the scenery of Wales may have been the subject of poetical panegyric, its towns have obtained a very slender share of notice. They have, indeed, little that can light up a poetical imagination. John Philips, who in his burlesque poem of *The Splendid Shilling*, gave a new appearance both to objects themselves, and the manner of their representation, by applying Milton's phraseology to familiar incidents, has introduced the principal town of this county among the places of traffic and resort, to which he with majestic and sonorous pleasantry represents his Welsh farmer as solemnly journeying:

But I, whom griping penury furrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!), my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallador and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,

Upon

Upon a cargo of fam'd Celtrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Maffic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

The population of Brecknockshire, by the last account, exceeded thirty thousand; and I take this opportunity of correcting my statement of the population in Glamorganshire, which was taken from a prior survey. It now amounts, from the rapid increase of the various works, to more than seventy thousand.

CHAPTER IX.

YSTRADVELLTE...MOUNCHDENY MOUNTAIN...PONT STICKEL
 ...CHAPEL GLYNCOLLWM...STONE BRIDGE...CANTRESS...
 ST. DAVID'S....BRECKNOCK....THE PRIORY.

PONTNEATH VECHAN admits of an easy visit from Neath by any conveyance; and its surrounding scenery is so interesting, that those who explore the celebrated vale of Neath should not rest satisfied, without committing themselves to the discomforts of the Angel Inn for one night, that they may devote the following day to ranging over the beauties of the neighbourhood. This village stands as it were at the head of the valley, on the confines of the two counties, and at the confluence of five rivers, each of them contributing its rocks, woods, and water-falls, to the general grandeur and magnificence, which here seems to be brought together as in a focus. The Neath river, on which the village stands, is the principal; its double head is mentioned by Drayton. The source of that branch, which fertilizes the spot in question, is at the distance of some miles due north; but the Neath Vechan branch rises far to the north-east on Mouchdeny mountain, and after dividing the counties of Brecknockshire and Glamorganshire in a wide and circuitous sweep, joins its sister stream just at Pontneath Vechan. The other tributary rivers are the Melta and Hepsey, rising from different, but not far distant sources, and, after their union, pouring themselves into Purthin river, which
 likewise

likewise receives Tragath, and conveys its collected waters into the Neath. Augmented by such copious contributions, the Neath river rolls through its vale in a body, and with a force, that are truly majestic. But its further progress must remain to be described hereafter. The number of cascades in every direction, within three or four miles of this place, is so great, that it is difficult, and perhaps unnecessary, to visit them all. Neath, Melta, Tragath, and Purthin, have each of them one, besides the wonderful cavern, through which Melta runs; and Hepsey has five; not at present to mention the three on the Glamorganshire rivers, that join the Neath between Pontneath Vechan and the sea. Those on the Tragath, Hepsey, and Melta, I selected, on information which proved to have been correct, as most easily reconciled with the course I meant to pursue, and comprising the boldest and most characteristic features. In order to explore the beauties of these rivers, the Merthyr Tydvil road is to be followed, till it leads to a grand pass, forming as sublime and romantic a scene, as can well be conceived in this or any country. The Purthin runs to the right, with a line of high grounds at a little distance parallel to its course; its banks wildly overgrown, and darkened by the projecting shadows of the impending cliffs. The acclivity on the left is completely clothed with magnificent timber, contrasted with the rougher growth and sometimes naked pinnacles of the opposing ridge. The Brecknock road above it is intercepted by the wood; while the front is occupied by an immensely high, abrupt, and rugged crag, nearly perpendicular. This is certainly one of the first scenes in South Wales: its principal features are most faithfully as well as picturesquely delineated by the ingenious artist, to whose pencil I am so highly indebted. Such is its boldness, that it might well be supposed to belong to the larger scenery of the continent. The Merthyr Tydvil road here makes
nearly



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte

The Pass from Pont Neath Vechan to Merthyr.

Published by Longman & Rees, London, March 20, 1804

nearly a right angle with that of Brecknock over the hill; but the visitor of the cascades has to climb this difficult and awful rock. After gaining the top of the crag, in crossing to the right, you look down upon a dingle, through which Tragath river flows, in its passage to the Purthin; and opposite, you have a fall of Tragath, before it reaches the level of the dingle, forcing its way through some broken fragments of rock. The fall is the most inconsiderable in the neighbourhood, but it is not without its beauty. There is here a very curious and uncommon stratum of marble in the rock, the curvilinear form of which is not unaptly described, by adopting the figurative language of the natives, and calling it the stone of the bow. It is of grey marble, which bears a considerable price. The route from Tragath to the falls of the Hepsy is over a wild common, stony and dreary, but that the dells on each side enliven the scene. At the upper end of the common, there is a farm-house above the Hepsy, whence the view down the vale of Neath to Swansea and the Mumbles is very grand as well as extensive. Beyond the farm-house is the point, where the Hepsy and Melta join. The bed of the former is at an immense depth immediately below, and the two streams are separated by a rich, turfy, well-wooded promontory, forming a frontispiece to the view, when you look up the course of the united rivers. The roaring of the Hepsy cascades is heard at a considerable distance, as they are approached from the upper grounds. On arriving at the edge of the dingle, the great fall bursts at once upon the view: a broad sheet of water projecting itself over an abrupt ledge of rock, to the depth of fifty feet. The distance of the fall from the junction of the two dingles with their streams is less than a quarter of a mile, so that both these objects can be embraced at once from the higher ground. But the general view of scenes like these is never the most interesting.

The less obtrusive, but most beautiful features are lost, while the termination detracts from the sublimity. By taking the parts in detail, on the contrary, the attention, undisturbed, is alive to every concomitant circumstance, as well as to the leading character of the object: nothing is overlooked, because nothing is too distant, or too perplexed, to be taken in both by the mind and by the eye: every turn presents something new; while the perspective, lessened into obscurity as it lengthens, holds out the promise of still unexhausted variety. The descent, by which to examine the fall more minutely, is down a rugged and steep rock, which forms the boldest feature in the dingle at the bottom, but affords a very abrupt and hazardous passage. The ascent on returning, were it necessary, would be very difficult; and there is apparently no other way; for the violence with which so large a body of water is precipitated, has worn the rock of the bed below the cascade into a large and deep pool, and the breadth of the water all through the dingle, especially when augmented by heavy rains in the night, as on the present occasion, besides other obstacles not yet appearing, prevents its being forded. It excites therefore a strong sensation of surprise, not unaccompanied with pleasure, in the mind of a stranger, when he is told, that his road lies very unexpectedly behind or under the cascade; for such is the rapidity of the torrent, unprepared by previous obstacles for the perpendicular of the precipice, that the interwoven sheet is thrown out so far, as to leave a clear passage, at all times, wide enough for a horse path, between the falling river and the rock. This path is formed by a rude natural ledge of limestone, covered with moss, at about one third of the height from the bottom of the precipice. Its breadth is about three feet, and constitutes the only projection in what would otherwise be like a flat wall. The stone, however, shelves a little inwards from the topmost edge, while

while the water is forced forwards; so that the two elements unite in forming as it were a roof or canopy over the head of the passenger, which affords him an impenetrable shelter from an occasional storm. Mr. Warner, when he visited this spot, had occasion to seek the protection of the river from a shower of rain. The effect of sunshine on the cascade, when behind it on a fine day, is both grand and beautiful. The particles of water glittering with a silvery brightness as they fall; the uncommon brilliancy of every thing without, seen through such a medium, contrasted with the dark green of the moss, everlastingly wet with spray; the corroded dinginess of the rock; the damp and vaporous gloom of the atmosphere within; altogether form a singularly mingled scene of awe and gaiety. The dark hue of the basin below, deeply excavated by continual attrition, enhances the contrast of the thin, transparent fluid in its descent. After passing the cascade, the stranger has to skirt the further side of the dingle for a few steps, in front of the majestic rock he descended, when he comes upon another cataract, and a large cavern under the opposite bank close by. Three more follow in immediate succession, and all four within an eighth part of a mile from the first. The most considerable of these is about twenty-five feet in height, and the smallest about ten. The last is the largest. These four are all seen at once: but, owing to a bend of the river, the great cascade, though so near, is not seen even from the first of these. Were the five visible at one point of view, they would nearly rival the great fall of the Mynach in Cardiganshire, below the Devil's Bridge; for though they would still be very inferior in point of height, the Hepsey is much broader than the Mynach, and in that respect would have the advantage in respect to grandeur. The whole of this dingle is profusely overgrown with wood of various kinds, among which the venerable and classic oak predominates. From

the last of the cascades, the scarcely discernible path winds round the front of that promontory, which separates the two dingles and their rivers. But there is a path; for the country people drive their cattle this way, and under Hefsey cascade, when they have occasion to pass from the Melta to the eastern side of the Hefsey. Having gained the high ground, and passed two or three stony and unproductive fields, the brink of a precipice, not to be descended, discloses the great fall of the Melta, which is broader than that of the Hefsey, and seventy feet high. It is very different from the others in point of character. It projects as suddenly, and, carrying a larger body of water, with more violence. It is therefore more awful and tremendous, but unaccompanied by those circumstances of variety and beauty, which adorn and enliven its rival cataract. Here the rocks on each side are naked and abrupt, so that the dingle is divested of its accustomed clothing for a considerable space below the fall. Where the wood commences, it is poorer, more stunted in its growth, and more wildly entangled; so that, on the whole, it forms a dark and rugged scene. The cascade is inaccessible from below, as the rocks are not to be climbed, nor the dingle to be threaded, from the confluence of the two rivers upwards. But the great curiosity of this river, singularly and sublimely characterised in the catalogue of British scenery, is a stupendous cavern between the cascade and Ystradvellte, through the dark hollow of which the Melta runs for the space of half a mile. The top of this cavern forms the only bridge from one part to the other of the farm, which lies on the east and west sides of the river. The descent from the upper lands to the bed of the river is by no means difficult; nor does it at the first view present any thing beyond a rural, quiet landscape; but as the guide wound cautiously to the left, rather in a retrograde direction, we suddenly found ourselves at the mouth of the cavern,

cavern, the opening of which is about forty-three feet wide, and nineteen feet high. Through this Melta river rolls in a sinuous course, wearing its channel through the rock, deeply perforated into fathomless pools, whence it issues into daylight, after a subterraneous passage of at least eight hundred yards. There is a practicable passage through it; but the attempt is imprudent. It is necessary to carry candles; and if they are extinguished by the damp vapour, the difficulty and danger become very great. In one instance, a life was lost; though my guide had been through several times, and was ready to undertake it with any visitor. We penetrated about an hundred yards, as far as any glimmering of daylight from the mouth directed us: and this specimen of Stygian horror was amply sufficient to satisfy all rational curiosity. The passage over uneven rocks, with scarcely a guiding light, and in many places with a bottomless gulph directly under on the left, in a misty atmosphere from the vapour of the place and the exhaustion of a laborious walk, was not to be pleasurably continued for any length of time or distance: but if the object be worth attaining, any person who will enter this cavern as far as the natural light will lead him, may form a just, and I apprehend no contracted idea, of the classical Avernus and poetical descent into the infernal regions. On quitting the cavern, the Melta, finding its way into it through deep and narrow gulleys, worn between the rocks, is crossed at the entrance, when a regular and beaten path winds gradually and pleasingly along the western bank, with the little village of Ystradvellte in the distance, and green meadows, delightfully quiet and rural, in the fore-ground. The church stands well, and is a pleasing object, after a circuit of about seven miles, with only one house in the way. But the village itself miserably disappoints the expectations which its distant aspect has excited. It consists of a few miserable cottages, most of them in a
ruinous

ruinous condition, inhabited by a ragged and barefooted peasantry, with less of natural urbanity, than is usually experienced in these wild, but not uncivil regions.

The road from Ystradvellte to Brecknock is over mountains the most dreary, wild, and desolate, till within three or four miles of the last-mentioned place. The hills are covered with one unvaried turf, affording excellent sheep-walks, but rising each above the other, without a single twig to relieve the wearied eye. The only object of interest is another fall of the Melta, about two miles north of Ystradvellte. The angular direction in which the river projects itself is wild and romantic. It is now at no great distance from its source, and very shallow, rippling over loose fragments of rock; but it is unaccompanied by wood, or any other picturesque circumstance. After this, the road and prospect become disgusting, toilsome, and unsightly, till on crossing the western side of Mounchdeny Mountain at a considerable height, but through a cleft with lofty ridges on each side, the flat country of Brecknockshire towards the north, with part of Radnorshire, extensive, fruitful, and improved, unfolds itself to the gladdened sense, and proves a farmer's prospect, as well as a painter's, to possess some interest. The nature of the country here, looking from the mountainous part, seemed greatly to resemble the finest parts of Leicestershire. It is curious to observe the beginning of cultivation immediately under your eye: the ground on which you tread barren and waste, but every inch beyond a certain point useful and productive. The Melta and Neath rivers both rise in this neighbourhood, and are crossed near their source by this rough and little travelled road. There is nothing further that merits description on the road to Brecknock in this direction; I shall therefore give some account of the journey from Merthyr Tydvil to the capital of this county.

From

From the castle near Gelly Vallog therefore I now pursue the old road to Brecknock over the mountains, when the dingle on the left, through which runs Neath Vechan river, is deep, wild, and precipitous. The rough and stony horse-path, for the new turnpike road winds round the bases of the mountains to the west, is carried over the top of the precipice, and affords successively a complete view of the circling dell, through which the eastern branch of Neath river runs, dividing Brecknockshire from Glamorganshire in its course. The winding down the hill to the water-side is picturesque and verdant, and brings the traveller to Pont Stickel, a bridge of one arch, crossing Neath Vechan river, after which the mountain is to be climbed on the left, and the scenery of the dingle on the right becomes wilder and less verdant. The two peaks of Mouchdeny mountain now present themselves in a different direction. They may almost be said to personify ubiquity. The one is more pointed than the other; but both, enveloped in clouds, communicate a grandeur to the prospect, which compensates in a great measure for its poverty and want of beauty. A green lane, enclosed with overhanging hedges, and inclining to the right, leads again to the river side, which is here quiet, shallow, and translucent, crossed by a bridge of one long, narrow trunk, without railing. There is some wood about the banks. Chapel Glyncollwm is near this spot, no otherwise observable, than as affording an evidence to the senses, that though the abodes of men do not present themselves to the eye, there are occupiers of these unfrequented sheep-walks, and those occupiers are civilized. After passing Chapel Glyncollwm, the path soon leads to the foot of Mouchdeny Mountain, which has long appeared immediately in front, and now presents a lengthened, laborious, and dreary ascent. A stone bridge is thrown across Neath Vechan, the last effort of human art to tame and render commodious the

passage

passage of the mountain, when this uncommercial track afforded the only communication between Merthyr Tydvil and Brecknock. It might, indeed, do very well for Tydvil and Brecknock to exchange visits, but as a medium of intercourse between two flourishing towns would be miserably toilsome and forbidding. After crossing the bridge, the way up the mountain is on the right, close by the river, now a mere trickling rill, and passes by its very source, at which there is nothing particularly characteristic or interesting. The mountain, as you become more closely and intimately acquainted with its precincts, appears in all its majesty: its undulating ridges, stretching in lengthened succession, with varied and fantastic shapes, with clouds, sometimes passing over the top, and sometimes hanging halfway down like drapery, excite an awe and attention, that relieve the mind from the otherwise barren uniformity. The pass of the mountain on this eastern side is over nearly the highest part, between the two perpendicular and inaccessible peaks. It opens to the weary traveller almost the same rich and extensive view in front, which succeeded the satiety of mountain dreariness in traversing the western extremity from Pontneath Vechan. At the bottom of the mountain to the north-east is a deep, black pool, occasioned by the same causes as Llyn Vawr in Glamorganhire, but much smaller, with little of character or grandeur in its circumstances. The depth at which the flat country lies stretched below is awful, and the stretch of cultivated enclosures fills the mind with ideas of opulence and vastness. The descent is very long and steep; but the gradual return to the haunts of human industry, and the society of human beings, beguiles the tediousness of the serpentizing path, and animates the spirits with the expectation of approaching hospitality. Scarcely a hut has been seen from Merthyr Tydvil to the bottom of Mounchdeny on the north. From Mounchdeny to the town

of Brecknock the population is very scanty, the inconvenient and almost impassable road having been deserted for the level and commodious turnpike. There is, however, a small collection of houses, called Cantreff, embosomed in wood, and enriched with verdant meadows, sloping gently down to a small brook. The spot is overhung by a part of Mounchdeny, raising its broad and lofty top over this quiet retreat, in a picturesque and striking manner. The mixture of boldness and luxuriance is admirably adapted to the pencil, which delights neither in the formal opulence of contrived and far-fetched improvement, nor in the undressed baldness of sterile and ungenerous nature. The descent continues with little intermission as far as St. David's, which is a sort of suburb to the town of Brecknock, with a very respectable church, dedicated to the founder of the diocese in which it stands. There are several respectable old buildings, partly inhabited; and it was probably of some consequence formerly, from its contiguity and connection with the priory and college.

The town of Brecknock appears to most advantage, when viewed after descending from Mounchdeny Mountain. Its ancient name was Aberhodny, derived from the circumstance of its standing at the mouth of the Hodny, where that river throws itself into the Ufke. For that great antiquary, Leland, informs us, that Aubren, or Aber, in British, is as much as to say, a river's mouth, in English; as appears by the names of Abergevenni, Abertivy, Aberhodny, signifying the fall of the rivers Gevenni, Tivy, Hodny, either into the sea, or into larger rivers which receive them. Thus has it been conjectured, that Severn perhaps was first Hafren, and not so called from the maid there drowned, who is more likely to have owed her legend to poetical fiction, than the river to have borrowed its name from her.

The first object that arrests the attention, on the approach to

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this town over the bridge across the Uske, where it receives the Hodny, is its castle, standing on a hill. The foundations prove it once to have been extensive and magnificent. Little of the superstructure now remains; but that little, though ruinous, is noble, as well as picturesque. It would be highly interesting, if the sides of the hill were not encumbered and disfigured with wretched hovels, altogether repugnant to the taste and temper of its ancient grandeur. It was first built by Barnard Newmarch, and afterwards greatly augmented and beautified by the last Humphrey de Bohune, Earl of Hereford, Essex, Northampton, and Constable of England. The situation is commanding, for every purpose of those days, and seems to have been judiciously chosen for the purpose of securing his conquest to the founder. In aid of that object, however, he brought with him many strangers, on whom he bestowed manors and inheritances; but without establishing his followers in that state and splendour, with which Fitzhamon invested his usurping band. How the castle came into the family of Bruse has already been related. About the year 1215, Giles de Bruse, Bishop of Hereford, son to William de Bruse, sent his brother Reynald to Brecknock; and on his own arrival, the castles of Aberhodny, Hay, and Buallt, were delivered to him. After the death of Giles, Reynald de Bruse, contrary to his promise, and without the knowledge of Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, to whose interests he was bound by every tie, came to a compromise with Henry the Third of England. Lhwelin ap Jorwerth was much offended, and coming with an army to Brecknockshire, laid siege to the town of Aberhodny; but the burgeses prevailed with him to raise the siege, by paying a sum of money, and giving hostages. Reynald de Bruse lost Caerphilly Castle about the same time. William de Bruse, son of Reynald, adhered to Lhwelin against King Henry, and was taken prisoner; but

but the subsequent peace, and partial submission of Llewelyn, exonerated him from the necessity of paying the ransom he had offered. William de Bruse was afterwards hanged, according to the current account, for adultery with Llewelyn's wife. But the peace between the English and Welsh princes did not last. In the year 1231, the Earl of Kent, having been stationed to defend the Marches, slew a great number of the Welsh, who had entered the forbidden ground on a predatory excursion. But Llewelyn ap Iorwerth supported his countrymen; and among the rest, the castles of Radnor, Aberhodny, and Rhayader, suffered by his attack. Two years afterwards, he came again with an army to Brecknockshire, and destroyed all the towns and castles in the country: but such was the strength of this fortress, that though he lay a month before it, he was obliged, after burning the town, to return home without his booty.

Some part of the keep still remains; but the tower, which perpetuates in some degree the idea of what the whole once was, is at present known as the place where Dr. Morton was confined by order of Richard the Third, and planned, in concert with his disappointed keeper, the union of the two houses, and the succession of Henry the Seventh. The castle is divided from the town by the river Hodny. The main body, the citadel, and all the parts of this ancient fortification, are still to be traced, though the tower just mentioned is the only large mass of building that still preserves its gloomy dignity.

But it is not exclusively by works of defence that Barnard Newmarch is known to later times. His religious institutions kept pace with his military appointments. He founded both the priories: the one is now a parish church, and the other was converted into a college by Henry the Eighth. The first was Benedictine, the second Dominican. The Benedictine church,

which, with its precincts, is now called the priory, as the other the college, is very magnificent. It is built in the form of a cross; but its architecture is not so ancient as the institution itself. From the centre of the cross there rises an embattled tower. A paved cloister extends from the church to the refectory. The extent of the building, and the loftiness of its situation, impending over the obstreperous Hodny, whose banks are shaded by trees of majestic growth, render it at once picturesque and venerable. It contains several monuments and tablets, of decent execution and considerable cost, but little sculptural distinction, dedicated to no very memorable names. This priory, as well as the castle, is at the western extremity of the town, and adds to the recreation of the inhabitants, as well as the embellishment of the place, by some of the most delightful walks, which have ever fallen to the lot of a populous vicinity. Their situation is most romantic, with the Hodny rolling at the foot of the bank, along the side of which their level is carried; while its waters are only seen by glimpses, through the thick wood that fringes its abruptly rising margin, and overhangs its bed. From the western boundary of the walks, on the return, occasional snatches of the monastic buildings through the long-drawn vista add much to the solemn and impressive effect of the scene. The college still remains, transferred from Abergwili by Henry the Eighth, over which the Bishop of St. David's presides as dean. It contains nothing distinguished either in architecture or antiquarian curiosity, and appears to be much neglected. There is another very magnificent walk running behind the town wall on the south, by the side of the Ufke, and looking over a rich flat, to the chain of mountains magnificently closing the view, with the rugged and cloud-capped peaks of Mounchdeny. A gloomy day adds much to the grandeur of this prospect. The parish church within the town is ancient
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and venerable. With respect to the town itself, it is one of the best built in Wales, in point of accommodations for persons of fortune and condition; but very mean, and often ruinous, in the streets occupied by the poorer inhabitants, and miserably deficient in its general arrangements. Neither is it neat and cleanly, except in the principal situations, which is inexcusable in a town, situated on a gentle slope, rising from the confluence of copious and rapid rivers. The trade of Brecknock is not at present very considerable, though it is already much increased by the completion of its canal. The principal business is in the line of hat-making, which is established on a very respectable scale; and something is done in the manufacturing of woollens. I understand the population to have been taken, by the last accounts, at two thousand five hundred; and that it is considered as much on the advance. It appears in most respects to be a very desirable residence, and is much inhabited by clergy, and gentry of independent fortunes. It is quiet and orderly, without being too retired. The number of spacious and modern built houses is greater, in proportion to its size, than perhaps in any town of Wales. The markets are well, but not very cheaply supplied. The manners of the people are decent and orderly, to which the blank calendar of the judges bears no unfrequent testimony. The town had formerly four gates, and was strongly walled: the principal remnants of fortification are to be seen by the water-side, where the view is very romantic, particularly when the Uske swells into a torrent after rain. The broken summits of the mountainous ridge, continued into Monmouthshire in irregular lines; the dismantled towers of Aberhodny, with its mouldering walls, in wild and various ruin, while the unpicturesque compactness of the modern buildings is favourably concealed; render this one of the most striking situations, near any town in the principality.

CHAPTER X.

ABERISKER COURT...LLANSPYDDID...PENPONT...ABERCAMLAS
 ...DEVYNNOCK...TRECASTLE...LLYWELL...HEAD OF THE
 USKE RIVER...CHAPEL CALLWEN...TYWYNNY...CRIBBATH
 LIME ROCK...HENNOYADD...LLANVIHANGEL TALYLLYN...
 LLANGORS.....LLYNSAVADDON.....TALYLLYN HOUSE....
 LLANGASTY...TAE Y LLYN...LLANSANTFRED...BWLCH...
 PENTRAGARE..PONTPRENHURST..GLANUSKE...LLANCADOCK
 PLACE...DANY PARK...CRICKHOWEL.

THE road from Brecknock to Trecastle, through the upper vale of Uske, is distinguished by a considerable number of gentlemen's seats, embellished with picturesque, interesting, and appropriate scenery, of no inferior order. The sloping banks of the Uske, bold without being precipitate, the richness of the verdure, and the magnificent woods of oak, that clothe the sides of the hills on the north, furnish a pleasing prelude to the more awful and majestic character of the county, at its south-western termination. Aberisker is a village at the mouth of the small river Isker, as the name signifies, when it falls into the Uske. It is enlivened by the vicinity of Aberisker Court. On a rising ground, near the confluence of these two rivers, is a Roman camp, commanding an extensive view of the vale between Brecknock and Trecastle. It is a parallelogram of six hundred and twenty-four feet by four hundred and fifty-six, and the longest parallels point nearly north and

and south. Some part of the enclosing wall remains, and the foundation is entire all round the area. The whole thickness of the wall was nearly seven feet and a half. It in every respect resembles the specimens of Roman fortification in Monmouthshire and elsewhere, and proves Brecknock to have been a very important station. About a quarter of a mile from this place, on the causeway, is what Camden and other antiquaries have denominated the Maidenstone, from a tradition among the common people, that it was erected to the memory of two young women, murdered on that spot. These elder topographers have doubted whether it be British or Roman; but the more modern opinions are strongly inclined, and indeed nearly decisive in favour of the latter. It is believed to represent a man and woman, rather than two women, probably a Roman soldier and his wife. Some brass coins have formerly been found within the camp, and Roman bricks have been ploughed up. LlanSpyddid is a village on the south side of the Uske, with a small, but very neat church, surrounded with large and venerable yew-trees, which expand themselves in all the majesty of gloomy luxuriance. The natives of the principality pride themselves much on these ancient ornaments of their churchyards; and it is nearly as general a custom in Brecknockshire, to decorate the graves of the deceased with slips either of bay or yew, stuck in the green turf for an emblem of pious remembrance, as it is in Glamorganshire to pay a tribute of similar import, in the cultivation of sweet-scented flowers on the same spot. At no great distance, the Brean pays its tribute to the Uske; where the spacious lawns and extensive plantations of Penpont adorn the borders of the larger river; while the family mansion commands a prospect up the Brean for several miles. The meadows and pastures through which it runs are rich and verdant, while a bridge of three arches gives an air

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of artificial elegance to the scene. Abercamlas is known by its name to stand at the mouth of the attendant river Camlas. I was informed it belonged to the Rev. Mr. Williams; but whether to the Canon Residentiary of St. David's, and Archdeacon of Cardigan, who has a place near Brecknock, I did not inquire; as I had not then the pleasure of knowing that gentleman. It is a place well adapted to the philosophic and dignified, but hospitable retirement of a clerical life. The castle of Devynnock is in a state of decay, which will soon level with the ground the already unimportant remains of the ruin. Some Roman medals have been found in this parish. On the approach to Trecastle, the softer features of nature give way to the rude vastness of a mountainous district. After passing the Cray, the earliest and nearest stream that contributes its abundance, the Usk increases in torrent-like impetuosity, in proportion to the vicinity of its never-failing spring, the narrower confinement of its channel, and greatly-inclined descent from the parent hill. Every circumstance indicates most strongly to the traveller his entrance on a wildly precipitous region. The Black-mountain, towering above Trecastle, and rivalling Mounchdeny in height, is the leading object of this untameable scene. This mountain is forked, like Mounchdeny; and it is not decisively ascertained which is the highest; though the general opinion is in favour of the latter. When I was on the the Black-mountain, on the third of October, its two peaks were covered with snow, which was expected to lie till May or June; and instances have been known, in cold summers, when the snow has not melted at all on the highest points of the mountainous ridge, between Llandilo Vawr and Crickhowel. There was a very powerful sun in the middle of the day, and it was hot for travelling; so that the cold and alpine aspect of the mountain-top, contrasted with the oppressive gleams of moist, autumnal heat, imparted

imparted altogether a continental character to this impressive specimen of British scenery. The village of Trecaſtle has nothing to recommend it, but its wild enclosure of ſurrounding mountains. In front of the inn, the ſite of the caſtle is clearly to be diſtinguiſhed; but all its honours are completely laid low, and every veſtige of its ſtructure effaced. Beyond Trecaſtle is the ſmall village of Llywell, better adapted to the wants and comforts of its inhabitants, than might be expected in ſo poor and barren a region. The traces of cultivation here, ſo different from the fertility of Brecknockſhire in the more level parts, appear as if their returns were jejune and ungrateful. Cloſe upon this village Caermarthenshire joins; and the country from Llandovery hither will be the ſubject of a ſhort deſcription hereafter. The nearneſs of the Black-mountain communicates a feeling of ſublimity, which prevents the unvaried meagreneſs of the extenſive proſpect from becoming painful. The head of the Uſke river is on the Black-mountain, whence it forces its way in a deep channel along a lengthened deſcent into the vale. It iſſues from three apparently inconfiderable ſprings; but inconfiderable as they may ſeem, they furniſh a conſtant ſupply to that noble river, which runs through the heart of Brecknockſhire and Monmouthſhire, and is only ſurpaſſed by the Wye, pervading the north of the former, and the eaſt of the latter, county. On croſſing the Black-mountain in a ſouthern direction from Trecaſtle, the aſcent is very long, and the aſſimilation of diſtant objects ſo cloſely in uniſon with the character of the mountain itſelf, as to impreſs the mind with a feeling of tireſome uniformity. There wants a fertile and luxuriant valley, ſtretched out before the hills, which bound the horizon. But the deſcent into the vale of Tawy is ſingularly beautiful. The wildneſs of crags, pointing and projecting in every conceivable form, is contraſted with the incipient foliage immediately below,

stretching out in the distance into a widened and luxuriant, but mountainously bordered vale. The Tawy rises from this mountain, at no great distance from the head of the Uske. Its source is very near the path over the mountain. The new-born stream rushes impetuously over pebbles and fragments of rock, in a shallow and transparent rill, seeming to derive more force from the steepness of its descent, than from the volume of water which shapes its confined, but everlasting course. The early progress of this river seemed to me much more picturesque than that of the Uske, though little known and less celebrated. This vale of Tawy, even in the upper part, has an aspect uncommon to such districts, in being studded with white cottages, after the manner of Glamorganshire. This circumstance communicates a pleasing gaiety to the otherwise sequestered dell, overshadowed with mountains rising above mountains, in the rude and fantastical majesty of fashionless variety. The grand depository of lime, which these mountains furnish for the use of the more populous and cultivated parts, with the facility of its conveyance down the neighbouring canal, sufficiently accounts for the sprinkling of inhabitants, who would not otherwise have sought so bewildered and inclement a spot. Early in the autumn as it was, the common and only path over the mountain to Trecastle had been two or three inches deep in snow, but an hour before our arrival. There are two villages, consisting each of a few houses, higher in the vale than Hennoyadd; Chapel Callwen and Tywynny. But the most romantic part, and greatest curiosity, of this extraordinary neighbourhood, is the Cribbath lime rock. It rears itself perpendicularly to an immense height, with frequent projections of seemingly decumbent fragments. The abruptness of this, like most of the other rocks, standing singly, unincumbered by lower hillocks at its base, occasions the scenery here, as in Glamorganshire,

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on which it borders, greatly to resemble that of North Wales. There is a considerable excavation near the top of the rock, visible from the road below: but I did not climb to it, having before bestowed much unrequited labour on similar attempts, which in general afford little return beyond the traveller's childish boast, of having been there. Unless the landscape is viewed to peculiar advantage from such heights, a cavity of a few feet or even yards square, with no history attached to it, and nothing uncommon in its stratification, furnishes little to excite speculation, and little to gratify curiosity. The river, on reaching the level of the vale, assumes a beauty nearly equalling the most distinguished streams of this well-watered country. It is remarkably sinuous in its course, through meadows rich in verdure, and woods luxuriant in growth and foliage. Its bed is clear; and its rapidity obstreperously animating to the passenger, as well as healthful to the inhabitant and freshening to the soil. The descent to Hennoyadd by the rail-road is romantically overhung, and confined between the noble woods on the slope, and the river running at the bottom. The immediate vicinity of Hennoyadd is less mountainous; but the view from the half-demolished wooden bridge, up the river, with the loftier mountains terminating the distance, is uncommonly beautiful, particularly by moonlight. The soft and mellow colour, the interesting obscurity, by which objects derive an ideal importance from their indistinctness, the luminousness of the water reflecting the silvery beams, all conspire to render a night-scene in such a region most irresistibly fascinating: and I know not whether I was longer detained or more completely satisfied by any picturesque occurrence in the course of my journey.

There is a public-house close by, at which it is possible to sleep, though not commodiously: and I would strongly invite those of

my readers, who may hereafter travel over South Wales, to explore this vale either from Trecaſtle downwards, or up from Swanſea. It will afford a moſt agreeable deviation from the threadbare route along the turnpike roads. Indeed, if we would but accuſtom ourſelves to a tenth part of thoſe inconveniencies, which we are eager to encounter, ſwelling as they do into real difficulties, on a foreign tour, we ſhould entertain higher and more juſt notions of that variety, grandeur, and richness, diſplayed by our home ſcenery to thoſe, who compare it candidly either with their own obſervations or the beſt accounts of continental landſcape. It was remarked by Wilſon, whoſe authority is not to be diſregarded on his own ſubject, that a young artiſt might find, in ſome part or other of this iſland, every thing he could attain by going abroad, or indeed that he could poſſibly want to complete his ſtudies and form his ſtyle, excepting what is diſtinctively characteriſed as an Italian ſky: and it may be much doubted, whether Engliſh painters are not ſometimes induced to ſhew that they have travelled, at the expence of propriety. We not unfrequently meet with men of reſpectable talents and ſound judgment in the main, who talk about uniting the brilliancy of Claude with the grandeur and ſublimity of Pouſſin. But ſurely ſuch a combination of properties is unattainable in practice; and were it not ſo, it would confound all character, and conſequently ought rather to be avoided. We never ſee ſuch heterogeneous mixtures in nature, who brings together ſuch circumſtances as may harmonize and cooperate with each other, not ſuch as muſt be eternally at variance. Nor can it be ſaid with truth, that there is leſs beauty in an Engliſh than an Italian ſky; ſince each will be found to ſuit beſt with the general complexion of its reſpective ſcenery. When therefore it is conſidered, that an Engliſh ſtudent generally intends to exerciſe his talents on his

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own country, and for his own countrymen, a foreign education seems not so desirable as it was before we had a respectable school of native growth. A habit of constantly observing the works of creation as they really exist, rather than as they are set down in treatises, or practical specimens of masters, will teach him to vary his style, when he takes his subject from a different climate: but there is no real excellence in stretching a sky, under which vegetation must languish and be dried up, over a landscape, whose verdure could only have been preserved in its luxuriance by the frequent distillations of a furcharged atmosphere.

The present head of the Swansea canal is at this place; but it is a part of the plan to carry it all through the vale. The formality of its parallel banks, however, would nearly destroy the picturesque effect of a narrowing valley, too closely contracted, in the upper part, to admit of their removal from under the eye, almost for a moment. Unless, therefore, the interests of agriculture or commerce were to be very extensively benefited, by the introduction of human labour among the sports of nature, the less learned admirer of artless and untamed beauty will concur with the professed draughtsman, in wishing to preserve these hallowed retreats from the invasion of business, and the prophanation of the engineer. The valley widens beyond Hennoyadd; but as we now enter on Glamorganshire, it will be further described in the same chapter with the western side of that county. At Chapel Coelbren, between Hennoyadd and Ystradvellte, are the remains of a Roman road.

An excursion, in no respect less pleasant, though very different, may be made on the east of Brecknock, towards Monmouthshire. The direct turnpike road to Crickhowel is carried through a fine country; but the Brecknock canal, which for some miles obtrudes itself on the view, much injures the general effect. The traveller

of taste and curiosity will therefore deviate from the high road to the left, for the purpose of inspecting Llynfavaddon more closely. A road that turns aside about three miles from the town will bring him to the village of Llanvihangel Talyllyn, which derives its name from its vicinity to the lake. The road beyond Llanvihangel Talyllyn, changing into green sward, winds between high hedges, an occasional break in which presents in a very impressive point of view this grand expanse of water, surrounded by dark and melancholy mountains. A sylvan foreground contributes its chastised pleasures to the contemplative scene. You approach the lake on the western side; but near as it seems, without breaking through enclosures, an act of violence to be defended only in cases of extreme picturesque necessity, you are obliged to cross the river Lunwy, which issues from its northern extremity, and bend down towards its eastern brink through the village of Llangors, consisting of a few very poor houses, but with a large and respectable tower to its church. The walk through about four meadows from Llangors to the edge of Llynfavaddon is remarkably pleasant. This lake is larger than any in Wales, except Bala; and is justly considered as one of the leading objects in the topographical delineation of Brecknockshire. It is two miles in length, and in some places one mile broad. In the latter respect it is very unequal; consequently the line of its boundary undulates, and its character is infinitely more ornamental to the landscape, than if its dimensions had been more curiously proportioned as to length and breadth, and its shape more regular. To skirt it all round, as near the brink as possible, takes in a compass of about seven miles; nor will the votary of retired and peaceful scenes be contented with much less than a complete survey of this interesting spot. It is entirely shut in by precipitous mountains, some woody and some waste, except on the north, where the flat
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is enlivened and enriched by pastures, groves, and sometimes the corner of a farm house, emerging from its woody shelter. The idea of total seclusion from the world is still further relieved by Talyllyn House, situated almost at the edge of the water on the north, as is the church of Llangasty tal y llyn at the southern extremity. This manor, with that of Llanhamlach, was bestowed on the Walbiefes by Barnard Newmarch, on his taking possession of the county. Talyllyn House was till now the residence of Champion Crespigny, Esq.; but it is at present occupied by a farmer. These objects, with the substantial tower of Llangors church, introduce to the mind as much of man and his institutions, as is capable of conforing harmoniously with the predominant tone and temper of the whole. The river Lunwy passes through this lake, and finds its way to the Wye in a direction nearly due north. It is observed not to mix its waters with those of Llynfavaddon in its passage; and so complete is the separation understood to be, so insuperable the antipathy between the active and passive state of the same element, that unless immediately after very heavy storms, the fish of the river are not found in the lake, nor those of the lake in the river. The depth of Llynfavaddon is said to be about thirteen fathoms. The ancient tradition of a city being drowned, so universally applied to such bodies of water, is too trivial to deserve notice.

In the neighbourhood of the pool, at a very small distance, near the head of the Lunwy, are the ruins of a castle, which was the baronial residence of Peter Fitzherbert, descended illegitimately from Henry the First, and legitimately from Barnard Newmarch. Lucia, the third daughter of Milo, Earl of Hereford, by the daughter of Barnard Newmarch, was married to Herbert, the son of Herbert, the illegitimate offspring of Henry the First. The forest of Dean constituted the principal part of Lucia's portion,
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and Peter Fitzherbert was the issue of the marriage. This is the account of Caradoc Lhancarvan, and the British genealogists in general: but Mr. Collins, in his Peerage, is of opinion, that Peter Fitzherbert was the grandson, not of the beforementioned Herbert, but of Henry Fitzherbert, Chamberlain to King Henry the First, who married his master's mistress; and that from this marriage came the Herbert, Chamberlain to King Stephen, and husband of Lucia. Peter Fitzherbert obtained this castle by marrying the third daughter and coheirs of William de Bruse, Baron of Brecknock, descended from Bertha, the second daughter of the beforementioned Milo. Peter Fitzherbert had been strongly attached to the party of King John, and had even been of sufficient consequence to be joined with those barons, who stood as mediators between their sovereign and the Pope. But the King's exactions for the maintenance of his army in Poitou occasioned even this zealous adherent to fall off; so that his lands in Warwickshire were seized; and on the accession of Henry the Third, all his other estates were confiscated: but as he returned to his allegiance almost immediately, Reynald de Bruse was commanded to make restitution of this castle, and all his possessions in Brecknockshire. He afterwards recovered the whole of his extensive domain. It appears that the property of the lake was attached to this castle; for Herbert, the son and heir of Peter, granted to the monks of Brecknock the liberty of fishing in his mere with a boat, three days in every week, and every day during Lent and Advent, besides paying a commutation for the tithes of the castle. This Herbert died about the year 1248, and bequeathed the inheritance of his honours and possessions to his brother. Henry the Third, on receiving the homage of the successor, confirmed the testament of the deceased in general, but disposed of this castle to another family. We hear no more of the Herberts on this spot; but they were

were widely spread in this part of the country, which seems to have been their original establishment, branching out afterwards into most of the Welsh counties, and giving birth to the houses of Powis and Pembroke. It is probable that there is no family now extant, supposing dubious and fanciful genealogies out of the question, who have anciently been such large possessors in Wales, as the Herberts. With respect to the supposition of some antiquaries, that this was the Roman Loventium, there seems to be no other argument in its favour, than the possibility of torturing Lunwy into some affinity with the sound. There are no vestiges to corroborate the supposition, which Camden could only reconcile with the improbable tale of a city swallowed up. It is well known that Brecknock was a Roman station; but there is no reason whatever for inferring from any evidence extant, that it had the slightest connection with this spot. The Loventium of the Romans was a camp or fortification; this site exhibits no ruins but what are Norman.

The circumstance which distinguishes Llanfantfred is a stone pillar about six feet high, nearly cylindrical, on which is an inscription, noticed in Camden. A family of Jenkins's was seated at Llanfantfred in the reign of Richard the Second, which made a considerable addition to its fortune by a marriage with the heiress of Ragland Castle. The Herberts likewise intermarried with this family.

The visitor of Llynſavaddon now regains the turnpike road, and comes at once on the Bwlch, which opens to him an extensive and magnificent range of scenery, diversified with woods, lawns, and the majestic elevation of Cadair Arthur in front. The meaning of the term Bwlch is the pass of a mountain, between two perpendicular heights. The landscape from this Bwlch is peculiarly striking. The Duke of Beaufort's hills, grandly wooded,

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form the skreen on the right; on the left, the little valley of St. Michael Cwm Du, stretching up in a lancet-like direction from the larger vale, is bounded by the mountains above the top of the valley. The front is occupied by one of the most considerable mountains in Brecknock, in point of height and grandeur, which is distinguished by the appellation of Arthur's Chair. It is dark and cloudy in its aspect; while the continuity of the foreground is finely broken by an abrupt hill starting up, with the road winding round it after the long descent of the Bwlch. The village of Pentragare lies in the bottom; and just beyond it Tretower ruins add their mouldering grandeur to the other attractions of the scene. After having passed Pentragare, and stretched along the side of the beforementioned hill, a bridge, close by a few houses, called Pontprenhurst, carries you over a little brook, running from St. Michael Cwm Du to the Uske, which here renews its intercourse with the traveller, after having swept round the extended base of the Bwlch at a considerable distance. And here it is, nearly at its departure from Brecknockshire, that the Uske begins to assume those riper charms, and that more matronly importance, which characterise its fuller and more majestic course through Monmouthshire. It is now, to the unspeakable relief of the instructed eye, no longer attended by its starch companion, the canal. The banks of the river on both sides from this bridge to Crickhowel are more than ordinarily beautiful. Its very bed is accessible; whence the sides, sometimes folding over each other into an amphitheatre, and sometimes, after a long reach of perspective, terminated in a stupendous frontispiece, detain the sense of sight agreeably, or afford a study at once for the mind and the pencil. Several gentlemens seats, of elegant appearance, line the banks on each side. Those of the most taste on the south are Glanusk, belonging to Mr. Frederic; and

and Llancadock Place, the seat of Admiral Gell. Both these are recommended by natural beauty, and the judicious application of art. Dany Park, below Crickhowel, at the eastern extremity of the county, belongs to an iron-master of Llanelly. The house and land are at present rented by a farmer. The mansion is well backed with wood nearly to the top of the hill, which however exhibits a dark and barren ridge above the line of vegetation. The fields down to the river are pleasant; but the country just here has no marked character of picturesque attraction. On returning from Dany Park, by the southern bank of the Uske, a narrow Gothic ivy-clad bridge carries you over to Crickhowel. From this bridge, there is an advantageous and interesting view of Llancadock Place; and the bridge itself is a fine addition to the landscape, wherever it is visible. The ruin of Crickhowel Castle is by no means extensive, as viewed from a distance; but it forms an object of some interest on the approach, from the commanding site of the keep, on a lofty artificial mound. There is little else remaining of the standing walls, but that little shews its date to have been early. The ivy, pleasingly interwoven with the venerable mass it delusively seems to assist in supporting, confers beauty on a fragment, too much dilapidated to be important. The foundations, however, may be traced, where the superstructure is completely demolished, and prove it to have been of no mean size or strength. About two miles further eastward, the Grony falls into the Uske.

The village of Crickhowel is old and mean; but it hangs on the side of a fine hill, and the cottages bear evident marks of having been furnished with their materials by depredations, which have detracted from the ostensible state and dignity of the castle. There is likewise in the village an ancient palace of the Herberts, which I am rather surprised to find so totally overlooked, considering the eminence of the family to which it belonged, though there is little

to recommend it to the more fastidious ken of modern observation. The wall is perfect towards the street, and the great entrance, with the porter's lodge, furnishes some idea of its ancient magnificence. The view from the interior up the vale of Uske is extremely gay and engaging; but the spot itself, and the remaining architecture, afford little to exercise the ingenuity of the draughtsman. This palace came to the family of the Herberts by marriage with an heiress, and continued in it for many generations. Every thing about it indicates it to have been on a magnificent scale of expence, only to have been supported by the greatest proprietors and most powerful gentry of the age.

CHAPTER XI.

GWERN VALE....LAN DAIR...CADAIR ARTHUR...TRETOWER
 RUINS...ST. MICHAEL CWM DU...CASTLE DINAS...TREVECCA
TREDUSTANBRUNLLYS CASTLETALGARTH.....
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ON returning from Crickhowel into the heart of Brecknockshire, along the northern bank of the Uske, the first object to detain the attention is Gwern vale, deriving its name from a little streamlet, which passes through it in its course to the principal receiver. There is also a village called Lan Dair, of no peculiar interest or character. This spot lies near the foot of that ascending pile, hill placed above hill, forming a mountain of gloomy grandeur and bardic celebrity, known by the name of Cadair Arthur. Many places in Wales in hills and rocks are honoured with Arthur's name. At the distance of about two miles, a narrow, overgrown horse-path leads to the village and ruins of Tretower, both of which are highly picturesque. The spot is enclosed by hills, some of them rising into mountains; but all within sight are cultivated to the top. The sheaves of corn, hanging on the hills exposed to the south, in all the plenty of a most propitious harvest, derive an effect from their placing, with which they are very rarely invested; while the Duke of Beaufort's woods on the opposite side at once afford a rich drapery of foliage, and a shelter to the dwelling and labours of the husbandman. The property about
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Crickhowel, Cadair Arthur, and Tretower, principally belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, till hereabouts he is joined by Mr. Macnamara.

Time has taken its revenge on the ruins of Tretower, but without destroying the attendant interest of their vicinity. It has rather added to their impression, by breaking the formal continuity of architecture, without laying low the pride of every tower, or confounding all their honours. There are some remains of the three towers, from which the place derives its name: but one of them yet rears its weather-beaten bulk in dark and awful majesty, still formidable in its elevation, and little dilapidated by the siege of the centuries that have passed. The court is interestingly overgrown with willows, and other trees congenial with the general tone of feeling, while the cattle, rearing their horned fronts in proud possession of those doors, once opened by the hand of hospitality to the traveller, or defended valiantly against the inroads of the invader, read a lesson of mutability to man. Their quaint appearance, where they seem to be intruders, opens new sources of pensive reflection to the moralist, or picturesque combination to the professor. This castle belonged to a family of Vaughans, one of whom, Sir Thomas, was beheaded at Pomfret by order of Richard the Third.

The road from Tretower across the country winds along the side of a hill, looking down into the pretty green valley before described. The church and village of St. Michael Cwm Du are at the head of it, with Bwlch and Hatterel overtopping them. Nothing can exceed the fertility of this parish, of which Tretower is a hamlet, with a chapel of ease. Nor is the village of St. Michael Cwm Du itself less to be admired, both on the score of situation, and the habitable comforts of a rural retirement. It is, indeed, a most pleasing exception to the comparative flovenliness of the Brecknockshire villages. It lies, if I may so express it, on the
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ledge of the upper valley, looking over the rich meadows of the lower, with a short reach of cultivated level behind it, and a screen of mere sheep-walks immediately above, rising to the clouds. The rill that waters this valley runs directly through the village, communicating a cool freshness to the atmosphere, and the means of cleanliness to the inhabitants. There are several very substantial and commodiously built farm-houses; and the cottages imbibe the air of general decency. It would not be easy to name a more favoured village in any part of England or Wales. The church is unusually respectable, both in its internal and external appearance; but the battlements only of the tower, whitened, produce a singular and rather quaint effect at a distance, though they may perhaps serve as a beacon in case of aberration. The practice is not altogether unusual in this part of the country.

After getting above St. Michael Cwm Du, the crossing of Hatterel becomes laborious; and as the traveller seems gradually to be deserted by the fading landscape, and removed from the traces of living creatures, except the sheep that bound along the mountain, he naturally begins to suspect that he may bid adieu to the pleasures of his journey, when a sudden turn on the summit of the ascent displays as grand a panoramic view, as any within the compass of the southern principality. The mountain is not so high as Mounchdeny; but the prospect is to the full as extensive, and though similar in many respects, certainly exhibits finer features. It may save much trouble to those, who travel in search of vast expanses, to consider, that their object is not necessarily attained by climbing the highest tops: a mere hillock, commanding an horizon not intercepted by nearer inequalities, may overlook a greater distance and more complete circle, than is afforded elsewhere by an elevation of many times the measured height.

height. Llynfavaddon, immediately underneath, is a circumstance of peculiar effect, rarely to be met with in an inland prospect: its wide-spread surface is not rendered diminutive either by the mountain from which it is seen, or the large track of open country, with which it comes into comparison, but preserves its importance in the extended scale, as well as among the more private recesses of its own vicinity. The other principal landmarks are the ridge of black and lowering mountains south of Brecknock, closing up the south-west corner of the view at no great distance; the villages of Tredustan and Talgarth in the bottom; the undulating line of the Wye beyond, with Brunllys Castle on the Lunwy, the north-west probably bounded by the range of hills between Llandovery and Buallt afar off; while the champaign part of Radnorshire stretches due north as far as the eye will reach. The descent of the mountain affords that lively pleasure, which is always felt from seeing the forms of things enlarged to the capacity of the eye, and as it were their parts and limbs distinct, and liable to the ken of every sense, after having looked down on microscopically reduced objects, or wandered far over a maze of purple distance, in vacant astonishment. Nothing occupies the mind pleasurably for any length of time, but what we can handle and examine, what furnishes a groundwork for conjecture, a clue to fancy, or a link in the chain of argument.

On the summit of the next hill to Hatterel, is Dinas Castle, now level with the ground, excepting here and there some fragments of the wall; but nothing that in any degree gives an air of symmetry, or an idea of the ancient state to the observer; unless, indeed, an undigested heap may be said to convey a notion of that magnificence, which the materials possessed in their proper array. Nor can it be denied, that any large assemblage of loose parts, piled up or spread abroad without form or order, is of itself sufficient.

sufficient to inspire a sensation of awe, from a mere supposition of what they must have been, when employed in composition according to the principles of art. I am inclined to think, that if we could conceive for a moment Blenheim to be raised to the foundation, and the small detached fragments to be heaped together on the spot, our imaginations would form out of such a collection something at least as splendid as the present structure, and perhaps more perfect than the genius of Vanburgh was capable of designing. There are some traces here of a subterraneous passage, which tradition affirms to have communicated with Brunllys Castle in the vale, at the distance of at least two miles: but such improbabilities almost universally creep into vulgar belief, where places of defence are found to lie at all contiguous to each other. There is likewise a current tale, that the ruin of the castle was occasioned by the inhabitants setting fire to it, lest it should fall into the hands of an enemy, and become the instrument of their oppression.

On descending from these present haunts of mountain sheep, and ancient seats of unfociable and distrustful barons, the traveller arrives suddenly at a spot, the most incongruous and unexpected that can be conceived in these simple regions. He finds himself translated all at once to the Paragon, Prospect Place, Paradise Row, Mount Pleasant, or some such supreme court of finery, foppery, and folly, as occurs within a circle of five miles round London: a space which comprehends most of the architectural absurdities, and most of the horticultural deformities, to which a vitiated imagination has ever given birth. Yet does Trevecca seem, by combination, to have outdone them all. Here a Gothic arch! there a Corinthian capital! Towers, battlements, and bastions! peacocks cut in box, and lions hacked in holly! And who is it that has thus deluged his native country with bad taste? Is it a

nabob, an innkeeper, or a dancing-master, who, having contrived to raise a fortune by one of those trades, which often prosper where better fail, prudently determines to record the event, and raise a triumphal monument on the site of his honest father's humble cottage? Nay, verily: it is a preacher of the gospel, professedly of the strictest persuasion and most mortified habits. Howel Harris was born at Trevecca on the 23d of January, 1714. Having a respectable paternal estate in reversion, he was designed by his family for the church, and having received the rudiments of a classical education, was entered at St. Mary's Hall in Oxford; but he did not pursue or perfect those studies at the university, which might have given him rank and character among its members. When he was about the age of twenty-five, he began his career as an itinerant preacher, sacrificing all views of worldly aggrandizement to what he conceived to be his highest duty. But a total want of rationality in the pursuit miserably detracted from that approbation, which must otherwise have been extorted even from his opponents by the unquestionable respectability of the motive. He was the friend of Whitefield, with whom he afterwards quarrelled, and the first importer of the methodistical tenets and discipline into the principality, as Vavasor Powel had been among the first, to introduce the earlier and more respected modes of dissent. He actually officiated in the fields; but, after having undergone much persecution, and incurred some danger in his travels, he determined, being, as my landlady at Talgarth informed me, a man of deep religion, to establish a religious family at Trevecca, adopting it as his own, and devoting to it his patrimonial estates, with all the savings of a parsimonious life. With unaccountable inconsistency, he built a large and costly house, and laid out the grounds in the style I have before described. In this house, and on his own estate, he collected a number of families,

families, professing the same religious absorption of mind. He even purchased farms in the neighbourhood, and established manufactories, to as great an extent as his finances would admit, or opportunities presented themselves of laying out his money. The condition he imposed on those who joined his community was, that they should pursue their avocations of husbandry or trade solely for the benefit of the common stock, disclaiming all private property, or interference in the management of the joint capital, renouncing the society of strangers, and adhering punctually to the rigid observances of the family. The institution continued to flourish during his lifetime in almost a formidable degree. Their farms entirely supplied their numerous families dispersed over the estates; for the mansion-house was occupied by his own family and closer intimates. There was besides a large surplus for the markets; since their inflexible sobriety was considered to have the effect of making them good farmers, though the business was much interrupted by their unremitting prayers. They also manufactured, independent of other articles, large quantities of fine flannels, the quality of which was in high request all round the country, and large orders were executed for so distant a market as Bristol. Mr. Harris died in July, 1773. I have not been strictly correct in stating the produce of their labours as brought to a common stock, for it was all made over to him without controul, though exclusively and conscientiously applied to their use and the extension of the establishment. By his will, he bequeathed the whole of his possessions, hereditary and accumulated, to the maintenance of the family for ever on the strict principles of its foundation. He left two trustees, with regulations for the replacing them, who were to live in the house, receive the earnings of the people, conduct the pecuniary arrangements and devotional services, and in every respect exercise

that plenary authority, which he had himself preserved. He was married, and had a daughter, to whom he left nothing, except an apartment in the house, on the same terms as the others, if ever she chose to become a member of the family. It is, however, to be observed, in extenuation of what men of less deep religion will consider as injustice towards a deserving child, that her mother's fortune, not inconsiderable, rendered Miss Harris independent of her father. But this independence, and all worldly cares and possessions, she was to relinquish, if ever she came to Trevecca. It will readily be anticipated, that she did not make that election, when the reader is informed that she was married to a gentleman of Brecknock, of the name of Prichard, I believe before Mr. Harris's death.

There have been, within the recollection of persons residing at Talgarth, one hundred and forty efficient members of this extraordinary family, besides children: there are now not more than sixty; but the strict ritual of the place is still preserved; the character of industrious seclusion and eccentric fanaticism is sedulously maintained; and the visitor of Trevecca may see it now, as in the days of the founder. There is service in the house three times a day all the year round, the time of harvest not excepted: each person is allowed a certain proportion of absences, on the same plan as the attendance of chapel is regulated for the students in college, and if the number is exceeded, the offender loses the benefit of the institution, however reasonable may be his excuse, or urgent the plea of his necessity. The service, though so frequent, is very long; and a numerous attendance is by these regulations constantly secured. It were much to be wished, that it were better worth attending! I happened to arrive there, without any previous knowledge of the place or institution, about three o'clock on a Sunday, when a number of decently-dressed
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and well-behaved people were assembling, with whose manners on the outside of their chapel I was well pleased; but the inside exhibited such a melancholy exhibition of fanatical fatuity, as, happily for the honour of human intellect, is rarely to be met, but among these jumping enthusiasts. The speaker, for I will not insult the dignity of our establishment by considering him as a clergyman, had his face and head completely muffled with a red pocket-handkerchief tied under his chin. The cause of this might have been candidly ascribed to the tooth-ache, had I not observed at Brecknock and elsewhere, that the preachers of these degradedly methodistical and jumping sects, which would not be worth noticing in a work of this kind, were they not the unhappy growth of the soil, uniformly array themselves in a similar paraphernalia, probably in an ostentatious shew of squalid piety. The rest of his apparel was consistently mean; and all his air and manner indicated the lowest ignorance, though I could not judge of his language. Its effects, however, atoned in power for what it might want in elegance, or the means of rational conviction. The groans of his hearers, sometimes in a solo part, and sometimes in chorus, corresponded with the scarcely human contortions and ejaculations of the preacher. Some stood, some knelt, and some were stretched upon the floor in prostrate humiliation. I did not, however, stay for the animating sound of "Glory to the Lamb," lest the forgetfulness of superstitious enthusiasm, violating the laws of hospitality, might have compelled me also to join in the fantastic rites of light-heeled devotion. But I will no longer weary the patience of my reader on the habits of an institution, which has culled with scrupulous care all the absurdities and evils of the monastic life, except the prohibition of marriage, and at the same time passed a severe edict of exclusion against all its learning and utility. Mr. Harris had a brother, who made a
considerable

considerable fortune as an army taylor in London, which was, I believe, inherited by Mrs. Hughes, his niece, who has a very handsome mansion near Trevecca. The family are very much respected; and it is most unaccountable, that the zeal of a man, placed by birth and education in the most respectable class of society, should have degenerated into such unmeaning and irrational mummery. It is true, indeed, that the senatorial names of Wilberforce and Hill have graced the drivellings of pretended inspiration; but they have not condescended to countenance any thing quite so repugnant to common-sense, or so irreconcilable with the classical taste and elegant attainments of a gentleman. Since my return, I have heard accounts of Mr. Harris, not so favourable to the disinterested absurdity of his character and views. I know the imputations under which leaders of sects and parties labour from the misconstructions of their opponents, and pretend not to decide. It is certain that he extorted large sums from the deluded people among whom he travelled, as well as from the labours of his domestic fraternity. These went in aid of the establishment at Trevecca. The frugality and self-denial of his habits is also controverted; and his taste in building, which speaks for itself, corroborates in some measure the suspicion. His doctrine throughout the principality was, that those who came with his credentials were sent of God, and if they wanted a coat, a dinner, or a horse, the best in the possession of the believer was respectively to be furnished. But we are here at the very head-quarters of methodism, the capital of its empire in the principality. At Tredustan, close by Trevecca, is a college founded by Lady Huntingdon, for educating young men, to continue the succession of the ministry. But it is at present untenanted by pupils, though there is occasional service there: I shall therefore gladly dismiss it, without inquiring into the nature
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of its ordinances, which probably coincide with those established elsewhere by the zealous patroness.

Brunllys Castle is a little way to the left of the high road between Tredustan and Talgarth, on the banks of the river Lunwy; and embellishes the prospect very considerably. There is little remaining except a circular tower on an artificial eminence; but it is of remarkable height, and picturesquely circumstanced. There is a tradition respecting this castle, that Mahael, the ejected son of Barnard Newmarch, being on a predatory excursion, was entertained here by Walter de Clifford for one night. The building took fire, and Mahael, in attempting to escape, was crushed to death. The building may probably be ascribed to the Normans, on their first settlement in the county. The village of Talgarth is pleasantly situated, and rather neat; but has nothing interesting to detain the traveller.

Hay is a small town, on the confines of Radnorshire and Herefordshire. By the many antiquities here found, it appears to have been of some consequence in the time of the Romans; and experienced its share of martial vicissitudes in the contentious struggles between the native princes and the crown of England. When King John was prevented from taking the cross by the rebellion of his barons, Lhwelin ap Jorwerth availed himself of the confederacy, raised an army, and gained the town and castle of Shrewsbury without striking a blow. While he was thus employed, Giles de Bruse, Bishop of Hereford, and chief of the conspirators, seized the opportunity of establishing himself, at the same time that he promoted the views of the discontented Welsh and English. On his arrival in Brecknockshire, the people received him as their lord, and delivered to him the castles of Aberhodni, Hay, and Buallt. Lhwelin ap Jorwerth had been excommunicated by the Pope for taking up arms against King John, though but a
short

short time before he had been commanded to levy war, under peril of a similar sentence. The same authority compelled the Bishop of Hereford to make his peace, so that Lhewelin completely lost the benefit of his rapacious ally. But Giles de Bruse died at Gloucester, on his return homeward from the king, and his inheritance descended to his brother. Lhewelin's policy, in marrying his daughters into so formidable a house, reconciled their interests, and once more threw the wavering influence of these great proprietors into the scale of national independence. On the landing of the Dauphin, by the invitation of the English barons, King John fled to Hereford, and proposed reconciliation and friendly league with Lhewelin ap Iorwerth and the Bruses. On their contemptuous refusal, his misfortunes had not so far daunted his spirit, as to deter him from attempting some revenge; among the immediate fruits of which was the complete destruction of Hay Castle. It is to be understood, that the castle here referred to is the old Roman fortress, on the river's bank, near the church; the only vestige of which is a mound, with entrenchments. The castle on the summit of the eminence, on which the town stands, is of more modern date. A dwelling-house, now inhabited by the Wellington family, has been built out of the remains: but a Gothic gateway is still preserved, and the large stacks of antique chimnies give it a venerable aspect. The whole town formerly belonged to the Duke of Buckingham. Though small it is populous, and not without trade. There is a thread manufactory, and they make some flannel. There is a very rich, indeed a celebrated view, from the churchyard; but it has no very picturesque features. From Talgarth to Hay the country loses its mountainous character, and assimilates very closely with Herefordshire.

CHAPTER XII.

ABERLLYN..THREE COCKS..LLANGOED CASTLE..LLANDEVAILLOG
LLANVIHANGEL VECHAN....CASTLE MADOC....CHAPEL
 LLANGYNOG....SKYNOG WOOD....LAN DEWI 'R CWM....
 BUALLT.

THERE is nothing to be observed, beyond what such a river as the Wye must necessarily be supposed to afford on its banks, till you come near Aberllyn. Here the scene is in a style uncommonly gay, luxuriant, and beautiful. The meadows by the river side, the trim lawn of Maeslough opposite, on a gently rising slope, corn-fields, orchards, and all the delights of fertility and cultivation, detain the feasted eye. There is nothing that is grand, but every thing that is pretty. A large shop, kept by a man, a wool-stapler by trade, whose name is Morgan, is the grand emporium of the neighbourhood, and has enabled him to build a genteel house. The cultivation of his manners has kept pace with the advancement of his circumstances. He is courteous to strangers, much respected in the country, and well connected by marriage. Aberllyn is the mouth of the Lunwy, taking its course from Llynfavaddon, and joining the Wye at this place. There is, a little further onward, a very decent public-house, called the Three Cocks, with accommodation sufficient for any traveller, provided he be very modest in his demands: and just at that spot the river makes the most remarkable horse-shoe bend, in the whole extent of its long and sinuous course. There is one between Chepstow and Tintern Abbey, which is much noticed, because more seen; but this is

infinitely more retrograde, more curious and characteristic. The Wye, from the Hay to its source, much better deserves the attention of the picturesque traveller, than does the navigable part of it from Ross to Chepstow, which eloquent description and the transcripts of the engraver have occasioned to be so much frequented. But as I rather consider the Wye a child of Radnorshire, though it separates the two counties, I shall defer a more particular account of its scenery between Hay and Bualt, which must in some measure embrace both sides of the river, and for the present content myself with describing Llangoed Castle on its banks in Brecknockshire.

Llangoed Castle was purchased from Sir Edward Williams, Bart. by John Macnamara, Esq. barrister at law. It is within, and part of a great manor or lordship, the entire of which originally belonged to the ancient family of Wogan, who were Knights Templars. This family quitted Brecknockshire, and became lords of Wiston Castle in Pembrokehire. It is a fact as singular as true, that Mrs. Macnamara and her children are the only lineal descendants living from that original stock of Wogan; and that after a revolution of ages, in consequence of Mr. Macnamara's purchase, they again possess a moiety of the great manor and lordship, the Earl of Ashburnham being the proprietor of the other moiety. This estate runs in a direct line from the south-eastern extremity of Brecknockshire, nearly as far as Bualt, a length of twenty-seven miles, consisting of fifty-four thousand acres, including mountain and sheep-walks. It comprehends an almost unbounded variety of bold and picturesque landscape, while it invites the sportsman, who has more substantial pleasures in view, by the lure of game which abounds on its hills. The situation of the castle is close upon the Wye, and the grounds command one of its finest reaches. I question whether any spot
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can be named, where the habitable is more capable of being combined with the romantic. The present mansion is inconveniently irregular, and like most of the old houses in Wales, is so placed as to overlook the domain to the least possible advantage. Indeed, the whole premises had been neglected in Sir Edward Williams's time, till they had almost become a wilderness: but they are rapidly resuming an air of order and cultivation, under the management of Mrs. Macnamara, who, with a taste not common to ladies of fortune and fashion, hurries every season from the gaieties of London, to conduct the improvements, and even the farming concerns, of this her ancient seat. It would perhaps scarcely be believed, if the assurance was not derived from my own personal observation of the fact, that a lady so circumstanced could solely regulate and superintend a farm round the house of eighteen hundred acres, with which Mr. Macnamara, whose taste does not lie in the direction of agriculture, never interferes. He has been in possession of the estate between seven and eight years; and in that space of time, an overgrown and ruined extent of two miles along the banks of the Wye has been drained and levelled, while the quality of the soil has been improved and reclaimed almost from the condition of a bog, by the mixture of sand with the brick earth, and the more mucky materials of which the ground was composed. The road, which ran between the river and the house, has been taken in, and a new one carried considerably above the house on the other side; a bridge has been built for the county across the river Cletur, under the same auspices, where there had been none before; a commodious drive is made about the hilly part of the grounds, commanding good views of the dingles, with frequent bridges across the watercourses from the mountains; and a road is made on an inclined plane, to bring stone from the hills, and save the heavy labour of horses.

The present year will probably see the foundation of a new house laid, in a far preferable situation on the lawn. The gardens are already walled round. This place may be, and perhaps will be made, one of the first in Wales. A range of almost inexhaustibly wooded hills runs parallel with the Wye: but here they leave, what is not often to be found in mountain vallies, a very fine and sufficiently wide flat, for all the purposes of utility and comfort, admitting the introduction of minuter ornament among the grandly-folding draperies of nature. It frequently happens, that the occupiers of hilly districts pay dear for the pleasures and beauties of their short summer, in the snows or floods which imprison and half drown them in the winter. But at Llangoed Castle, ample space and ingenious contrivance have guarded against those deluging torrents, which sometimes threaten to carry all before them, when unrelieved by artificial conduits. There are some very beautiful dingles above the new road; while the bare summits of the hills overtop the woody clothing, and prevent those features of wildness from being lost in the luxuriance of fertility, and the tamer tendencies of methodical cultivation. The new house will be built rather high upon the lawn, which it will command; and the large round top of Hatterel at the extremity of the vista, though at the distance of several miles, will seem as if it were its immediate boundary. When the road passed by the river side, it must very much have confined these grounds, and almost have destroyed their beauty; but now, the magnificent and venerable oaks, which hang their wide-reaching arms over the water, and formerly spread their shade for the public traveller, are become a leading ornament of the homestead. In consequence of Mr. Macnamara's having purchased the fine woody hill on the Radnorshire side of the Wye, that noble and romantic river is as it were domesticated on the estate, and exhibits
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all its varied and contrasted features within the precincts of the pleasure-ground. Here a rapid and whitely-foaming current, rolling over a rocky and impeded bed; there a deep, dark pool, with scarcely an appearance of motion on its duskily transparent surface. It is seldom that such a stream, in its choicest part, can be commanded as the central attraction of a gentleman's domain. The character of the Wye about Llangoed Castle has been represented to me as very much resembling the Adige, with little or no inferiority. The Radnorshire banks are equally beautiful; and there is, at a little distance, a tremendously grand dingle, lying far from any thoroughfare, and therefore little visited, of which I should never have heard, but for the hospitable attention and local information of Mr. Macnamara. I apprehend the Earl of Ashburnham to have derived his title to the other moiety of this estate from the marriage of John Ashburnham with Bridget, only daughter and heiress to Walter Vaughan, Esq. of this county. John Ashburnham was created a baron on the accession of King William and Queen Mary. Mr. Wogan, who was an acting commissioner on the trial of King Charles the First, was of the family, transplanted from Brecknockshire to Wiston.

There is a direct road from Brecknock to Buallt, through the middle of the county, the distance about fifteen miles. I took that route in my summer excursion; and though it does not furnish the various entertainment of the wider circuit, it has some objects of curiosity, and some interesting points of view, perhaps the more alluring for being less within the beat of general observation. About two miles above Brecknock to the north-west, and on the top of a high hill, are the remains of a very large British encampment, which forms something of an oval figure, and is surrounded by three deep and broad entrenchments. It is the more singular, that we find no account of it in Leland, Camden,

or

or any of the great antiquaries, as there is not in the whole principality a more curious or better preserved specimen of British fortification. It occurs on the left side of the road, just opposite to where you see Llandevaillog on the right. There is an ancient monumental stone in the churchyard of Llandevaillog. The country hereabouts is woody and agreeable, exhibiting an abrupt succession of undulating hillocks and hollows, as far as Llanvihangel Vechan, about the fifth mile-stone, through which the " crystal Hodny" passes, and gives an air of rural elegance to what would otherwise be considered as a very miserable village. About a quarter of a mile further is Castle Madoc, an agreeable residence in a wild and romantic spot, belonging to a family of Powells, of which the Rev. Hugh Price, M. A. rector of Rettenden, and of Little Ilford in Essex, was till lately the representative. He was a clergyman of the establishment, and in every respect an ornament to his profession. He had enjoyed the friendship of Warburton, who frequently appointed him to preach in the cathedral of Gloucester, on public occasions, when persons of the first literary distinction composed his auditory. He was examining chaplain to Dr. Warburton's successor, the Hon. Dr. Yorke; on whose translation to Ely, the Bishop expressed a wish that Mr. Price would resign the chaplainship, that he might have an opportunity of filling up his number of chaplains from Cambridge, of which university he had been a member, and to the neighbourhood of which he was going to remove. He added, that he should not forget Mr. Price's claims to his professional attention. Soon afterwards, his lordship acquainted him by letter, that Rettenden, a valuable benefice in the Bishop of Ely's patronage, was vacant; and that on account of the situation being unhealthy, he had already obtained leave of non-residence from Dr. Lowth, then Bishop of London. Mr. Price resided on his living of Little Ilford, and

and only visited Castle Madoc occasionally, where he died in the month of June 1803. There is in the road at this place a remarkably large fycamore-tree. From Castle Madoc the old road is over the hills. For some little way the horse-path, and there is now no other, lies between hedges of wild roses, with other spontaneous flowers and plants, cool and refreshing. The ascent continues gradual for three miles, which in the language of the country is called a pitch. On the top there was nothing visible but the downs on which we travelled in dreary uniformity; and on looking back, the high mountains of the southern chain, with their tops lost in continually thickening clouds. Little does the reality accord with the superficial aspect of the scene; and a stranger advancing in a contrary direction would scarcely believe, that between these downs and Mounchdeny in the distance, a tract seemingly uninhabited, there was a rich vale concealed, with a county town, and all its periodical gaieties and bustle, for high and low, of races, fairs, and assizes. The journey continues as dreary as any thing that can be conceived, till you regain the turnpike road, which had wound round the hills, at Chapel Llangynog. Here is a steep hill to go down, with Skynog wood on a fine declivity, a grandly expanded vale on the right, and clumps of low-crowned hills in the front. When you arrive at the bottom of the hill, about Lan Dewi'r Cwm, the country, though dreary, is on the whole pleasing, because the dreariness is relieved by transient snatches of wood and cultivation. Within a mile of Buallt, at the bottom of another hill, there is an old and picturesque bridge over Dehonog river, which unites its stream with the Wye a little to the right. On the left is a very considerable fissure in the rock, through the portal of which the river forces its precipitous way in a foaming cascade, half intercepted and heightened in beauty by a wild and shrubby growth.

growth, starting from the crevices of the broken crags on each side.

The entrance to the town of Buallt this way is at the upper of the two parallel streets, built by a singular arrangement in rude terraces on the side of a steep declivity. This upper street is clean and comfortable; and the church, though without any pretensions to architectural character, is large and rather well looking. But the lower and most populous street is as fashionless, as miserable, and as dirty as any thing I have hitherto witnessed. It is indeed strange, that a position so unusually favourable, rising from one of the finest rivers in the principality, and attracting a numerous resort by the noted salubrity of its air and waters, as well as by the magnificence of its surrounding scenery, should have been so little improved. There are, indeed, a few good modern houses in the upper street, and the neighbourhood; but the town in general exhibits that air of impoverished and dilapidated antiquity, which so universally bespeaks the negligent and unambitious character of a thinly peopled country. The trade of Buallt extends no further than supplying necessaries to the neighbouring farmers and peasantry, who flock thither on the market days; but meat is exposed to sale in shops, every day in the week except Sunday: a circumstance which I believe is not known in any other town of Wales, nor in England, except in very populous places. The castle of Buallt was formerly of some consequence: we have before observed it to have been delivered into the hands of Giles de Bruse, Bishop of Hereford, and to have been detained in that family, not without umbrage to Lhwelin ap Jorwerth. In the year 1217, when Reynald de Bruse, who had joined most cordially with Lhwelin ap Jorwerth in opposition to King John, came to terms with Henry the Third clandestinely and contrary to his promise, the indignant prince
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turned his arms against his faithless ally, and spoiled him of all his possessions, except the castle of Buallt, which was so well provided with the means of defence, as to venture on resistance to the summons of its superior lord. In the year 1221, Reynald de Bruse was besieged in the same fortress by a party of Welsh lords; but King Henry, to whom he had remained constant, came with an army, and raised the siege. In the year 1260, Lhwelin ap Gruffyth took this castle in the night, without opposition or bloodshed, from Roger de Mortimer, who then possessed it, and adhered to the English king, contrary to his solemn promise. The fate of this prince, the last of that high-minded race, who contended even to death for their natural rights, is known to have been accelerated by the men of this town. At a little distance, on the Llandovery road, is Ceven y bedd, a farm house, built over his grave. There is a very handsome stone bridge over the Wye at this place, where the river, unfettered by confining rocks, sweeps over a small plain, surrounded by wood and mountains, in a broad and majestic channel. Just above Buallt, the Irvon joins the Wye, after having been reinforced by the three tributary streams of Dulas, Commarch, and Wevery. It is a very romantic river, and in its vale is situated Llanwrtid, where there is a medicinal well, of much efficacy and very considerable resort.

CHAPTER XIII.

RADNORSHIRE.

RADNORSHIRE is the middle of Wales, abounding with sheep on its mountains.

The principal river of this county is the Wye, which skirts it from north-west to south-east, constituting the boundary between Brecknockshire and Radnorshire. The first tributary flood of any consequence, that attends on its stream, is Clarwen, with Clarwy; receiving as they do the Eland into their united channels, before they join the Wye. This latter river in its progress is increased by the Ithon, drawing along with it Dulas, Clowedock, and Comran; all of which rise in Radnorshire; as do Edwy and Matchway, the last contributions the Wye derives from this county. The train of rivers that attends it from the Brecknockshire side is neither so numerous nor so productive of interesting scenery and speculations connected with the mythological antiquities of the principality. Their topography, as far as it was connected with the progress, that gave occasion to these remarks, has been delineated in the preceding chapter. The celebrity of the Wye was not less generally proclaimed, in ancient times, on the ground of mystical and superstitious sanctity, than it now is, for the pictures it presents, and the beauties it developes. The north-eastern and central parts of the county likewise abound in forests, which were once consecrated by all the natural awe of religious

religious institutions, and all the fictitious terrors of craftily pretended enchantment; though time has left few, if any remains of the machinery, by the mouldering fragments of which we are enabled in some other places to weigh the credulity of the disciples, against the wit and ingenuity of the instructors. Of these forests Drayton makes mention: and if we listen to Wye's speech in behalf of the Britons, we shall understand to what a length the joint authority of three attributes, formerly inseparable, poetry, prophecy, and magistracy, are supposed to have extended in ages, which so humble an obedience will scarcely allow of being called barbarous or untractable.

The wood-nymphs, so again, from the Radnorian side,
 As Radnor, with Blethaugh, and Knuckles forests, call
 To Wye, and bade her now bestir them, for them all:
 For, if she stuck not close in their distressed case,
 The Britons were in doubt to undergo disgrace,
 That strongly thus provok'd, she for the Britons says;
 "What spirit can lift you up, to that immortal praise
 You worthily deserve? by whom Gaul first was taught
 Her knowledge; and for her, what nation ever wrought
 The conquest you achiev'd? And, as you were most dread,
 So ye (before the rest) in so great reverence had
 Your bards which sung your deeds, that when stern hosts have stood
 With lifted hands to strike (in their inflamed blood)
 One bard but coming in, their murd'rous swords hath staid;
 In her most dreadful voice as thundring heaven had said,
 Stay, Britons; when he spake, his words so pow'rful were.
 So to her native priests, the dreadful druids here,
 The nearest neighbouring Gaul, that wisely could discern
 Th' effect their doctrine wrought, it for their good to learn,
 Her apt and pregnant youth sent hither year by year,
 Instructed in our rites with most religious fear."

"The discipline of those great philosophers, priests, and lawyers, called Druids, was first found out in this isle, and

afterwards transferred into Gaul; whence their youth were sent hither as to an university, for instruction in their learned professions: Cæsar himself is author of as much, Comment. 6. Although, in particular law learning, it might seem that Britain was requited, if the satirist deceive not in that:

Gallia caufidicos docuit facunda Britannos.—JUVENAL, Satyr. 15.

which, with excellent Lipsius, I rather apply to the dispersion of the Latin tongue through Gaul into this province, than to any other language or matter. For also in Agricola's time, somewhat before, it appears that matter of good literature was here in a far higher degree than there, as Tacitus in his life hath recorded. Thus hath our isle been as mistress to Gaul twice. First, in the institution of their now famous university of Paris; which was done by Charlemain, through the aid and industry of our learned Alcuin (he is called also Albin, and was sent ambassador to the Emperor by Offa, King of Mercland), seconded by the Scots, John Mailros, Claudius Clement, and Raban Maurus. But I know the great men permit it not; nor can I see any very ancient authority for it, but infinite of later times, so that it goes as a received opinion; therefore without more examination in this no more fit passage, I commit it to my reader.

“Such strange assertion find I in story of these bards powerful enchantments, that with the amazing sweetness of their delicious harmonies, not their own only, but withal their enemies armies have suddenly desisted from fierce encounters; so did Mars reverence the muses. This exactly continues all fitness with what is before affirmed of that kind of music; betwixt which (and all other by authentic affirmance) and the mind's affections there are certain *Μυνηματα*, as in this particular example is apparent.”—Selden.

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The eastern part of Radnorshire is, upon the whole, a fine and beautiful country; but it has nothing uncommon in its landscapes, its buildings ancient or modern, or any of those local objects, by which in districts, more decisively marked by art or nature, the spectator may trace the outline of character, while he surveys the geographical position. The Lug is the principal river on this side, which rises in the interior of the county, and quits it for Herefordshire at Prestain. Afterwards, at Lemster, it takes in the Arro, the source of which is likewise in Radnorshire.

Offa's dike passes along the eastern boundary of this county, near Knighton. Its extent and geography have been mentioned in a former chapter: its use and purpose are too well known, to need elucidation. Drayton ushers in the eighth song of his *Polyolbion*, with an allusion to the uncertainty, in which the definition of its limits was involved in after times, as well as to the encroaching spirit of the English, who, while the countries remained separate, broke in upon their neighbours, wherever the evidence of the visible boundary became defective through time and neglect.

To Salop when herself clear Sabrina comes to shew
And wisely her bethinks the way she had to go,
South-westward cast her course; and with an amorous eye
Those countries whence she came surveyeth (passing by)
Those lands in ancient times old Cambria claim'd her due,
For refuge when to her th' oppressed Britons flew;
By England now usurp'd, who (past the wonted meers,
Her sure and sovereign banks) had taken sundry shires,
Which she her marches made: whereby those hills of fame
And rivers stood disgrac'd; accounting it their shame
That all without that mound which Mercian Offa cast
To run from north to south, athwart the Cambrian waste,
Could England not suffice, but that the struggling Wye
Which in the heart of Wales was sometime said to lye,
Now only for her bound proud England did prefer.

Radnorshire

Radnorshire is generally considered, in a picturesque point of view, as the least interesting of the Welsh counties. If this is to be understood as applying to it on the whole, it is undoubtedly true; for both its grandeur and beauty are, with a few exceptions, confined to its western side, on a narrow edge of the Wye, opposite Brecknockshire, and to that north-western nook, which touches upon the counties of Montgomery and Cardigan, and participates in the irrefragable majesty of their character. But Radnorshire, independently of the Wye, has insulated scenes, which vie with any thing to be found in the whole compass of the district that surrounds it. I need only mention the dingle, through which the Matchway runs, the vale of Edwy, and the beauties of Cwmeland, to illustrate the truth of my assertion. In the two last especially are realised those apparent contrarieties of luxuriance and barrenness, sylvan decoration and leafless horror, the blended description of which, in works of fancy, we are apt to criticise as out of nature. They certainly are so for the most part, and our poets, to say nothing of our painters, cannot easily be acquitted of dealing in them too profusely and indiscriminately. But they do exist as exceptions to a general rule; and here, seem almost to introduce the traveller into fairy land; particularly if his spirits have become languid, and the elasticity of his expectations has been slackened, by toiling over the eastern division of the county, where his imagination is neither kept alive by what is grand, nor his speculations as a philosopher or economist excited by the improvements of science, working on the higher capabilities of nature.

The proportion of mountain to vale is probably less than in any county of Wales, excepting Pembrokehire; and the quantity of land in cultivation, compared with that which is unbroken, is certainly greater than in most, on a fair estimate of their respective dimensions.

dimensions. The mountains of Radnorshire are for the most part low and broad-crowned, so that they might be convertible to purposes of husbandry, if there was not already a larger proportion of ground in tillage, than the confined knowledge and deficient activity of the natives can turn to a lucrative account. The appearance of the farms, therefore, is in too many places impoverished and hungry; but this is injuriously attributed to nature; for the most intelligent and experienced inhabitants aver the quality of the soil to be in general good, though its tendency to fertility is kept down by slovenly management, local prejudices, and indolent habits, arising from the want of any adequate incentive to emulation. They can live, as their fathers have lived before them, and they have no desire to live better. The consequence of an agricultural system so imperfect is, that they depend principally on their sheep; and this, rather than any intrinsic difference, is the reason why the price of good land in the heart of Radnorshire bears so very disproportionate a relation to the current price in the adjoining counties of Herefordshire and Shropshire. Cattle and sheep are such staple articles, that the rate at which farms let is very much governed by their possessing or not possessing right of mountain: and as the best land for tillage in general is not that which lies contiguous to these black and barren mountains, this circumstance occasions the apparent absurdity, that some of the best land in the county is let at a lower rent than some of the worst. Such discouragements to the occupation of the more even and fertile districts, arising from the difficulty of consulting the general interests of agriculture, without sacrificing local objects, to which long cherished opinions, confirmed by the experience of partial benefit, have attached importance, must continue to depress the improvement and consequent value of land below the average standard of the times and of the country at large.

But

But more extensive and unprejudiced views, a broader calculation of advantages and disadvantages, a less servile adherence to established maxims, and a less timid investigation of their merits, are making way, though slowly, in these remote regions. Something like a spirit of adventure is stirring; and the men of Radnorshire begin to try, whether they cannot wipe off from their country the stigma of barrenness and poverty. It may doubtless be questioned, whether the progress of agricultural speculation, which has of late years so greatly enhanced the price of land, will ultimately benefit any part of the community except the individual proprietors, or even them. I do not affect a sufficient understanding of the subject to solve that doubt; but it has generally been thought, that the narrow education of ordinary farmers, with their consequent susceptibility of prejudice and dread of innovation, is extremely unfavourable to improvement. If this be true, the recent changes in the general appreciation of land, and modes of managing it, tend to counteract the disadvantages stated, in this respect: the farmer is obliged, undoubtedly at some risk to himself, to deviate from the safe and indolent systems of his predecessors, that he may obtain returns proportioned to the increased demands of his landlord; while the experimental efforts of gentlemen, who can afford to fail in those efforts better than he can, set up for him a sort of beacon, to guide him in a path, which it might be dangerous to explore without assistance. It is only necessary to travel through the six counties, to which these pages are devoted, to be convinced that the farming of gentlemen must be beneficial to the public, whatever it may be to themselves. The Welsh husbandry is described by all writers as generally backward: Radnorshire is instanced as particularly so; yet those, who have beheld the effects resulting from the efforts of two or three gentlemen, happening to live near each other, in a part of the county apparently most untractable,

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untractable, which a few years ago was literally a wilderness, cannot but be convinced, that so magical a transformation could not have been effected but under the auspices of gentlemen. Those tracts on the contrary, which present no obstacles to the success of cultivation, languish under an ignorant, lifeless, and parsimonious system, because the resident gentry, whose advice and example might impart energy to the habits of the common farmer, are very thinly scattered.

When I have represented the rate of land in Radnorshire as comparatively low, I of course exclude the immediate banks of the Wye, where, being of similar quality, and under similar circumstances, it is equal in value to that on the Brecknockshire side. It is indeed a general complaint among the inhabitants, and, if the ground of complaint be any thing more than a partial evil, overturns the foregoing arguments, that the introduction of modern and English principles, though slow, has already taken from the county its character of cheapness. This may be disastrous to individuals, whose convenience has induced them to select what they hoped to find an economical retirement. But if this enhancement arises, not from a diminished, but an increased produce, which, instead of being consumed, as formerly, almost within the parish where it was raised, finds its way, in the spirit of commercial enterprise, to more distant markets, the community is benefited. It is better that a constant and plentiful supply should be secured to the country at large, and particularly to the populous towns, by a facilitated vent for the superfluities of less populous districts, than that there should here and there be a cheap retreat for persons of narrow income, embarrassed circumstances, or penurious habits. With respect to the natives, the farmer or the gentleman gets more, if he spends more, and the labouring poor must be enabled to live by their employers. Neither have
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they lived worse, but better, since the pressure of the times has compelled the higher classes to look more closely into their situation. The impending fear of actual scarcity, by which we were alarmed some time ago, has taught us to consider price as an object of indifference, compared with the certainty of plenty. The late scarcity has produced many good, and we may hope permanent effects. It has led us to inquire more anxiously than before, how the fruits of the earth may be most profitably used, as well as most copiously produced; and it has brought an unprecedented proportion of ground into tillage. Thus has abundance, though not cheapness, been restored to the craving necessities of an increased population. But should a temporary glut, in consequence of propitious seasons following one another in unusual succession, produce a depreciation to the former standard, though the vulgar might rejoice for the moment, a reaction would commence, the farmer would be unable to pay his high rents, capital and labour would be diverted into other channels, the interests of agriculture would suffer, and a few more years bring back the danger and dread of real want.

The language of Radnorshire is almost universally English. In learning to converse with their Saxon neighbours, they have forgotten the use of their vernacular tongue. It is uncommon to meet with a peasant who understands Welsh. The angle of the county beyond Rhayader to the north-west is however to be excepted, where the few scattered people speak nothing else. But the features and character of this corner participate entirely in those of Cardiganshire. It may indeed appear probable, that the people in the east of Radnorshire are not Welshmen, who by vicinity and intermarriages have gradually changed their speech for one more fashionable, but that they are the direct descendants of the English Marchers, the Mortimers, the Audelegs, the
Cliffords,

Cliffords, the Leiburns, the L'estrangle's, and the Turbervils, with their rapacious followers, who occupied the limits between England and Wales, and were pouring in upon the natives of the Welsh shires, from Hereford, Shropshire, and the English part, on every slight pretence of licentiousness, disaffection, or danger. By these means they might have driven the aboriginal Britons still further into the mountainous district, and have established themselves in their seats. I merely offer this as an alternate supposition, having never heard or seen the discontinuance of the Welsh language in Radnorshire accounted for. After all, the circumstances which occasioned it may be well known. The character of the people accords with that of the Welsh in general, though their tongue differs. They speak English with very few vulgarisms, and with remarkably little of provincial accent. They are also remarkably figurative in their phrases and expressions. They grow a good deal of corn in the east, and appear to live with full as much freedom and comfort as the people of Brecknockshire, and much more than those of Cardiganshire. Their cottages in general seem to be substantially weather-proof, though they have not the superior cleanliness and convenience of those in Glamorganshire. Sheep have already been mentioned as remarkably numerous in this county, and they constitute the chief support of the industrious poor. There are no large manufactories established, but the people make a sufficient quantity of coarse cloth, flannel, and stockings, for their own use. The woods and hills abound with game, and the county has been celebrated, almost two centuries ago, for its deer.

Heaps of stones, promiscuously thrown down, are very common on the Radnorshire mountains. Their probable origin and purposes have already been discussed. They are found in various situations and of different dimensions. They are always circular, and

generally highest in the middle. Their diameter is frequently from sixty to seventy feet.

Prestain is at present the principal town in the county, where all public business is transacted. It rose into eminence under the patronage of Martin, Bishop of St. David's, about the close of the thirteenth century, and, as New Radnor declined, became the capital. Old Radnor had been burnt nearly a century before, and about a century after, in the time of the rebellion against Henry the Fourth, New Radnor shared the same fate, and has never been restored.

This county is not distinguished by the birth of many eminent persons. Prestain has to boast of one man, in no mean degree of respect as a divine in his day. Richard Lucas, whose father was also of the same name, became a student of Jesus College, Oxford, in Lent term 1664, at the age of sixteen years. He took his degrees in arts, and entered into holy orders. He was for some time master of the free-school at Abergevenni, and was afterwards preferred to the vicarage of St. Stephen's, Coleman street, in London, where he became highly popular as a preacher. His acceptable performance of his functions gained him the lectureship of St. Olave's in Southwark, in October 1683, in the room of Dr. John Meriton, who was deprived of his ecclesiastical honours and emoluments on the ground of fanaticism. Here he improved the professional reputation he had before acquired, and courted the fame of an author, by publishing several sermons and theological tracts, which were very well received at the time. They have not indeed immortalised him, except in the folios of Anthony Wood. But it may be doubted, whether the popular theologians of modern times, however they may triumph in their ephemeral honours, may not be consigned by the next generation to the same shelf with the Oxford writers. Nor need they despise their
company.

company. If a succinct and agreeable mode of communicating knowledge has been the characteristic of the century just elapsed, labour and learning marked that which preceded it. But it is in vain to think of building a literary renown out of controversy, whether political or religious: an author can only gain the ear of a party among his contemporaries; and posterity is called off to other disputes, and a new race of polemics. Mr. Lucas afterwards took the degree of doctor in divinity. The merit of his proficiency was the greater, as he had to struggle with the disadvantage of very imperfect eye-sight in his youth, and became totally blind, by the time he had reached the middle period of life.

The roads that pass through the middle of Radnorshire are remarkably good, wherever it has been my fortune to travel over them. It is not therefore owing to any highway obstacles, that this county is so little travelled. It is a remarkable circumstance, illustrative of the retirement, to which the natives of these mountains are doomed, that there is only one public carriage kept in Radnorshire, a postchaise at Rhayader. In the adjoining county of Cardigan, there are chaises kept at Aberistwid and the Havod Arms; but none at the town of Cardigan, though the assizes are held there, nor any where else in the county. Neither is there any postchaise at Pembroke, though a county town. A party, who want to go from Aberistwid to Caermarthen, must be condemned to perform the journey with the same chaise and the same horses, a distance of about fifty miles over very bad roads.

The custom of dancing in the churchyard, at their feasts and revels, is universal in Radnorshire, and very common in other parts of the principality. Indeed, this solemn abode is rendered a kind of circus for every sport and exercise. The young men play
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at fives and tennis against the wall of the church. It is not however to be understood that they literally dance over the graves of their progenitors. This amusement takes place on the north side of the churchyard, where it is the custom not to bury. It is rather singular, however, that the association of the place, surrounded by memorials of mortality, should not deaden the impulses of joy in minds, in other respects not insensible to the suggestions of vulgar superstition.

It may perhaps appear, as if I had represented in too strong colours the loneliness of a district, contiguous to Shropshire and Herefordshire; but I shall be borne out in my assertion, on a comparison of the space which it occupies in the map, with the return of its population to the inquiries instituted by authority, at less than twenty thousand.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLYRO....LLOWES....GLASBURY BRIDGE....MAESLOUGH....
BOUGHROOD....THE SKREEN....LLANDILOGRABAN....LLYN
LLANBYCHLLYN..ABEREDWY CASTLE...CREGRINA...COLWYN
CASTLE...LLYN LLANILLYN, A LARGE POOL...HARPTON...
NEW RADNOR..LLANVIHANGEL NANT MELON..LLANDEGLES
...FALDAN..PENYBONT..LLANDRINDOD WELLS..CEVENLLEES
...LAN PADERN VAWR...NANTMEL....ABBY CWM HIR....
LLANELWETH HOUSE...ITHON BRIDGE...LLWYN Y BARRIED
...RHAYADER...CWMELAND...LLYN GWYN.

THE nearest village in Radnorshire to Hay, at the south-eastern extremity, is Clyro. There may be seen here, on a headstone in the churchyard, the very great age of two hundred and nineteen. The fact will of course be doubted; but there is no person in the parish, who can object to the truth of what appears on this stone. The village of Llowes has nothing very remarkable attached to it; but a village near the Wye in Radnorshire cannot be otherwise than pleasing. The reader will observe that I am taking him from the Hay, on the other side of the river, towards Buallt, and reviewing, from opposite points, the scenery that has been before described. The first very variegated and engaging scene is at Glasbury Bridge. Here you look from the grounds of Maesflough, which from the opposite side is the most distant object, to Aberllyn and the Brecknockshire hills. Mr. Morgan's premises form a gay and pleasing feature of the prospect; perhaps more so than the

trim pretensions of Maesflough, when viewed from the neat habitation of the woolstapler. The country is altogether in the first style of beauty, but a beauty very different from what usually characterises Wales. The Wye here puts on its milder aspect. It meanders without impediment; its verdant banks slope gently; the meadows are rich, and the cattle sleek; the wood, dispersed in clumps, sometimes fringes the river's brink, and sometimes recedes, to afford an opening for those pastoral beauties, which enter so conspicuously into the character of the landscape. The bridge itself imparts, by its own elegance, an air of elegance to every thing surrounding it. As a work of art, it has already been mentioned in the biographical sketch of its builder. With respect to Maesflough, it looks pretty from a distance, and seems to affect the style of a villa on the banks of the Thames. But when you come up to it, it rather disappoints than gratifies; for you expect something in addition to what the distant view presented; some more retired beauties, accessible only on a closer examination: but you find that a lawn and shrubbery, a house and offices, gardens and hot-houses, the ordinary achievements of wealth in less favoured spots, make up the whole. The house is by no means a good one. It is the property of Mr. Wilkins, member of parliament for the county, who is a very constant resident, but with less popularity, than generally awaits the resident gentry of these parts.

The road on this side of the river is not turnpike, and very bad. It is no where fit for a carriage, and I believe will not admit of one between Aberedwy and the bridge at Buallt. But to horse or foot travellers, it is, if possible, more interesting than the Brecknockshire side. The scenery seems to lie better under the eye. There are ferry-boats stationed all the way up, in the deep and tranquil parts: those who wish to explore minutely, will take
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every opportunity of crossing, that they may view the various appearances of the country on either side. For this purpose, I ferried over the river seven times in the space of twenty miles between Hay and Buallt. The way from Macslough passes sometimes between hedges, and sometimes open to the river, through a sylvan country, as far as Boughrood, where there is a ferry, opposite the water-gate of Llangoed Castle. The village of Boughrood is beautifully embosomed in wood, and sheltered by moderate hills; while the more aspiring ridge on the other side, that skirts the lawn of Llangoed, contrasts agreeably with the quieter and more modest recommendations of the humble hamlet. It is well worth while to cross Boughrood ferry, though you should return immediately, for it carries you just in front of the remarkable horseshoe before described, and exhibits altogether one of the finest scenes upon the Wye. The depth and stillness of the water, its green hue and glassy surface, are all opposed to the bold and rocky channel above and below, the shallow and perturbed course of the stream, rippling noisily over its impeded bed, and dashing its whitened spray into the air; here a narrow and unfathomable gullet, there a broad ledge of rocks, occasionally rough and broken, that form the flooded swell into innumerable cascades. At the other end of Mr. Macnamara's premises, he has stationed a second boat, close by a spot in no respect less interesting. Looking down the river, you have a very considerable reach, sometimes placid and sometimes turbulent, overhung on either side by majestic woods, shelving from the water's edge. At this place, the Cletur enters the Wye from Brecknockshire, and the Matchway from Radnorshire, directly opposite each other. The dingles through which they run, particularly the latter, are in the wildest style possible. The hills that bound those dingles branch out on each side into a sort of semicircle, and the mountains close in

upon the Wye beyond, contracting the vale almost into another dingle. The extremes of nakedness and luxuriance seem here to meet; but the nakedness is magnificently formidable, and the luxuriance too strongly contrasted to be cloying. There are few scenes perhaps more uncommon than the dingle of the Matchway. It lies much out of the convenient beat, for those who make regular stages: but I would advise every curious traveller to see it, though I will promise him any thing except pleasure from the sight. The first effort is to climb a mossy hill, almost perpendicular, without either tree or rocky protuberance, to relieve the eye, or assist and secure the footing. As the habitable borders of the Wye become evanescent, the whole scene assumes an aspect of dreary grandeur. It approaches nearer to what may be denominated savage, than any thing that I have seen of its kind; and well accords with the stories current, of the horrors transacted in its recesses. For a time, some scanty brushwood communicates a degree of ornament to the dingle; but even that fails, and the naked, perpendicular sides inspire ideas of real danger, as well as of imaginary dread. After having traversed the slippery ridge for some time, it becomes necessary to descend, in order to command a point of view, in which are concentrated all the rudely-shaped eccentricities of nature, with all the mysterious gloom of vulgar and traditional ascription. The descent is much more difficult than at the Devil's Bridge; as there is nothing to break its too great rapidity, but here and there a stump, some fibres of roots, or a previous footstep, indenting the smooth surface. Mr. Macnamara's servant, who was my guide, and a native of the neighbourhood, performed it with a dexterity and ease, only to be acquired by early habit. The black earth, with here and there a stray blade of grass, or tuft of moss, was so parched, as to become completely glazed by the long drought. He therefore placed both his feet

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together, and slid down as if upon the ice, till he gained a resting-place, where he could assist the more ignoble efforts of his follower. The dingle here is apparently terminated by a tremendous rock, rising athwart the stream, on the top of which are the foundations of some very ancient and rude structure. I have not been able to trace any authentic account of its history; for it is not mentioned by any of our professed antiquarians, ancient or modern; nor have the peculiarities of its situation fallen in with the route of any lighter tourist. We have therefore no resource, but to extract sense and probability, if we can, from the ignorant and marvellous relations of the common people, who delight in imposing on strangers a tenfold share of those local fictions, by which at once their own credulity is fed, and the importance of their long-departed forefathers, in the evanescent history of an absorbed kingdom, is collaterally amplified. Even its vernacular appellation is lost. It is now only known as the Castle of the Black Rock; which is rather a description, than a name. The story is, that one of their very ancient princes had a castle here, where he kept his prisoners; and that he gratified the magnanimous propensities of his nature, by hurling them, in rotation, from the top of the rock into the dark pool below. If such really was the spirit of his recreation or revenge, his choice of a theatre, on which to act the ferocious scene, must at least be conceded to have been appropriate and happy. Were it not treason against nature, we might suppose her to have acted in concert with his wishes: no shelving declination from the perpendicular, no shrubby growth of the slenderest twigs, branching from the riven side of the dwarfishly fructified rock, interferes with the dreadful certainty, that the victim, who might have survived the violence of his first projection, must reach the alternate death awaiting him, in the watery gulph, to which he

precipitately tends. But after all, is it true? The spot seems admirably adapted to the purpose described, and it is difficult to assign any other. It is surrounded by higher ridges, which command it. Scarcely within the verge of military operations, and certainly not of a complexion harmonizing with the pompous resort of political establishment, it stands insulated, and as it were ready made, for the perpetration of any gloomy suggestions, engendered by the solitary devices of a tyrannical and gloomy temperament. This is among the few places in South Wales where wild goats are met with in any numbers.

After having descended from the loftier sides of the dingle, and examined these terrific foundations, which spread a deeper tint of moral gloom over the natural darkness of the picture, the bed of the river is approached with considerable difficulty, by a second descent, and forded in front of the black rock, by stepping on the more elevated stones that encumber the uneven channel. Here a narrow ledge, on the brink of a deeply-worn pool, conducts you, bending double under a mass of overhanging rock, to a singular fall of the Matchway, which projects itself angularly from behind the castle, as it finds its way from the upper valley to the lower. The fall is considerable; probably about thirty feet. Its position and circumstances are eminently grand, though all its features are of a revolting cast. The rocks on each side of the fissure so nearly close in upon each other, that in the brightest weather the light is nearly excluded from the basin, formed by the attrition of the water: while the sun-beams are playing on the upper part of the cascade, it is so placed, that the lower is scarcely, if at all, visited by the enlivening influence of the day, associated, as it is accustomed to be in our minds, with a train of cheerful ideas. The deficiency of rock in general throughout this scene, and the substitution of a dark and crumbling soil, serve only

only to increase the effect of its collected strength in this place. But a prospect, rude and unchaftised, in an atmosphere damp with spray, and unmedicated by a free and elastic current, renders it desirable to quit the object of our curiosity soon, though we have laboured hard to approach it at all. The sharp angle of the black rock prevents the cataract from being fully seen, and its interest is heightened by the circumstance. On returning by the northern side of the river, the sides of the dingle appear magnificently lofty and abrupt, but drearily barren. The ascent is at first extremely difficult, but the difficulty is sooner surmounted than on the southern side.

After regaining the banks of the Wye, the next object that presents itself is The Skreen, a pleasing spot, and in some measure remarkable, as being the family estate of Mrs. Harris, and the fortunate inheritance which rescued her daughter from the necessity of a conventual profession at Trevecca. Llandilograban is a small chapelry, dedicated to St. Telean, a patron of Llandaff. This is close by Llyn Llanbychllyn, the largest lake in Radnorshire. It is smaller than Llynfawaddon by one third, and its shape much more formal, as well as its accompaniments less interesting. It is by no means so picturesquely situated as Llyn Gwyn in this county, though its dimensions considerably exceed those of the latter. It may perhaps be less worth while to deviate from the beaten track, to visit this lake, than any other in the principality. These characteristics of South Wales were little observed by the older antiquaries.

Aberedwy Castle and its neighbourhood, while closely connected with Cambrian history, afford picturesque objects the most attractive, to fix and detain, as well as engage, the attention. The village is denominated from its situation at the mouth of the Edwy, where that river falls into the Wye. Such situations are
favourable

favourable both to beauty and grandeur, and in no instance more so, than in the present. The castle is so placed, as in a great measure to command both streams. It belonged to Lhewelin ap Gruffyth, the last independent Prince of Wales, and was his last refuge. It would appear, indeed, as if the Prince's affairs were not in a desperate situation, at the time of his death, and that he might still have been at least troublesome to Edward, but for the treachery of his unworthy countrymen. His friends had, it is true, been overthrown by the king's party, though even there the victory was purchased by the loss of William de Valence, a promising youth, and cousin to Edward. In the mean time, Lhewelin ap Gruffyth had laid waste the country of Cardigan, and spoiled the lands of Rees ap Meredith, who sided with the English in the war. After this exploit, he unfortunately quitted his army with a few friends, and came to Bualt, which he had taken from the Mortimers. In his castle of Aberedwy he designed to have remained in quiet and obscurity for a time, plotting with the neighbouring chieftains the deliverance of their country. As he passed by the banks of the Wye, in his way from Bualt to Aberedwy, he fell in with Edmund Mortimer's party, who, as natives, recognized their lawful prince. Such, however, was their respect for his person, that, though attended only by his esquire, he was suffered to gain the valley of Aberedwy without interruption, and there held his intended conference with the Welsh lords. The enemy had obtained intelligence of his position, and had recovered from the reverential embarrassment into which his first appearance had thrown them. They descended from the hill, but found the bridge over the Edwy, near the mouth, securely kept, and its passage manfully defended, by Lhewelin's adherents. The traitors of Bualt, as they have ever since been denominated, then led the English to a ford, across

across which they sent a detachment, under the command of Walwyn, a gentleman of Hay, some remains of whose palace are still to be seen there. Walwyn thus gained possession of the prince's retreat, and attacked the defenders of the bridge in the rear, but not till after Lhewelin had made his escape. The snow was on the ground; and the tradition of the neighbourhood is, that he adopted the stratagem of reversing his horse's shoes, to deceive his pursuers; but the smith, to whom he had recourse, betrayed the circumstance to the enemy, so that it was with difficulty he reached a narrow dingle, and there concealed himself. As far as I have been able to learn, the historians do not record the stratagem, though they agree substantially in the relation of the general facts. He was not very far from his main army, to which he was lying in wait to escape, when he heard the noise of horsemen, surrounding the grove that gave him shelter. He was unarmed and disguised; but Adam Francton, I believe, a common soldier, put him to death without knowing the value of his prey. The few friends, who had followed him in his flight, unacquainted with the melancholy catastrophe, stood their ground, and fought boldly for some time, but were at length overpowered by numbers, and compelled to quit the field. The victorious English began plundering the dead of the valuables about their persons, when Francton recognized his victim, whose head he sent to the king at the Abbey of Conway. It was received with savage triumph, and indecently exhibited to the populace on the tower of London.

The ruin, as it at present stands, is interesting, both in itself, and on account of its concomitant circumstances. The most perfect part, and that of no great extent, is the wall, surmounting the hill, as it rises at once, and almost perpendicularly, from the Wye. There is little remaining of the front towards the village.

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The space which it occupied seems not to have been at any time very considerable. The wildness of the spot, so striking even in these days, renders it likely to have been used as a hunting-seat, when the prince wished to throw off the parade of state, and as a concealment in adversity.

After having passed the bridge, just by the confluence of the two rivers, a path on the right leads up a hill, and to the top of a rock above the Edwy, which bears evident marks of having constituted a part of the fortification. Here is one of the most romantic scenes, within the compass of these observations. Both rivers are enclosed between high towering rocks, clothed half-way up with an entangled and forest-like foliage, while the summits of the ridges are broken into points, projections, crags, rude pillars, erect and diminishing, or inverted, with all the wild and fantastical architecture of creation, at once the model and reproach of human art. At the angle of the cliff, which separates the valley of the Wye from the dingle of the Edwy, a huge columnar mass of rock stands disjointed, except at the top, where it is united with the main body by, as it were, a moulding or architrave which maintains it in the perpendicular from its base. Its elevation above all that surrounds it, with the azure of the distant sky appearing through the interstice, while it imparts a character of Alpine majesty, associates ideas and recollections, though foreign, not uncongenial with the scene. I have more particularly described this, as the most lofty and remarkable, but similar perforations meet the eye in every direction, and indicate the most durable conformations in nature to be incapable of resisting the power of time, and the rage of tempests. The channel of the Wye is at right angles with that of the Edwy, so that a long reach of scenery on the former is comprehended both ways, as well as the grand, but narrow defile of the river, over whose rocky current
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the spectator is impending. Almost close by the foundations, whence I suppose the general view to be taken, are the church and church-yard. The view from the latter, including part of the village, with the mill, is exquisitely beautiful.

It shuts out all of the Wye, except the line of mountain ridge that designates its course: but the loss is amply compensated by our being introduced to a nearer acquaintance with the delicious features of the Edwy. This church-yard has a great deal of character in itself, as well as what it derives from the surrounding objects. There are two uncommonly large yew-trees, evidently of very great age, but in unimpaired luxuriance and preservation, under the shade of which, an intelligent clergyman of the neighbourhood informed me, that he had frequently seen sixty couple dancing, at Aberedwy feast, on the fourteenth of June. The boughs of the two trees intertwine, and afford ample space for the evolutions of so numerous a company within their ample covering. The scene on this occasion must be highly curious to an English spectator. To convert the resting place of the dead into a theatre for the festivities of the living, is considerably at variance with the common feeling; but it may be doubted, whether the practice is repugnant to any thing better than prejudice or superstition. That the popular eye should neither be disinclined nor afraid to encounter objects in the moment of recreation, which may call to mind departed friends, or the idea of mortality in general, need not in candour be construed into levity or prophanation. Yet all contradictions to his own habits and customs, strike the mind of a stranger, while a numerous and happy assembly on a spot whose natural desolation seems augmented by the mouldering vestiges of the times that are gone by, connects the simple pleasures of rustic society with the reclusive and romantic features of the scene.

The village is mean, but its situation compensates for the

absence of all other charms. You enter it from the church-yard, and wind down the steep declivity of its little street, to the water's edge opposite the mill, which, with its accompaniments, forms one of those subjects most delightful to the eye, and most favourable to the pencil of an artist. There are few of the great masters in landscape painting, who have not indulged in some such delineation; nor will the most admired specimens on canvas, whether representing portraits of individual nature, or compositions from various draughts of selected beauty, excel in pleasurable effect upon the mind the circumstances of this accomplished spot.

The place derives an additional interest and importance, from having attracted and fixed the early studies of a painter, considerably approved in his department, and a native of the neighbourhood. Thomas Jones was a younger son of a gentleman, possessing a landed estate of some few hundreds a year in Radnorshire, near Aberedwy. This estate was to descend in the common course to the eldest son: but as there was an uncle who had signified his intention of providing for the youngest, by the bequest of his personal property, he was educated for the church, and, in pursuance of that destination, kept regular terms for two years in Jesus College, Oxford. At the expiration of this time, in the year 1762, this uncle died, without having carried his intentions into effect, by making a will. The law therefore made a different distribution. On this change of his circumstances and views, young Jones quitted college without graduating, and immediately came to London, where, having previously, for his amusement, tried his pencil with some success on the romantic scenery of his native place, he engaged himself as a regular pupil of Wilson. It is much to the credit of his memory, that he soon became a distinguished favourite of his ingenious and excellent master. Neither is it a slight evidence of powers in
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Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte.

Alverday.

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some measure congenial, that he began his professional career, on terms of strict intimacy with the great and lamented Mortimer. He likewise numbered Durno, Wheatley, and many other artists of high repute at that time, in the catalogue of his friends and companions. He went on improving, and before he went to Italy, painted several pictures, which were very well received by the public. A friend of mine, who was well acquainted with him and his works, and is himself an artist of long experience, sound judgment, and pure taste, is of opinion, that some of his performances before he went to Italy were equal, if not superior, to the productions of his pencil after his return. If this be so, it confirms a previous inference from a remark of his instructor, Wilson. Had the variety or sublimity of his comprehensions been greatly enlarged by travel, beyond what his native scenery suggested, that enlargement might be expected to have shown itself in more novel inventions, or more perfect imitations.

In 1772 his father died; and I have been informed that in consequence of the disappointment from his uncle, his father favoured him in the distribution of his property, as much as the law, and custom identifying itself with the law, would allow. To this instance of kindness, and his own success in his profession, it was probably owing, that he was enabled to contemplate, and carry into execution, the darling project of an artist, a visit to Italy. He arrived in Rome in the year 1776, where he lived in the society of Mr. Banks, and other artists of the first reputation. He also visited Naples, and in both those cities exercised his talents with considerable eclat. At Naples particularly, he is said to have left behind him several very honourable specimens of English art. His stay at Naples was prolonged much beyond his original intention, in consequence of his meeting with a German lady there, whom he afterwards married. On his return to
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England, he resumed the exercise of his pencil, and exhibited at the Royal Academy two pictures of the Campi Phlegræi, which met with very considerable approbation from the connoisseurs. He continued practising in London for several years, where he was patronized and encouraged, and many very creditable performances of his are dispersed among the numerous collections of the metropolis. On the death of his brother, he came into possession of the family estate, to which he retired, and resided on it till the time of his decease, in May 1803. He had two daughters, who continue to reside in Radnorshire. I apprehend that his wife died before him. He never had any connection with the Royal Academy, having sided with the opposite party at the time of its institution. I cannot help thinking that the principality has some reason to be proud of him, though perhaps very few of its inhabitants are at all conscious of the honour. It is true, that he never attained, nor was likely to attain, the highest rank in his art; but his talent was very considerable, and the sphere of his observation enlarged by an extensive acquaintance with society, at home and abroad. His literary attainments were superior to those of artists in general. I do not mean that a residence of two years in an university, highly as I respect those learned and valuable establishments, necessarily dubs a man a scholar: but Mr. Jones had not neglected to build upon that elementary foundation, which is nothing in itself, but has supported the most stupendous structures of intellectual attainment. His master, Wilson, was indeed a native of Wales, which may boast of having produced in him, a landscape painter, whose easel bore testimony to the great truths of nature, whether simple, elegant, or sublime. He was what Barry calls a Leviathan of the art. But Jones seems more peculiarly the property of the principality, as having sought fame and fortune in the most distinguished

distinguished capitals of Europe, and having returned to end his days as a country gentleman on his paternal estate. He did not paint professionally after his accession to his brother's fortune. I have heard some vague story of his undertaking for Mr. Johnes, after that time, what his altered pursuits did not allow him to carry into execution; but I am not master of the circumstances. I could have wished these anecdotes of a Welsh painter to have been more full and complete: but I have some satisfaction in knowing, that a considerable body of information concerning those artists, who have died since the memorable institution of the Academy, may be looked for from the well qualified pen of Mr. Edwards, associate, and teacher of perspective.

With regard to the mill, that has given occasion to this biographical sketch, and its correspondent scenery, I forbear to enter more at large, as the plate, with which Mr. Laporte has furnished me, supercedes the necessity of language in presenting it to the imagination of the reader.

After passing the mill, in order to proceed up the valley of the Edwy to Cregrina, the scenery changes from predominant wildness, to such a mixture, or rather opposition, of characters, as constitutes a memorable peculiarity in the most celebrated landscapes among the mountains of the continent. The circumstance to which I allude is, that the side of the hill exposed to the sun is clothed with a profusion of verdure and foliage, inspiring the most cheerful ideas of plenty, and creating a paradise of luxuriance under the eye. A very fruitful hop-garden, in the narrow flat between the river and the hill, introduces an unexpected variety of richness into this favoured spot. Look to the hill on the other, and literally the wrong side of the river, and its barrenness is as exemplary, as the fertility of its opposite. From the base to the summit is nothing but a rude confusion of loose stones and disjointed

disjointed fragments, some fallen, and some ready to fall, with scarcely a blade of grass to satisfy the sheep, that forage over an extensive tract for a painful and penurious subsistence. It is very common, in districts like these, to observe stripes and patches of cultivation scattered over the prevailing nakedness of the country; but I have met with no mountain valley in these parts of Wales, where such opposite and discordant surfaces of ground are drawn out so decidedly in array against each other, where the difference between sunshine and the want of it is so strikingly exemplified in a single coup d'œil.

After having passed a considerable way up this very interesting valley, at a bend of the river, the traveller, instead of pursuing its circuitous course, mounts the hill before him, that leads to Cregina. Before he arrives at the village, he has occasion to cross a pretty little dingle, with a brook of neither note nor name, pushing its short and feeble journey to the Edwy. And here I shall impose on myself a sacrifice of some self-denial to an author, in suppressing a very ludicrous rencontre with a person of eccentric character. It is too much the custom with travellers, when an instance of individual peculiarity occurs, such as they might find at home, if equally observant, among the various tempers and deportment of men, to set that down as a specimen of manners in the country they are describing. But all countries, and still more all cities, have their odd fellows; and it must be a business of some deliberation for a stranger to determine, whether the singularity that strikes him in a Welsh character for example, constitutes an integral part of Welsh character in general, or whether it may not be an excrescence of personal eccentricity, as laughably surprising and uncommon in Wales, as the same singularity would be thought in London. The opinion of French vanity or Spanish pride has not taken root in men's minds from
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the extravagance of individual instances, but from repeated observations of respective ubiquity, even where its excesses are moderated by good sense, education, or commerce with the world. A good story is in itself so good a thing, that it may perhaps warrant an occasional digression; but a book of travels should present a description of country and manners, not a collection of bon mots and anecdotes: if therefore a writer is betrayed, by a desire of lively or surprising narrative, into the production of any occurrence as characteristic, which has not been confirmed to himself, on every occasion admitting its repetition, or not acknowledged by the candid and intelligent among the people themselves, he will mislead the public, if he has reputation, and if he has his reputation still to seek, he will not acquire any that is solid from such levities.

The village of Cregrina has nothing in it to detain the traveller from his journey. It stands high in a country, the lower parts of which are the most desirable. A miserable road leads to Colwyn Castle, overlooking the Edwy from an eminence. It does not seem to be agreed between the English and Welsh historians, whether a great battle, in the year 1198, when three thousand seven hundred of the Welsh were slain, was fought here or before Pains Castle. The cause of it was, that Gwenwynwyn collected an army, with the intention of extending the limits of Wales to the ancient meres, which had been infringed. He began his operations by laying siege either to Colwyn or Pains Castle, both of which belonged to William de Bruse, who had murdered Gwenwynwyn's cousin Trahaern Vechan. His engineering skill proved inadequate to the speedy capture; so that time was allowed for obtaining succours from England. The Lord Chief Justice, with all the Lords Marchers, came in force to raise the siege. A treaty was in the first instance proposed to Gwenwynwyn.

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This he rejected, with an assurance that he would now revenge all his country's wrongs. The English therefore had the policy to set at liberty a native prince, who was his rival and enemy. Their united armies advanced against the besiegers, who did not hesitate to abide the event of battle: but the English gained the victory, and Gwenwynwyn sustained the severe loss above mentioned, in which was included many of his officers, besides prisoners. After this victory, the Chief Justice and Marchers returned home with a large accession of military honour.

On coming into the high road from Bualt to Prestain, on the top of a very high hill, at the angle between the two roads to Prestain and Kington, is Llyn Llanillyn, a large pool, of circular shape, about a mile in circumference. The depth of it is very great, and it occupies the loftiest eminence in the neighbourhood. It is close by the road side. So large a body of water, collected in such a situation, is a circumstance of rare occurrence, and as such to be noticed here: but there are phenomena in Cardiganshire of the same kind, though of much greater magnitude and curiosity. From this pool the country has bold inequalities, with features not beautiful enough to delight, nor a character so dreary as to disgust. The Lug, though a river of no peculiar character, is ornamental. At Harpton, between Old and New Radnor, there is a large oak, that girts twenty-seven or twenty-eight feet. With respect to Radnor, both Old and New, they have been so long degraded into miserable and almost depopulated villages, that the visible traces as well as traditional accounts of their former state are nearly lost to the inquirer. Old Radnor Camden supposes to have been the Roman station in the time of Theodosius the younger, mentioned by Antoninus; but Horsley, in his *Britannia Romana*, altogether denies it to have been of Roman antiquity. The mention of them in history is very rare. Caradoc informs

us, that about the year 990, Meredith ap Owen destroyed the town of Radnor, in a ferocious contest with his nephew, who had been ravaging South Wales with the assistance of the English and the Danes. This was probably New Radnor, though it is not specified by the historian. There are at present very few houses, and no regularity in the arrangement of those few. The castle, of which very little remains, was built on an eminence, commanding the town, and defending the pass, by which it was approached, between two pointed hills. Warlike implements are found in great numbers by the natives, who busy themselves in digging about the castle hill, in the hope of finding treasure. The clearing out of some subterraneous apartments had been begun, but was abandoned. Little more is recorded of it, till the time of its demolition. The forest of Radnor begins here, but affords no topics of remark. There is within a mile of New Radnor a water-fall, much visited by travellers. A path along the side of a steep mountain, with a brook rolling below, leads to the entrance of the chasm. A hut or two is the only sign of society, and there is none of vegetation. In wet weather, the cataract cannot be approached; but at other times, it is practicable to walk up the course of the stream, between lofty and tremendous cliffs, composed of rock, the colour of which is almost black. The whole scene is overspread with loose fragments, which are broken off by storms, and roll down in every direction. Roots and fibres start occasionally from the crevices; but they put forth no shoots to enliven the dark and dreary grandeur, or add the picturesque to the astonishing. The light from above is nearly shut out by the projecting crags, which seem ready to fall on the intruder below. The masses are very large, their forms uncouthly grand, and their elevations giddy. From the extremity of this chasm, but not from the highest part, a cataract rushes over

the projecting edges of the rock, down a precipice of seventy feet in perpendicular height. Smaller cascades trickle down scantily on each side, and join the larger body below. An insulated mass of rock stands erect above the great waterfall, about twenty feet high. The attrition of the water, forcing its passage on each side, has so far worn its base, as to render it much slighter than the top. The grandeur is much heightened by this circumstance, and perhaps by the sensation of danger that accompanies it. Notwithstanding these strongly-marked and uncommon features, there are few scenes so much talked of, that so little realize expectation. This [is not the fault of the spot itself, but the country in which it is placed. Were the approach to it through a luxuriant dell, or a woody and romantic dingle, nothing could exceed the surprize it would create, the mingled emotions of awe and pleasure, to which it would give birth. We should examine it with a sort of fearful interest, and look with increased delight at our return, on the pleasurable contrast of nature in her smiling mood. But as it is, the access is so dull and barren, that our thoughts are previously led into no train of high expectation, our fancies worked up into no fervour of enthusiasm. We are weary before we arrive, and though we are repaid by something stupendous, there is neither gradation nor variety; nothing less grand in retrospect, nothing more sublime in prospect, with which to compare it. Another drawback is, that the supply of water is apt either to be too scanty for effect, or too full for a near and curious examination. The spring rises on the summit of a mountain, at no great distance from the cascade, and finds its way to the Lug near New Radnor. At some seasons therefore it is nearly dry.

It is generally the custom to return; though there is a path over the hills towards Penybont. On returning to the great road
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towards Rhayader, the first object that greets the eye is the little village of Llanvihangel Nant Melon, rural and well-wooded, with a considerable portion of neatness and comfort in its houses and gardens. Thus far the road between New Radnor and Bualt is retraced. It continues nearly in a straight line, while the road towards Rhayader is on the right. It is very dull till within a short distance of Llandegles, when a prospect presents itself, of rich enclosures, hemmed in on all sides by a fence of dark, high and rocky hills. The road itself is pleasingly circumstanced, as it passes under the shadow of a rough and magnificent promontory. The village of Llandegles consists of very few houses, but those few are rather interestingly placed; while the obliging manners of the people, in furnishing local information, with a degree of intelligence rather superior to what might have been expected from their condition, almost make a stranger regret, that the accommodations of the little inn are insufficient to admit of his lengthening his visit. I have more than once remarked the decency of manners, approaching almost to politeness, that distinguishes the lower classes of inhabitants in the principality. I do not know that Radnorshire yields to any county in this particular; and the attentions an Englishman experiences are not less acceptable, for being proffered in the English language. The address of the hosts and their families, both at New Radnor and Llandegles, but particularly the latter, was highly to their credit, though they were in both cases very small farmers, with very little besides civility to offer the guests. Here especially, and in a very considerable degree elsewhere, I observed the grace with which the women perform the office of attendance at table, always presenting any article demanded with that sort of self-collected obeisance, so much noticed by travellers through France in damsels of the same description. In both cases, this

superiority of deportment is probably acquired by the universal and frequent practice of dancing. While I am on the subject of provincial peculiarities, I will just mention an instance in proof of that quaintly figurative phraseology, to which I have before alluded as characteristic of the people. My landlord, in shewing me the site of Radnor Castle, expatiated largely on its ancient consequence, and informed me, with respect to the warlike implements occasionally dug out, that they consisted of battle-axes, cannon-balls, and conjectures of a great many other things. This concise application of the word conjecture, in place of a sentence, appeared to me both original and appropriate; things of which the uses, as unknown to modern times, were merely conjectural.

A little way further, just by Faldan, you cross the small river Comran, which rises a few miles off to the north-east, near Llanvihangel Rhyd Ithon, and falls into the Ithon a little below Penybont, standing on the banks of that river. The situation is altogether agreeable, and the environs of the river sufficiently pleasing. There are very few houses. It is singular, that the Radnorshire Bank was for some years in this obscure hamlet. It was established by a Mr. John Price, a man of eccentric life and character, who amassed a very ample fortune in this sequestered spot, first as a shopkeeper, and afterwards as the head of the banking firm. His origin is generally understood to have been obscure; but the fairs held in the neighbourhood rendered his trade as lucrative as useful, and laid the foundation of the greater concern, which always maintained an extensive credit. Mr. Price built a neat modern house for himself, and an inn for the accommodation of the public, very superior in extent and convenience to any in the county. The traveller is agreeably surprised to find himself well received, where he could scarcely have expected to meet with any reception at all. There is, however,

however, no postchaise kept here, nor, as far as I know, any where in the county, excepting one at Rhayader. About four miles to the left, in the direction of south-west, are Llandrindod Wells. These waters have been known generally to possess medical virtues for nearly a century and a half, but they were used indiscriminately, till about the year 1750. There are, however, three different springs, all within a few yards of each other, totally different in qualities, and applicable to different cases. Mr. Grosvenor of Shrewsbury repaired several houses here at a great expence, after having secured a lease, and since that extension of the old and miserable accommodations, the resort of company has been very considerable, while a more scientific investigation of their properties has rendered the efficacy of the waters more certain, and their use more safe.

On the direct road towards Rhayader, just beyond Penybont, is Cevenllees, where there is the site, but without any remains, of an ancient and obscure fortress. It appears to have been strongly fortified by nature, being almost surrounded by the Ithon, on the banks of which it stands. Before the invention of artillery, it must have been impregnable, except on the north side, and even there it might easily have been defended by a few men against an army. Its demolition has been so complete, that nothing beyond its mere site is to be distinguished. Camden mentions it as in ruins when he wrote. On the north side it lies open to a large and dreary common. It might have been expected that this castle would have occupied a frequent page in history, from the strength and importance of its situation: but its memory has been laid in the dust with its honours, so that it equally eludes the laborious research of the antiquary, and the careless eye of the traveller. Close by Cevenllees is a place called Lan Padern Vawr, but we are not to be deceived by the dedication
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into the belief, that this is the ancient bishopric. Such was the celebrity of the saint, that several churches were denominated after him.

The country hereabouts is desert and dreary, but it improves as you reach the parish of Nantmel, the church of which is seen as a distinguished object from several points of view. The claims of Radnorshire to the praise of fertility are in few places more advantageously preferred, than in this neighbourhood. The hills are bold, but cultivated; and the vale enclosed with well-planted hedge-rows. Between Lan Padern Vawr and Nantmel, the road crosses the Clowedock, another tributary stream to the Ithon, which rises above the Abby Cwm Hir, a religious house in a delightful and fertile dell, about seven miles to the north-east. There is a stupendous hill to the north of the ruins, with a gradual ascent on one side called the Park, which was formerly stocked with deer. Its fragments and ruins, which may still be traced, prove it to have been a very considerable structure. There is neither door, window, nor any other distinct part remaining, by which to decide upon its architecture. The accounts of its foundation and descent are very imperfect, and what there are, not sufficiently curious to invite a repetition. Hendre Vach is the only object worth attention till you come about Rhayader, the descent to which is truly grand.

But before I mention any particulars of Rhayader, I shall briefly trace the course of the Wye between Bualt and that place, which, with its descent from Plynillimon above, will comprise its whole passage through Radnorshire. This is the direct road from Brecknock to Cardiganshire, which I pursued in the summer: the circuitous, and as to scenery less interesting route through the heart of the county, was afterwards chosen
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for variety, and from curiosity: but those who are confined to one visit, will find nothing in the interior, to make amends for the loss of this romantic stage by the banks of the Wye.

From the handsome bridge of six arches, at Buallt, before described, Llanelweth House forms a well-dressed object, in a district, whose general characteristic is wildness. After travelling about a mile near the banks of the river, which in the plain is broad and unencumbered, it becomes rocky, confined, rapid, and majestic. Here its current is concealed by deep and shady woods, there its foaming waters are overhung by threatening crags, and break with their hoarse roar the general silence of the lonely scene. From this place the road bends a little to the right, quitting the Wye for a dreary common of two or three miles in extent, the tediousness of which is terminated at Ithon bridge, and the rest of the journey to Rhayader becomes picturesque, various, and interesting in the extreme. That river, placid, almost to tameness about Penybont, assumes an air of grandeur as it approaches its junction with a more important stream. Its bed is still narrow, but enclosed between high, and perpendicularly rising cliffs. About the bridge they are for the most part as a wall, but luxuriantly surmounted with branching trees, in all the variety of sylvan accompaniment. Sometimes the disparted stratification leaves an opening to the fibres of roots, with which the rock is impregnated, to put forth a dwarfish growth, that agreeably breaks the continuity of the erect and naked precipice. There is, though it may not be very easy to describe it, a peculiarity about the scenery of this little river, that strongly distinguishes its character from that of any other among the many and beautiful rivers of South Wales. The Ithon is scarcely out of the traveller's sight before he renews his acquaintance with the Wye, to leave it no more, but

follow all its twistings and deviations, till he reaches the town of Rhayader. The banks of the river are rich in verdure and foliage, the road on the eastern side running at first at the foot of rocky hills, which increase with the progress of the journey into mountains. The road is afterwards carried over heights, which rise abruptly from the very brink of the river, and command a succession of the most picturesque landscapes. Sometimes the mountains, that form the side screens, recede to the right and left, and would seem to leave a freer passage, but that the front is occupied by new ones rising to the view. The grey mist hanging half way down them on a stormy evening made it seem like approaching night at six o'clock, in the month of July. Here we travel through a fine wood; immediately afterwards, barren rocks obtrude themselves almost offensively on the eye, not naked at the top only, but from their very base presenting no better appearance of herbage, than a little fern. Again the river becomes rocky; new commons are stretched out in every direction; but the general nakedness of the country is relieved by the young plantations about a neat house on the right, called Llwyn y barried, on a moderate declivity. From this place to Rhayader is a scene of uninterrupted beauty. On the western side of the river are several stately groves of oaks: the meadows on the eastern are rich and cultivated. The pedestrian traveller may take a nearer and very beautiful path along these meadows, which lead him to a new and unfinished turnpike road, cut with a labour apparently not to be compensated by any traffic here, out of the mountain again closing in upon the river. Perhaps the most engaging scene in this stretch of country is about a mile from Rhayader, at the confluence of the Clarwen with the Wye, the former coming in from the west, in a lancet-like direction, the two composing, with their accompaniments of wood and
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rock, a rich assemblage of whatever a painter's art or poet's fancy can combine or imagine.

The situation of Rhayader itself is highly romantic; but its buildings and streets are poor and irregular, in more than the usual degree of Welsh towns. The quarter sessions were held here in the reign of Henry the Eighth; but were soon transferred to Prestain, for want of necessary accommodations. The castle of Rhayader was built by Rees ap Gruffyth, at the time when the sons of Conan ap Owen Gwineth made war against him. The attempt was abortive, but the sons of Rees were more successful; for they destroyed the town of Rhayader, and reduced their father's castle to ashes. In the year 1194, Rees proceeded to rebuild the fortress: his sons, fearing lest he should revenge their cruelty and want of natural affection, laid wait for their father and took him prisoner. By means of his son Howel the Saxon, so named from his having served in England, the unhappy parent escaped from the clutches of his undutiful children. Howel the Saxon was blind. The sons of Cadwalhon ap Madoc took the opportunity of these family feuds, to gain the castle and fortify it for themselves. In the year 1231, King Henry the third, after having remained some time in the Marches with a great army, returned to England, and left the defence of the boundaries to Hubert de Burgh, Earl of Kent. Hubert having been informed by spies, that the Welsh made predatory incursions into the Marches, attacked them near Montgomery, and slew a great number. Lhwelin ap Jorwerth was exasperated at this attack, and in revenge destroyed, among others, the castle of Rhayader, then in the hands of the English party. It does not appear ever to have been reinstated. There is nothing remaining of the structure; and the foundation can with difficulty be traced. The church is

more than usually respectable in its architecture; but there is nothing else worth notice in the place.

The south side of Rhayader bridge affords a very characteristic view of local features. The arch of the bridge is very elegant, and the picturesque line of the river, furnishes one of the most agreeable morceaus in its whole progress. There is a fall of some feet just by the bridge, though of inconsiderable magnitude, sufficient to have given a name to the town. Mr. Laporte has delineated this scene also with his usual fidelity and talent.

The road into Cardiganshire may be varied: in the summer I took occasion to go circuitously through Cwmeland, and in the autumn directly with the turnpike. Neither can be relinquished without loss. The former is the most engaging, but ample time must be allowed, and it only can be pursued on foot. This is that north-west angle of the county, of which I have before spoken. After keeping along the turnpike for a very short space, a bye road to the left leads to the banks of the Eland. By crossing the fields, the country is better seen, and the first view of that romantic river soon presents itself. Not far off it joins the Clarwen and the Clarwy, already united. The Eland is here a stream of considerable width, with nothing to controul its tendency to expansion. It comes rolling along in front, and taking a turn close by the present path, runs near a respectable looking old mansion on the left. Here my guide informed me, that he recollected the river narrow in this part, its channel being by some trees to which he pointed, so that it made much less of a sweep. He said that the road had been turned five times, in consequence of its encroachments: once within these three years, and that the ground we were standing on would soon go in a flood, which is sometimes prodigious here. It was the time of
sheep-shearing



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte

Phayader.

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sheep-shearing, and I was much struck with the difference between the hilly sheep and those of the vale. The former are infinitely more elegant and picturesque in figure. They seemed to have all their wits about them, so that one would think, the race had acquired its proverbial character of silliness by fattening on rich and artificial pastures, without having inherited it originally in the state of nature. When we got into the lane, we met with a flock of several hundred, which live among the rocks all the year round, only coming down at shearing time. They had us in front, and their shepherd with his dog in the rear. The bounds that many of them made in avoiding us, were equally powerful and lofty with those of the wild goats. Their faces striped black and white, and their black tails depending from a back perfectly white, gave them an air of singularity and wildness. My guide told me wonders of the fox hunters riding down the rocks and hills. Some way further in the valley, there is a retired and neat chapel by the road side, not far from a good house. I was sensibly struck with the effect, produced by the residence of only three gentlemen in this retirement. The scene here becomes more and more confined, but most meritoriously cultivated in the bottom, while the rocks rise higher and higher. They are all of slate here, except that we passed the foot of one immense lime-stone rock on our right hand, with another nearly as large on the other side of the river directly opposite. There are none else of the same description in the valley, but my guide stated these two to be the beginning of that great lime-stone bed, which continues behind the opposite rock, branching out wider and wider in the direction of Brecknock and Glamorgan. The road sometimes passes through groves of oak, with naked points and mountainous projections impending over their tops. Here the rock is continually burst and broken by the fibres of

roots which seem to possess no sources of nourishment equal to the growth they sustain. My guide was surprised on our arrival at Mr. Groves's, the principal feat in Cwmeland, at seeing the clover ready for the fithe, nearly at the summit of hills, which a short time ago were without a trace of vegetation. Mr. Groves is a Wiltshire gentleman, who purchased ten thousand of these almost worthless acres a few years since, and is making a paradise of a wilderness. We found them here performing the ceremony of sheep-washing in the river. They threw them in so hastily and carelessly on each others backs, that they had difficulty in saving one from drowning in our presence. The scenery beyond becomes wilder: the path lies along the side of a rock, down which rushes a mountain brook, frequently bringing with it such masses of stone as might endanger an incautious traveller. At this point, the channel of the Eland assumes a new aspect. The rocks choke it, it forces its passage through curving gullies: the deep gulph of water becomes black and terrific, contrasted with the milk-white schistus which it excavates. The foot passenger leaves it to cross some cultivated lands, and comes suddenly upon it again, to pass a truly Alpine bridge of planks from rock to rock, over a continued, but no where precipitous water-fall. Immediately under this tremendous bridge, the river wears its way at the depth of thirty feet, cutting the smooth white rock into the greatest possible variety of shapes. After rain, the fury of this torrent, confined for several miles within a rocky chasm, is awful in the extreme. There is no longer a worn path to lead into the great road. The river must be crossed repeatedly, where its bed is shallow and stony. Cultivation fades, and the whole becomes barren and unpleasing. There is nothing to describe. The stream is the only guide. I shall now take up the scenery of the turnpike road.

It

It ascends by a long and steep pitch of two miles into a bold and hilly region, disparted by fearful precipices, with mountain rising above mountain, into Montgomeryshire and Plynillimon. The Wye, almost in its infancy, with banks of stunted beauty, and scarcely incipient luxuriance, forms a predominant feature on the right. By deviating across the heath, to the left, may be gained what most travellers lose for want of information; a view of Llyn Gwyn, the only picturesque lake in Radnorshire. But this is most eminently so. We looked down upon it immediately under us, from the perpendicular heights, by which it is inaccessiblely surrounded on every side but the south, where it has an outlet, discharging its excess of copiousness into the Wye below. On that side is also a lower and less abrupt hill, covered with the finest timber of the forest. Beyond, is an immense reach of the Wye in all its glory, meandering discernibly at intervals, as low as Buallt, and furnishing a rich and gay distance, in striking contrast with the immediate scene at hand. On returning to the road, the upper Wye again becomes the object. After another ascent of a mile, we look on the innumerable mountains of Cardiganshire, with only the purple heath to enliven them. The road is carried down a fearful descent, till it finds the Eland in the bottom, where the traveller, after having bent his course on foot through the vale, may meet his horses and servant, who must go the direct road.

CHAPTER XV.

CARDIGANSHIRE.

THE situation of Cardiganshire is maritime. The confines of Pembroke, Cardigan and Merioneth are jointly washed by the Irish seas. Watling is said to have gone in a crooked line through Shropshire by Wrekin hill into Cardigan. Drayton expatiates largely on the beauties and natural curiosities of the Tivy; besides giving his usual catalogue of its attendant streams, as well as of other rivers in the county.

Sith I must stem thy stream, clear Tivy, yet before
 The muse vouchsafe to seize the Cardiganian shore,
 She of thy source will sing in all the Cambrian coast;
 Which of thy castors once, but now canst only boast
 The salmon, of all floods most plentiful in thee.
 Dear brook, within thy banks if any powers there be;
 Then Naiads, or ye nymphs of their like watry kind
 (Unto whose only care great Neptune hath assign'd
 The guidance of those brooks wherein he takes delight)
 Assist her; and whilst she your dwelling shall recite,
 Be present in her work: let her your graces view,
 That to succeeding times them lively she may shew;
 As when great Albion's sons, which him a seaynymph brought
 Amongst the grisly rocks, where, with your beauties caught
 (Whose only love surpris'd those of the Phlegrian fize,
 The Titanois, that once against high heaven durst rise)

When

When as the hoary woods, the climbing hills did hide,
 And cover'd every vale through which you gently glide;
 Even for those inly heats which through your loves they felt,
 That oft in kindly tears did in your bosoms melt
 To view your secret bowers, such favour let her win:
 Then Tivy cometh down from her capacious lin,
 'Twixt Mirk and Brenny led, two handmaids that do stay
 Their mistress, as in state she goes upon her way:
 Which when Lanbeder sees, her wondrously she likes:
 Whose untam'd bosom so the beauteous Tivy strikes,
 As that the forest fain would have her there abide.
 But she (so pure a stream) transported with her pride,
 The offer idly scorns; though with her flattering shade
 The Sylvan her entice with all that may persuade
 A water-nymph: yea, though great Thetis self she were.
 Mild Mathern then, the next, doth Tivy overtake:
 Which instantly again by Dittor is supply'd.
 Then, Keach and Kerry help: 'twixt which on either side,
 To Cardigan she comes, the sovereign of the shire.
 Now Tivy, let us tell thy fundry glories here.
 More famous long ago, than for the salmon's leap,
 For bevers Tivy was, in her strong banks that bred,
 Which else no other brook of Britain nourished:
 Where nature, in the shape of this now-perisht beast
 His property did seem t'have wondrously exprest;
 Being body'd like a boat with such a mighty tail
 As serv'd him for a bridge, a helm, or for a sail,
 When kind did him command the architect to play,
 That his strong castle built of branched twigs and clay:
 Which, set upon the deep, but yet not fixed there,
 He easily could remove as it he pleas'd to steer
 To this side or to that; the workmanship so rare,
 His stuff wherewith to build, first being to prepare,
 A foraging he goes, to groves or bushes nigh,
 And with his teeth cuts down his timber: which laid by,
 He turns him on his back, his belly laid abroad,
 When with what he hath got, the other do him load,

Till

Till lastly by the weight, his burden he hath found;
 Then with his mighty tail his carriage having bound
 As carters do with ropes, in his sharp teeth he grip'd
 Some stronger stick; from which the lesser branches stript,
 He takes it in the midst; at both the ends, the rest
 Hard holding with their fangs, unto the labour prest,
 Going backward, tow'nds home their loaded carriage led,
 From whom, those first here born, were taught the useful sled;
 Then builded he his fort for strong and several fights;
 His passages contriv'd with such unusual sleights,
 That from the hunter oft he issu'd undiscern'd,
 As if men from this beast to fortify had learn'd;
 Whose kind, in her decay'd, is to this isle unknown.
 Thus Tivy boasts this beast peculiarly her own.
 But here why spend I time these trifles to areed?
 Now, with thy former task, my muse, again proceed,
 To shew the other floods from the Ceretic shore
 To the Vergivian sea contributing their store:
 With Bidder first begin, that bendeth all her force
 The Arron to assist, Arth holding on her course
 The way the other went, with Werry which doth win
 Fair Istwid to her aid; who kindly coming in,
 Meets Rydoll at her mouth, that fair and princely maid,
 Plynillimon's dear child, deliciously array'd;
 As fits a nymph so near to Severn and her queen.
 Then come the sister Salks, as they before had seen
 Those delicater dames so trippingly to tread:
 Then Kerry, Cletur next, and Kinver making head
 With Enion, that her like clear Levant brings by her.
 Plynillimon's high praise no longer, muse, defer;
 What once the Druids told, how great those floods should be,
 That here (most mighty hill) derive themselves from thee.

Plynillimon is in the confines of Cardigan and Montgomery.
 Dovey divides the ground of North Wales from that of Cardigan.
 The neighbourhood of this river, though not picturesque, after it
 has

has reached Cardiganshire, is interesting as connected with the history of mines. For some centuries after the conquest, the crown asserted its prerogative in the ownership of all mines and minerals. No person could search for ore, unless empowered by the royal grant, which was sometimes confined to particular counties, and sometimes extended to the kingdom at large. The conditions imposed were at the discretion of the reigning monarch. Edward the First directed the tithe of the ore, dug out of the Welsh mines, to be paid to the parochial churches in the vicinity. The owner of the ground, on which a mine was discovered, derived no profit from its being worked, till the beginning of Henry the Sixth's reign, when the Duke of Bedford, Regent of France, obtained a lease of all the gold and silver mines within the kingdom for ten years, on payment of a tenth to the church, a fifteenth to the king, and a twentieth to the proprietor of the land. This grant extended to all other metals, containing gold and silver. Neither did it, by specifying gold and silver, forego the ancient claim of the crown to the appropriation of mines in general. Henry the Seventh, on his accession, appointed Jasper, Duke of Bedford, and other eminent persons, governors of his mines in England and Wales. The English hitherto had but little available knowledge, either in the discovery or working of mines. The imposture in some cases, in others the self-deception of alchemy, operated unfavourably on the progress of real science and useful art. It is also curious, that the means resorted to for the suppression of the cheat conduced to the very same end as the cheat itself. The act of parliament, which made it felony to use the craft of multiplication, exposed the skilful refiner to the penalties of counterfeiting, under cover of transmuting, the precious metals, if his ingenuity led him to gain more from the baser kinds, than had been obtained before. If therefore an adept

in metallurgy braved the perils of the law, it was more likely to be in pursuit of an enthusiastic error, or in furtherance of a lucrative delusion, than with a moderate and rational view to the duly apportioned profits of a known art or trade, the advantages of which must be limited by the industry applied, and the expence incurred. This act was not repealed till the first year of William and Mary.

In the year 1452, Henry the Sixth had engaged three miners from the continent, with their assistants, to work his mines; so unavailing were the pretended transmutations, and so profound the ignorance of the English. Queen Elizabeth, under better auspices, imitated a policy, founded in wisdom, but rendered abortive by the circumstances of King Henry's reign. By the advice of her council, she sent for some experienced Germans, to carry on the business of the mines, as well as that of smelting and refining minerals. On their arrival, they were no sooner naturalized, than the Queen, by her letters patent, granted to Thomas Thurland and Daniel Houghsetter, and their heirs for ever, licence to search for mines of gold, silver, copper, and quicksilver, in the several royalties in the counties of York, Lancaster, Cumberland, Westmoreland, Cornwall, Devon, Gloucester, Worcester, and the principality of Wales, for their sole use and profit, reserving to herself the tenth of all gold, silver, and quicksilver ores, and the preemption of refined gold and silver, at a lower rate than the current price of those metals. A year afterwards she made two more grants; one to Cornelius Devosse, and the other to William Humphrey and Christopher Shutz. This last was the most comprehensive; for it included all mines, minerals, and subterraneous treasures, except copperas and alum, and extended to all parts of England, not appropriated by the former grants. By all these instruments, as well as by those of the former reigns,
a power

a power was given to sink shafts any where, except in gardens, or underneath the foundations of castles or houses. This unlimited invasion of private property and public rights, asserted immemorially, but irreconcilable to reason and justice, was resisted, though unsuccessfully, by the Earl of Northumberland, in a suit with the crown, or the persons holding under it, respecting the copper mines on his manor of Kewick. The lawyers, as usual, wherever they have a decent colouring, decided for the prerogative, on the ground, that gold or silver, found in any mine, constituted that a royal mine: and as the baser metals in most cases contain some particles of the nobler, the discovery of the smallest particle, of however little value, transferred that mineral property from the hands of the subject to the crown. Neither was the title of the prerogative to the base metals ever abandoned, though it was esteemed more plausible to prefer it under cover of what they might be supposed to contain, till the revolution, when all such exorbitant claims were revised, and the prerogative more definitely settled. In the first year of William and Mary, the crown abandoned its pretensions to copper, tin, iron, and lead mines, only claiming the gold or silver contained in the ore, whatever may be its quantity, at the current price of the base metal, of which the ore professedly consists.

But to return to the history of mines, under Thurland, Houghsetter, and the rest, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. These patentees, by virtue of the powers and privileges annexed to their several grants, divided part of their tenure into shares, which they sold. The original patentees, therefore, under the three grants, with these subsequent purchasers, were incorporated by the style of The Governor, Assistants, and Commonalty, of the Mines Royal. William, Earl of Pembroke, was appointed governor. The first court of assistants was selected from among

the nobility, the leading citizens, and the most intelligent of those foreigners, by whose settlement in the country the plan was carried into effect. These important measures were begun and completed between the years 1563 and 1568. Thus were the mineral resources of the whole country, instead of being dealt out piecemeal to favourites and courtiers, too ignorant or indolent to estimate their value or pursue their improvement, placed under the direction of such a public body, as could remedy in some degree the baneful effects, without abandoning the high pretensions of an unlimited prerogative. Thus was the foundation laid for those great manufacturing interests, which required and ultimately obtained a solid independence, fortified against the attacks of arbitrary power, and exposed to none but the very remote danger of our declining industry as a people.

The attention of the public being now directed into this channel, a rational prospect of gain, from labour and ingenuity scientifically applied, flatteringly succeeded the disappointment of what were called metallic transubstantiations, for the purpose of throwing a religious veil over what might otherwise have been punished as magic art. Hence the discovery of mineral veins became so frequent, that the company, doubting perhaps the success of all the ventures which were proposed to them, began to farm their exclusive rights to enterprising individuals. The Cardiganshire mines, among the most abundant in lead and silver, during the whole of the seventeenth century, were precisely in this situation.

Sir Hugh Middleton was the sixth son of Richard Middleton, governor of Denbigh Castle, in the reigns of Edward the Sixth, Mary, and Elizabeth. The speculative genius of Hugh appeared at a very early age, by his attempts to search for coal in the neighbourhood of his native place. His first enterprise not succeeding,

succeeding, he removed to London, where he became a citizen and goldsmith. He did not, however, lose sight of his original propensity, and his success in trade soon enabled him to farm the principal lead and silver mine in Cardiganshire, under the governor and company of mines royal, at a yearly rent of four hundred pounds. So judicious was this venture, and so profitable the works under his direction, that from one mine, yielding nearly one hundred ounces of silver from a ton of lead, he derived a clear profit of two thousand pounds a month. This immense revenue, sufficient to have established one of the most splendid families in Great Britain, was all expended in another great speculation. He undertook to carry into execution the plan, which had been proposed in the reign of Elizabeth, but had terrified every adventurer, of supplying the city of London with water. In 1608 Mr. Middleton proposed to the Lord Mayor and Commonalty, to begin the work within two months on his own account, and, with the exertion of his best endeavours, to finish it in four years. Many were the jealousies and prejudices with which he had to encounter; yet did he complete his immortal labour within a year of the time specified, by the performance of supposed impossibilities, brought into common practice since his great example, and by the sacrifice of a princely fortune at the shrine of fame and public utility. The first issue of the waters from the head at Islington was graced by the presence of King James the First, with his court, and the corporation of London, with his brother Thomas, lord mayor elect, founder of the Chirkcastle branch. He received the honour, first of knighthood, and afterwards of baronetcy; but his resources were exhausted by the magnitude of the undertaking, and he was compelled to help out his shattered finances by exercising the profession of a surveyor. In this line his talents were particularly serviceable, when employed

employed on works of draining or mining. So great was his love to public undertakings, that the mortifying experience of the New River could not deter him from other attempts. In the Isle of Wight he gained two thousand acres from the sea, by means of embanking. Thus did he anticipate our late improvements at all points: but the genius seems to have slept for more than a century after him, when abandoned projects, rescued from long oblivion, vigorously pursued and liberally patronized, borrow the shape of novelty, and assume the merit of invention. Sir John Wyn of Gwydir near Llanrwst, the year before he died, having heard of Sir Hugh Middleton's great works, wished to engage him in the service of his own country. In the confines of Merioneth and Cardigan, where the rivers Cannel and Drurid jointly pour themselves into the Irish ocean, are those two arms or creeks of the sea, famous through North Wales by their names Traeth Mawr and Traeth Bachan, signifying the great haven and the little haven. Traeth in British means a tract of sand, whereon the sea flows, and the ebb discovers the shallows. Sir John Wyn requested his friend and countryman to undertake the recovery of these sands, offering him wood and other materials at a very cheap rate, and a contribution of two hundred pounds as a venture. But Sir Hugh excused himself on the ground, that the completion of the work would require thousands instead of hundreds; and that he was himself advanced in years, and full of business elsewhere. His personal plea of inability on the score of money proves that his works in Cardiganshire were still very extensive; for he alleges as an additional excuse, that between the mines and the New River, he stood even then at a weekly charge of two hundred pounds. This correspondence took place in the year 1625, and Sir Hugh died in 1631. This public-spirited man is a memorable instance, illustrating the common fate of speculators. His branch of the
family

family declined into narrow circumstances, while the property, which he had created, rose to an unexampled value. He left a number of New River shares to the poor of the Goldsmith's Company; yet, in after times, his descendant and representative, when a widow, was debarred from benefiting even by the charity of her ancestor, because her husband had not taken up his freedom as a goldsmith. Such was the gratitude of London to the memory of its greatest benefactor. His brother Thomas, who aimed at mayoralties and city honours, took better care of his wealth; and if the public are less his family is more obliged to him. The Sir John Wyn, mentioned in connexion with Sir Hugh Middleton, was a remarkable character. He was well acquainted with the history of his native country, and wrote a short but curious account of the Gwydir family. He was one of the first baronets, on the creation of that honour in 1615.

Mr. Bushel was the successor of Sir Hugh Middleton at the mines. Sir Francis Godolphin was joined with Mr. Bushel, but lived a very short time. Successful as they had been, first in the hands of the company, and afterwards in those of Sir Hugh, the singular privileges, allowed to Mr. Bushel by Charles the First, enabled him to render them more productive under his own management than they had been in the most prosperous times of his predecessors. Even the liberty of coining on the spot, for the facility of paying his labourers, was not denied him; but Sir Hugh coined at the Tower at his own heavy charge. Mr. Bushel set up a mint in Aberystwid Castle, and some of his silver coins have been of late years dug up there, probably buried after the commencement of the troubles. They had ostrich feathers stamped on them. The island of Lundy was also given him, for the purpose of landing his produce, till he had an opportunity of exporting it. For the further convenience of his trade, he

6 constructed

constructed a harbour at Lundy, where his vessels might lie in safety, till they could venture their passage up the Bristol Channel to the mouth of the Severn. With these advantages, operating on a property of boundless treasure, Mr. Bushel had made an immense fortune before the breaking out of the civil wars, though the period elapsed since his entrance on the concern did not exceed eleven or twelve years. Perhaps no subject, unconnected by close and personal ties, ever received more favours from his sovereign; and certainly none ever repaid them with a more munificent gratitude. He not only clothed the king's whole army, but furnished a loan of forty thousand pounds to his necessities, which, from the complexion of the times, could be considered in no other light than as a gift. Neither did his zeal abate with the increasing pressure on the royal cause. Notwithstanding the public calamities, and his own previous disbursements, he raised a regiment among his miners, and maintained them at his own expence, at a very late period of that unhappy contest. With the return of peace, he transferred his speculations to the Mendip hills. These mines were at their greatest height in the time of Mr. Bushel. I apprehend that they, after the restoration, returned to the company of mine-adventurers, in consequence of whose feuds, so injurious to their own and the mining interest in general, they were worked with less spirit and success. A serious impression had probably been made on their resources by the great undertakings of Sir Hugh Middleton and Mr. Bushel, so that they became ever afterwards of inferior consideration and importance. Yet did not the north of Cardiganshire decline in mineral prosperity. In the year 1690, other mines, not inferior to those which were beginning to fail, were discovered on the estate of Gogerthan, belonging to Sir Carbery Price. The ore was so near the surface of the earth, that the moss and grass did but barely

cover

cover it. These mines in their time were not exceeded by any in the kingdom for riches, and obtained the appellation of the Welsh Potosi. They were worked by the proprietor of the Gogerthan estate during his lifetime; but he died without issue, and the mines came into the hands of Sir Humphrey Mackworth, though the Gogerthan property devolved on another branch of the Prices. The mineral splendour of the former century seemed to be revived under these auspices. Nor was it without its poetical celebration, though the incense was not offered by a priest of the highest order. Some censure has fallen on Dr. Johnson, for his recommendation of such poets as Pomfret, Blackmore, Yalden, and Watts, whom only he acknowledged to have selected, to be inserted by Mr. Nichols in his collection. Of the four, I think that he stands the most easily absolved for the introduction of Yalden. He certainly cannot be placed among the preeminently inspired classes; but a man must have possessed some talent, as well as respectability, who could reconcile towards himself the Whig and Tory friendships of Addison and Congreve, Hopkins and Atterbury. He was very successful in his imitations of Cowley, and was certainly entitled to rank higher than Stepney, Walsli, King, or Sprat. He made a very meritorious attempt to unite poetry with science, in his epistle to Sir Humphrey Mackworth, on the mines, late of Sir Carbery Price. Mr. Sargent and Dr. Darwin have since more closely allied the severe and lighter muses in their respective poems of the "Mine" and the "Botanic Garden." The poetical works of Yalden are, I believe, very little read, though printed in the edition of the "English Poets." A sarcasm has been thrown out on them, and few readers judge for themselves. As, therefore, he prefers a prior claim to the investigation of mineral nature, and has treated his subject with a considerable share of poetical and characteristic expression, though not always in numbers of the

brightest polish, I shall submit a part of his description to those readers, who may have overlooked it for the more modern and highly-wrought performance of Mr. Sargent. It may at least supersede a dull exposition in prose of the mechanical process, at the same time that it illustrates the external aspect of nature in these rude tracts. Nor will it be impertinent to observe, in confirmation of the mineral wealth, imputed to these mountains, that, long after the time of Sir Carbery Price and Sir Humphrey Mackworth, Mr. Lewis Morris was of opinion, that if he could have raised money for carrying on the works, it was in his power to have drawn from them a clear annual profit of twelve thousand pounds. In a letter to his brother, written about the year 1757, he speaks of Cardiganshire as the richest county he ever knew, with the fewest people in it of ingenuity and talent. This sarcasm might probably arise from their not entering into his views.

What spacious veins enrich the British soil;
 The various ores, and skilful miner's toil;
 How ripening metals lie conceal'd in earth,
 And teeming nature forms the wondrous birth;
 My useful verse, the first, transmits to fame,
 In numbers tun'd, and no unhallow'd flame.
 O generous Mackworth! could the muse impart
 A labour worthy thy auspicious art;
 Like thee succeed in paths untrod before,
 And secret treasures of the land explore;
 Apollo's self should on the labour smile,
 And Delphos quit for Britain's fruitful isle.
 Where fair Sabrina flows around the coast,
 And aged Dovey in the ocean's lost,
 Her lofty brows unconquer'd Britain rears,
 And fenc'd with rocks impregnable appears:
 Which like the well-fix'd bars of nature show,
 To guard the treasures she conceals below.

For

For earth, distorted with her pregnant womb,
 Heaves up to give the forming embryo room :
 Hence vast excrescences of hills arise,
 And mountains swell to a portentous size.
 Louring and black the rugged coast appears,
 The fullen earth a gloomy surface wears ;
 Yet all beneath, deep as the centre, shines,
 With native wealth, and more than India's mines.
 Thus erring nature her defects supplies,
 Indulgent oft to what her sons despise :
 Oft in a rude, unfinish'd form, we find
 The noblest treasure of a generous mind.
 Thrice happy land ! from whose indulgent womb,
 Such unexhausted stores of riches come !
 By heaven belov'd ! form'd by auspicious fate,
 To be above thy neighbouring nations great !
 Its golden sands no more shall Tagus boast,
 In Dovey's flood his rival'd empire 's lost ;
 Whose waters now a nobler fund maintain,
 To humble France, and check the pride of Spain.
 Like Egypt's Nile the bounteous current flows,
 Dispersing blessings wheresoe'er it flows ;
 Whose native treasure 's able to repair
 The long expences of our Gallic war.
 The ancient Britons are a hardy race,
 Averse to luxury and slothful ease ;
 Their necks beneath a foreign yoke ne'er bow'd,
 In war unconquer'd, and of freedom proud ;
 With minds resolv'd they lasting toils endure,
 Unmix'd their language, and their manners pure.
 Wisely does nature such an offspring choose,
 Brave to defend her wealth, and slow to use.
 Where thirst of empire ne'er inflames their veins,
 Nor avarice, nor wild ambition reigns :
 But, low in mines, they constant toils renew,
 And through the earth their branching veins pursue.

As when some navy on th' Iberian coast,
 Chas'd by the winds, is in the ocean lost;
 To Neptune's realms a new supply it brings,
 The strength design'd of European kings:
 Contending divers would the wreck regain,
 And make reprisals on the grasping main:
 Wild in pursuit they are endanger'd more,
 Than when they combated the storms before.
 The miner thus through perils digs his way,
 Equal to theirs, and deeper than the sea;
 Drawing in pestilential steams, his breath,
 Resolv'd to conquer, though he combats death.
 Night's gloomy realms his pointed steel invades,
 The courts of Pluto, and infernal shades:
 He cuts through mountains, subterraneous lakes,
 Plying his work, each nervous stroke he takes
 Loosens the earth, and the whole cavern shakes.
 Thus, with his brawny arms, the Cyclops stands,
 To form Jove's lightning with uplifted hands;
 The ponderous hammer with a force descends,
 Loud as the thunder which his art intends;
 And as he strikes, with each resistless blow
 The anvil yields, and Ætna groans below.
 Thy fam'd inventions, Mackworth, most adorn
 The miner's art, and make the best return:
 Thy speedy sails, and useful engines, show
 A genius richer than the mines below.
 Thousands of slaves unskill'd Peru maintains;
 The hands that labour still exhaust the gains:
 The winds, thy slaves, their useful succour join,
 Convey thy ore, and labour at thy mine;
 Instructed by thy arts, a power they find
 To vanquish realms, where once they lay confin'd.
 Downward, my muse, direct thy steepy flight,
 Where smiling shades and beauteous realms invite;
 I first of British bards invoke thee down,
 And first with wealth thy graceful temples crown,

Through

Through dark retreats pursue the winding ore,
 Search nature's depths, and view her boundless store;
 The secret cause in tuneful measures sing,
 How metals first are fram'd, and whence they spring.
 Whether the active sun, with chemic flames,
 Through porous earth transmits his genial beams;
 With heat impregnating the womb of night,
 The offspring shines with its paternal light:
 On Britain's isle propitiously he shines,
 With joy descends and labours in her mines.
 Or whether urg'd by subterraneous flames,
 The earth ferments, and flows in liquid streams;
 Purg'd from their dross, the nobler parts refine,
 Receive new forms, and with fresh beauties shine.
 Thus fluid parts, unknowing how to burn,
 With cold congeal'd, to solid metals turn:
 For metals only from devouring flame,
 Preserve their beauty, and return the same;
 Both art and force the well-wrought mass disdains,
 And 'midst the fire its native form retains.
 Or whether by creation first they sprung,
 When yet unpois'd the world's great fabric hung:
 Metals the basis of the earth were made,
 The bars on which its fix'd foundation 's laid:
 All second causes they disdain to own,
 And from th'Almighty's fiat sprung alone.

The poet, after having pursued this train of speculation on the philosophy of metals to a considerable extent, indulges in visions, not realised by late experience, nor warranted by future probability, of the greatness awaiting this part of the country from the extension of its mineral establishments.

To Dovey's flood shall numerous traders come,
 Employ'd to fetch the British bullion home.
 To pay their tributes to its bounteous shore,
 Returning laden with the Cambrian ore.

Her

Her absent fleet Potosi's race shall mourn,
And wish in vain to see our sails return;
Like misers heaping up their useless store,
Starv'd with their wealth, amidst their riches poor.

It seems that there had been several expensive law-suits between Sir Carbery Price and the patentees of royal mines, and that Sir Humphrey Mackworth had proposed an expedient for arranging those differences. He himself had afterwards considerable impediments thrown in his way, by the irregular proceedings of agents, servants, and dependents, and the quarrels incident on those irregularities, to the great detriment of the mining interest, and the discouragement of its future prosecution.

The lead mines of Cwm Istwid will be spoken of hereafter. Indeed, the whole of this rugged region is one immense reservoir of metallic treasure, awaiting only the spirit of enterprise, and the hand of industry, to draw it into light and use: but enterprise and industry are not the characteristics of this country, except among a few inhabitants of the higher order; and as they are generally men of landed property and ancient family, their attention is turned to agricultural, rather than commercial improvement.

Cardiganshire, in a picturesque and romantic point of view, is the most striking county of South Wales. Its northern boundaries are scarcely to be distinguished as to character from Montgomery and Merioneth, on which it borders. It does not possess the unintermitted interest and endless variety of Glamorganshire. We travel over many a dreary mile to reach its beauties: we often find barrenness without grandeur, or cultivation without fertility: but the scenes for exhibition are on a large scale, and in a great style. The journey is not so pleasant,

pleasant, as in the more frequented districts; yet is it on the whole better worth taking. There is nothing in South Wales worse than the worst part of this county; but Havod and the Devil's bridge, will not shrink from a comparison with the finest scenes in North Wales. In one instance particularly is there a resemblance between the counties of Cardigan and Glamorgan; though the circumstance is more striking in the former, because the dimensions of the places where it is observed are more august in magnitude, and therefore more surprising in effect. We are accustomed to speak of the mountains about Havod, the Devil's bridge, the vale of Rydoll, or the vale of Tivy. Yet if we bear in mind the nature and surface of the country, we shall be apt to consider those giddy precipices and stupendous dingles produced rather by a profound sinking of the earth below its common level, than by the elevation and swell of hills above it. After travelling as it should appear, at the foot of mountains for ten miles, we look into the vale of Istwid at an unexpected depth. After traversing the dreary inequalities of the tract beyond, with low-crowned hills in front, which seem scarcely to give dignity to the wildness, we come suddenly on the fearful abyss, where the waters of the Mynach and the Rydoll join their forces, and pursue their united course at a dizzy distance below. If we descend to the level of the water, the low-crowned hills are converted into tremendous crags, which almost exclude the day. I am justified therefore in considering Cardiganshire, particularly towards the north, as a district, abounding as much in gulfs, as in mountains.

It may likewise be remarked, that the face of the country, where it is not highly picturesque, is very rarely pleasant. The ordinary appearance of things, in their present state, is impoverished and hungry; though much is annually and even daily effected,

effected, towards general cultivation and improvement. The banks of rivers, the dingles, the rocks, are either grand or beautiful, and sometimes both: but the flats are for the most part dreary and uninteresting, affording neither objects, particularly gratifying to the eye, nor topics of speculation, with a view to the present moment, of sufficient magnitude to engage the economist. In the latter point of view, Cardiganshire is yet in its infancy; and this very circumstance, considering the hopes it holds out for the future, introduces it with peculiar attractions to the perhaps visionary contemplation of the philosopher. Its capabilities are not easily to be estimated up to their extent; but they must be estimated at a high rate. The resident gentry, who are at present in the occupation of the estates, happen in very many instances to be men, whose sentiment and knowledge of the world are not confined, as is too often the case much nearer the metropolis, within the sphere of their own quarteressions and county politics. These gentlemen begin to be animated with the ambition of becoming improvers. Should their example lead the absentees to return to their own homes, and pursue similar objects, the embryo will soon assume its distinctive shape and features, and push forward its gradual and healthy growth towards maturity. It is a great misfortune to the northern part of the county, that though there are many ancient mansions, few of them are tenanted, owing either to minorities or voluntary absence. A person, who takes a deep interest in the prosperity of a favourite neighbourhood, enumerated to me a list of proprietors, all immediately surrounding that neighbourhood, who draw out of the country twenty-five thousand pounds annually, without ever seeing the spot from whence they derive their wealth; consequently, without circulating any part of it either in hospitality, or in the
judicious

judicious and liberal employment of the poor, rather for the sake of employing them, than for the advantage to be derived from their labours; a duty, which the masters of large property owe to their own situation in society. When it is considered, that this great sum is taken away, not by one overgrown lord, whose absence might be a blessing, but by several landowners of from one to five thousand pounds a year, a description of persons to form the head-quarters of every thing useful where they reside; when it is considered further, that it is taken from a poor country, where it constitutes no mean proportion of the whole rental, the injury will be duly appreciated, and the fact will account for the retarded influence of the example instituted by the few, but valuable residents. The southern part of the county is better inhabited, and the effect is visible.

Cardiganshire affords perhaps a stronger contrast to the general condition of things, than almost any other part of the island. To understand this difference, it will be necessary to turn our attention towards its local circumstances. It is not that it abounds with rugged inequalities; for the modern facility of communicating between place and place softens down, where it exists, the peculiarities which an unusual conformation of nature is apt to engender. North Wales is becoming English. The northern counties of England are relinquishing their cheapness and simplicity, from the influx of strangers, who make a fashionable tour. But the case is altogether otherwise in Cardiganshire. Its beauties are only beginning to be the subject of panegyric; consequently the appearance of strangers, except in the neighbourhood of Aberystwid, is still an occurrence of some wonder. I know of no district so confined within itself. I have already mentioned that the only postchaises in the county are at Aberystwid and the Havod Arms. I believe, however, that a vehicle of that kind is meditated at Lanbeder, and will probably

be carried into execution in the course of the present year, unless the war, and the hazardous state of public affairs, should interfere to prevent it. The travelling, therefore, is little and difficult. The nearest point at which a mail-coach touches is Llandovery in Caermarthenshire. A letter is two complete days in going from Havod to Cardigan, a distance of only forty miles, within the county. This tardiness and paucity of intercourse has a strong tendency to fix the manners of the people, to suppress the very idea of wandering or innovation, and rivet the connexion between the resident landlord and his tenants. To this it may in a great measure be attributed, that, without in the slightest degree countenancing the principle of political levelling, there appears a remarkable fellow-feeling; if I may so express it, a speaking acquaintance, between the higher and lower ranks of society. The happy result of this speaking acquaintance is affability on one side, and attachment on the other. I do not mean, by particularizing this circumstance, covertly to satirize the more distant demeanour of leading persons, living in populous and mixed districts. The manners of men necessarily take their colour as much from their situations as from their tempers. In speaking of what cannot but strike every observer in Cardiganshire, I would willingly account for certain features in a way as little complimentary as possible, lest I should be accused of repaying acknowledged obligations with flattery. To take hospitality as an instance: I should be very unwilling to suppose it a disposition which does not equally enter into the character of an Englishman. Yet would it be impossible to exercise a promiscuous hospitality within the verge of our Bath or northern roads. But in these remote districts, where a stranger is a novelty, a stranger is an acquisition: and the very circumstance of his appearance there in some measure indicates, that he comes with a view of gratifying a
tasteful

tasteful and liberal curiosity. There is nothing to attract the adventurer, nothing to entertain the votary of dissipation. The researches of the antiquary therefore are forwarded with the best knowledge of the inhabitants; the ardour of the picturesque explorer is directed to the more remote and eccentric objects. It is unfortunate, however, that the antiquities of this tract are little understood by the natives. Tradition seems to have laid aside her office; and the lettered inquiries of the more enlightened have not in most instances supplied her place very successfully. The grave of Talieffin, than which nothing more venerable in antiquity can be conceived, if it were satisfactorily ascertained, is wrapped in a doubt and obscurity, that leans to the side of disbelief, with respect to the place assigned.

The subject of language requires a distinct consideration, as it is viewed in opposite lights by intelligent and philosophical individuals among the natives with whom I have conversed. It is, through the greater part of this county, almost without exception Welsh. This separation is, in the opinion of some, sedulously to be maintained. A community of language with the English would tend to render these simple, and, if they were acquainted with any thing better, miserable mountaineers, discontented with their dreary quarters and hard fare, and disposed to emigrate in quest of high wages, and what are generally termed the comforts of life. But while they are insulated by a tongue of their own, they are tied down by a peculiar necessity to the place that gave them birth, and their desertion of a post, to which nature and providence have assigned them, is not to be apprehended. It is so far certain, that their gains are small, their mode of living coarse in the extreme, their habitations squalid, and their very existence dependent on the good pleasure of their thinly scattered employers. From all these circumstances, it is

the disposition of human nature, if possessing the means of comparison and choice, to revolt; and it is argued, perhaps with some plausibility, that these mountainous parts would be deserted, before they could be improved, if their inhabitants were not chained to a contented poverty by the necessity of the case, as well as by the inveteracy against strangers, which the want of a common language is apt to produce in vulgar minds. Another reason alleged, against any attempts at the abolition of the Welsh language is, the comparative purity of the Welsh character, as it stands at present. The books to which only the common people can have access, are all either of a religious, or strictly poetical cast. That letters can be made fertile to purposes of corruption, as yet remains a secret. There are no catching tales, as with us, in a phraseology lowered to the comprehension of the vulgar, representing pleasure and fortune as the legitimate objects of life, and within the reach of all who will venture for them; no stimulants to deserve the gallows, accompanied with cautions how to avoid it. These, it must be confessed, are strong pleas in defence of eternal Welsh; yet the disputant on the other side must not be denied the privilege of a hearing in reply. The Welsh language undergoes the serious accusation of causing a great injury both to religion and law. As it applies more especially to this county, I will instance first the case of law. The judges being English, and the persons judged Welsh, an interpreter is necessarily employed. This interpreter, however distinguished may be his skill, can never convey the exact meaning, the tone, the gesture, as it bears upon the verbal import of the evidence, the confidence or hesitation of the witnesses. The consequence is, that property or even life may be endangered by a defective interpretation. This is a topic frequently occurring in the speculative reviews of those, who are ardently solicitous to improve a highly improvable country;

country; and I am credibly informed, that the instances are neither rare, nor exclusively of ancient date, in which very grievous decisions have followed upon so confused a procedure. Such an evil, severely felt in the administration of justice, particularly at Cardigan, appears to be irremediable at present, and likely to remain so, unless the language of the superior country shall eventually supersede the ancient tongue, and become universal. With respect to the established religion, it suffers little from this circumstance in Cardiganshire, because the churches are almost universally served in Welsh, and only the genteel part of the congregation, if there be any, is left in the dark. But the fact is different in Glamorganshire, where, unless in the hills, the English and Welsh inhabitants are very nearly equal. Where the service is performed in English, the Welsh part of the parish betake themselves to conventicles; and it is highly probable, that this concurs with other causes, assigned in a preceding chapter, to produce so indecorous a desertion of the churches in that county.

It may be much questioned, whether the spirit of emigration would pervade a people, so indolent and careless in their dispositions, even though the restraint of language were removed. The greatest fault imputed to the common people by their superiors is, the want of a due regard to their own interests, without which they are never likely to be industrious, though they may be faithful servants to their employers. It is the uniform answer to every suggestion, with respect to the duty of labouring beyond their present, and saving for their future necessities, that they are sure to do well; Providence will take care of them. It may be said, perhaps, that this unthrifty argument is characteristic of the poor in general, and not peculiar to those of Cardiganshire; but in the more populous and dissipated parts of the country, it proceeds from a disposition to spend all they get; here, from an indifference

indifference about getting any thing. The nominal rate of wages is very low; yet labour rises very nearly to a level with the common price, taking into the account the small quantity performed. A master seldom reckons upon getting more from his men, than what would be considered in other places as a fair half-day's work. A stranger, in crossing this county, is much disgusted with the squalid appearance of the mud cottages, the undistinguished abode of the whole family, human and bestial, and by no means too good for the latter branch. Yet are the peasantry perfectly satisfied with their accommodations; and though Mr. Johnes has built many cottages about his estate, in a style of neatness and convenience, befitting his taste and liberality, they are far from considering this among his highest favours, or giving them any decided preference, above the hovels to which they have been accustomed. The desire of inculcating a more industrious and manly spirit, and at the same time of affording an asylum to a small portion of a generous and oppressed people, has engaged the gentleman just named in a project, to which it is not probable that the imperious avocations of government at the present moment will allow them to pay the requisite attention. He proposes to invite over one hundred Grifon families, and place them on the high and uncultivated grounds of his estate, between Havod and the Devil's Bridge, giving them leases for three lives, and twenty-one years afterwards, on lower and more beneficial terms than have actually been offered by Scotch shepherds, if government will defray their passage, and allow a certain sum to each family for the expences of their first establishment. It is not unlikely, on a nearer view of the subject, that many untoward circumstances and objections would be found to exist. I apprehend that the Welsh would look upon them with a more jealous eye, than they did upon the Scotch, whom Mr. Johnes introduced

introduced some years ago. It would be necessary, that some one, for whom they had a respect, should be able to converse with them, remove their difficulties, and regulate their differences. In this respect they would be fortunate, as Mr. Johnes is so apt a linguist, that he would soon become familiar with their patois. At all events, a plan should not be obstinately disregarded, which carries with it the possibility of eventually bringing into cultivation so extensive a waste. Such was, and in many parts still continues to be, the proverbial barrenness of Cardiganshire, that the people of the neighbouring counties in ancient times branded it with the appellation of the devil's grandmother's jointure; yet we see in the instance of Hayod that the old lady's property was not altogether without value, and there is little doubt, but that a great part of the land between that place and Rhayader is equally capable of being brought forward, whenever a general system shall be grafted on the previous labours and example of an individual. Before I quit the subject of provincial character, I cannot help setting off against the censure of idleness and indifference, a very remarkable instance of decent manners and trust-worthy conduct. On the anniversary of a particular birth-day, it is the custom at Hayod to entertain all the tenants and labourers on the estate, with their wives and families; nor are the doors closed against any strangers from the neighbourhood, who may chance to present themselves in the festive scene. The table is spread, not on the lawn, or in the servants hall, but in the entrance hall and dining room, ornamented as they are with valuable pictures, and other articles of costly furniture, rarely exposed to the hazard of such guests. If the visitors are too numerous to be accommodated in these, other apartments are thrown open for their reception, or rather none are shut. The family are always at the head of the party, and the dance succeeds the pleasures of the table. All
this

this seems a great risk to an inhabitant of a populous city; but no mischief, no disorder, no loss, ever yet occurred. The zeal and activity displayed, when the farmyard was on fire in the course of the last summer, and the destruction of those complete buildings and their contents was impending, proved that they were not careless about the important interests of a good master, though they have no objection to defrauding him of a little work.

The mountains in this district are almost universally composed of schistus or slate rock. They are therefore of a nature, that will allow the roots of trees to penetrate, and afford nourishment for a luxuriant growth. The land between the mountains consists in a great measure of peat earth, which is capable of being rendered highly productive, either in grain or grass, by the application of draining and lime. The good effects of the Agricultural Society, established in this county, are already conspicuous, supported as it is by gentlemen of superior intelligence, as well as large property, and having the advantage of an excellent conductor, well versed both in the theory and practice of husbandry, in the person of the Rev. Mr. Griffiths its secretary. Nor can I omit the acknowledgment, that I have been indebted to this gentleman for much polite attention, and many useful hints, both with respect to this county and Pembrokehire. The attractions which Cardiganshire has held out to travelled men, admirers of nature in her wilder garb, will appear from the perusal of the following chapters to have been highly beneficial both to its picturesque and agricultural improvement. Two men of acknowledged taste, Mr. Charles Long and Mr. George Cumberland, after a tour among the most romantic scenes of the continent, agreed that, in despite of climate, this part of their native country, at certain seasons, possessed objects most worthy of the pencil, and, in particular spots, charms which are unrivalled. The same conviction has not only tied down to the place of their birth
the

the most intelligent of the Cardiganshire gentlemen, but has detached from distant engagements an accession of strength and interest in Mr. Johnes, with his magnificent establishments, and Dr. Stevenson, on a smaller, but useful scale of scientific labours. This county is not without its portion of antiquarian honours, derived from traces of Roman names, and discoveries of Roman establishments. The river Dovey, the northern boundary of Cardiganshire, is concluded from its situation to have been the same with Stucia. It seems as if Bishop Gibson, in his additions, had properly corrected the supposition of his author, with respect to the geography of Loventium. This county has hitherto made little progress in commerce. It possesses scarcely any manufactures, if we except those of Llechryd. This has prevented it from becoming so rich and populous as the introduction of arts and trade may hereafter make it. With such incitements, the natives probably would no longer be censured for want of industry; whether they would be praised, as now, on the score of good faith and simple manners, may admit some degree of doubt. The present population, according to the latest accounts, exceeds forty thousand.

The following anecdote will serve to illustrate, in a more lively manner perhaps than any formal detail, the nature and condition of this county. A person who was endeavouring to sell a considerable estate by auction, after having explained the value of the property, the present rents, and future capacity of improvement, thus addressed the company: "And, Gentlemen, there are ten thousand acres lying——, not mentioned in the particulars of the estate, which will be thrown into the bargain to the purchaser."

CHAPTER XVI.

HEAD OF THE ISTWID RIVER..PLYNILLIMON MOUNTAIN..HEAD
 OF THE SEVERN...HEAD OF THE WYE RIVER...HEAD OF THE
 RYDOLL RIVER....CWM ISTWID....PENTRE BRUNANT INN....
 HAVOD...MAEN ARTHUR...DEVIL'S BRIDGE...HAVOD ARMS...
 YSPYTTY 'R ENWYN...PONT HERWID...FRONFAITH HOUSE...
 LAN PADERN DAAWR.....ESKYNALD.....PICCADILLY.....
 ABERISTWID CASTLE.

AT the conclusion of the fourteenth chapter, I left the reader at the spot, where the Aberistwid road runs parallel with the Eland, and where a party, which may chuse to separate, and examine respectively Cwmeland and Llyn Gwyn, must appoint their meeting, to pursue their journey in company. Here the three counties meet: all on the east and south is Radnorshire, all on the north Montgomeryshire in North Wales, and all on the west, Cardiganshire. From this place to Havod, a distance of nine miles, over terraces, hanging on the sides of mountains, sometimes at a higher, and sometimes at a lower level, there is not perhaps in Great Britain, a more wild or barren, a bolder or more drearily magnificent highway. The very heath, which purples the mountains about Rhayader, disappears: the very sheep forbear to colonize the waste in populous parties. Here and there a wild poney, or some straggling cattle of the country breed may accidentally tenant the precipitous crags; but of human residence

residence "not a vestige is to be seen, except a wretched miner's hut here and there, and those at a comfortless distance from each other. The Eland, losing all character but that of desolation, imparted by the scene around, is become a mere brook, where the road crosses it near its source among the mountains on the right. Those on the left, over which the road is now carried, are the most rugged; sometimes scattered with fallen fragments, and sometimes overspread with treacherous bogs, till the traveller finds himself impending over the Istwid, at the height of full two hundred feet above it. This is a lesser branch, which rises close by, and runs through this fissure between the double chain, for it is no more. Thus does it cut its narrow channel at a great depth in the rock; so that, while the road hangs on the lofty mountain on the left, the scenery on the opposite side, as you advance westward, increases in elevation and rude magnificence. An insulated mountain terminating in a craggy precipice, and narrowing to a point, rises abruptly from the bed of the river to the height, as I have been told by those who profess to have computed it, of from two hundred and twenty to two hundred and thirty yards. The position in which it stands, and the shape of its projections are as singular and romantic, as its magnitude is imposing. It appears at a distance as the barrier, which bounds the narrow pass between the mountains. But, on descending, and having crossed this arm, as well as the main body of the river Istwid near its head, we find ourselves, instead of emerging into a more level country, at the base of Plynillimon. The stone bridge over the Istwid, which must strike the most unobservant passenger, from the contrast of its elegant proportions with the shapelessness of every surrounding object, was built by Mr. Johnes for the accommodation of the public. With respect to Plynillimon mountain, it is either the second or third in Wales, in point of

size and height. We may indeed compare it with those formidable personages of poetical creation, who walk with their feet upon the earth, and their heads in the region of the heavens. Its foot is here in Cardiganshire, but its bald and weather-beaten head is at the distance of several miles in Montgomeryshire. I know not, whether, according to the ancient division, it might not have spurned the limits of a single kingdom. Yet after all, it is more properly to be considered as a vast bed of mountains, piled one upon another: Alps upon Alps, Pelion upon Ossa, or any other magnificent image which the reader may incline to affect. But the ruggedness and inhospitality of its environs is in general so unrelieved, that it affords little food for the picturesque enthusiasm of those who venture on the labours and perils of the ascent. It is the most dangerous mountain in Wales, on account of the frequent bogs, which hold out no warning, concealed as they are under a smooth and apparently firm turf. It should never be attempted without a guide, whose attendance is very precarious. There is however a hovel near the base, which will occasionally furnish a conductor. The leading circumstance in the character of this mountain, is its furnishing a head to the three rivers, all celebrated among both poets and topographers, of Severn, Wye, and Rydell. To find the sources of two rivers, so long, so copious, and yet so distant from each other in their courses, as the Severn and the Wye, with that of a third in a still different direction, of scarcely inferior beauty though less volume, all close together, supplied from the springs of a single mountain, is one of those unexpected occurrences, with which nature delights to surprise the admirers of her boundless skill and power. So remarkable a feature has not been overlooked in the topographical inquiries of Drayton, who has taken occasion from it to relate the story of Severn. Yet will the
critic

critic and antiquary be inclined to look further for the real meaning and origin of the name, than to this poetical etymology.

But Rydoll, young't, and leaft, and for the others pride
 Not finding fitting roomth upon the rifing fide,
 Alone unto the weft directly takes her way.
 So all the neighbouring hills Plynillimon obey.
 For, though Moylvadian bear his craggy top fo high,
 As fcorning all that come in compafs of his eye,
 Yet greatly is he pleas'd Plynillimon will grace
 Him with a cheerful look: and, fawning in his face,
 His love to Severn fhews as though his own fhe were
 Thus comforting the flood; " O ever-during heir
 Of Sabrine, Locrine's child (who of her life bereft,
 Her ever-living name to thee, fair river, left)
 Brute's firft-begotten fon, which Gwendolin did wed,
 But foon th'inconftant lord abandoned her bed
 (Through his unchafte defire) for beauteous Elftred's love,
 Now, that which moft of all her mighty heart did move,
 Her father, Cornwal's duke, great Corineus dead,
 Was by the luftful king unjuftly banifhed.
 When fhe, who to that time ftill with a fmoothed brow
 Had feem'd to bear the breach of Locrine's former vow,
 Perceiving ftill her wrongs infufferable were;
 Grown big with the revenge which her full breaft did bear,
 And aided to the birth with every little breath
 (Alone fhe being left the fpoil of love and death,
 In labour of her grief outrageoufly diftract,
 The utmoft of her spleen on her falfe lord to act)
 She firft implores their aid to hate him whom fhe found;
 Whose hearts unto the depth fhe had not left to found:
 To Cornwal then fhe fends (her country) for fupplies:
 Which all at once in arms with Gwendolin arife.
 Then with her warlike power her husband fhe purfu'd,
 Whom his unlawful love too vainly did delude.

The

The fierce and jealous queen, then void of all remorse,
 As great in power as spirit, whilst he neglects her force
 Him suddenly surpriz'd, and from her ireful heart
 All pity clean exil'd (whom nothing could convert)
 The son of mighty Brute bereaved of his life;
 Amongst the Britons here the first intestine strife,
 Since they were put a-land upon this promis'd shore.
 Then crowning Madan king, whom she to Locrine bore,
 And those which serv'd his fire to his obedience brought;
 Not so with blood suffic'd, immediately she fought
 The mother and the child: whose beauty when she saw,
 Had not her heart been flint had had the power to draw
 A spring of pitying tears; when dropping liquid pearl,
 Before the cruel queen, the lady and the girl
 Upon their tender knees begg'd mercy. Woe for thee
 Fair Elstred, that thou should'st thy fairer Sabine see,
 As she should thee behold the prey to her stern rage
 Whom kingly Locrine's death suffic'd not to assuage:
 Who from the bord'ring cliffs thee with thy mother cast
 Into thy christen'd flood, the whilst the rocks aghast
 Refounded with your shrieks; till in a deadly dream
 Your courses were dissolv'd into that crystal stream,
 Your curls to curled waves which plainly still appear
 The same in water now, that once in locks they were:
 And, as you went to clip each others necks before,
 Ye now with liquid arms embrace the wand'ring shore.

POLYOLBION, Song 6.

In the twenty-sixth song, he refers to the same story, connecting it with other fabulous and legendary descents.

What reck I? let great Thames, since by his fortune he
 Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
 From Isis and old Tame, his pedigree derive,
 And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive,

Fetch

Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud mountain sprung,
 Plynillimon, whose praises frequent them among,
 As of that princely maid, whose name she boasts to bear,
 Bright Sabrine, whom she holds as her undoubted heir.

John Philips celebrates this mountain, in the first book of his poem on Cider. He adduces it as an example, that every soil and climate may be rendered productive and salutary, for all the purposes of cultivation, if a philosophical system of improvement, adapted to the local indications of nature, without aiming at the impossible products of more favoured regions, be pursued with a persevering indifference to immediate consequences. When we see what has been done by one man in this neighbourhood, in the short space of twenty years, it can scarcely be unreasonable to say, that such an example, if extensively pursued, might in the course of a few generations produce such a change, as to render even this mighty hill tributary to the wants, and obedient to the will of man.

What should I more? Ev'n on the clifly height
 Of Penmenmaur, and that cloud-piercing hill,
 Plinlimmon, from afar the traveller kens
 Astonish'd, how the goats their shrubby browse
 Gnaw pendent; nor untrembling canst thou see,
 How from a scraggy rock, whose prominence
 Half overshades the ocean, hardy men,
 Fearless of rending winds, and dashing waves,
 Cut samphire, to excite the squeamish gust
 Of pamper'd luxury. Then, let thy ground
 Not lie unlabour'd; if the richest stem
 Refuse to thrive, yet who would doubt to plant
 Somewhat, that may to human use redound,
 And penury, the worst of ills, remove?
 There are, who, fondly studious of increase,
 Rich foreign mold on their ill-natur'd land

Induce

Induce laborious, and with fattening muck
 Besmear the roots; in vain! the nurfling grove
 Seems fair a while, cherish'd with foster earth:
 But when the alien compost is exhaust,
 Its native poverty again prevails.

The same poet, in his *Cerealia*, has again selected this mountain for the subject of a simile, in reference to athletic sports and rural diversions: if indeed the name of Philips, inserted in the handwriting of Abp. Tenison, in the folio copy of 1706, belonging to the Lambeth library, together with the circumstance of its being published by Bennet, the bookseller for whom "*Blenheim*" was printed, be considered as sufficiently strong presumptive proof of its authentic ascription.

Now from th' ensanguin'd Ister's reeking flood,
 Tardy with many a corse of Boian knight,
 And Gallic deep ingulft, with barbed steeds
 Promiscuous, Fame to high Olympus flew,
 Shearing th' expanse of heaven with active plume;
 Nor swifter from Plinlimmon's steepy top
 The staunch gerfaulcon through the buxom air
 Stoops on the steerage of his wings, to trufs
 The quarry, hern, or mallard, newly sprung
 From creek, whence bright Sabrina bubbling forth,
 Runs a fast Naïs through the flowery meads,
 To spread round Uriconium's towers her streams.

The rudeness of this scene is rather augmented than diminished by the approach to the lead mines of Cwm Istwid. These lie on the side of two mountains, to the right of the river Istwid, and their entrance is just above the road. The manorial rights belong to the proprietor of the Nanteos estate, but the mines are leased out to Sir Thomas Bonfal. In one of the mountains the lead is
 acquired

acquired with ease near the exterior; but in the other, the level penetrates to the extent of three hundred yards. The dingy and unsightly piles of dross and sifted refuse, with the squalid garb and savage manners of the male and female miners, contribute in no slight degree to embody whatever realities the traveller over distant and foreign wilds has described, whatever tales the inventor of romance has imposed on the credulity of his reader. Who would suppose all this to border on every thing that is cultivated and elegant, with the intervention only of a single hill?

Beyond the lead mines, the smoothness of the road, a narrow stripe of cultivation by the Istwid, on which, however poor, the bewildered eye fixes as a resting-place, a hill in front, crowned with the novel ornament of a plantation, bespeak the approach to objects more cheerful, to a scene of brilliant enchantment, prepared behind the shifting caverns and magic-struck abodes, which seem only placed there to heighten the effect, and be withdrawn. I do not know that I was ever sensible of more pleasure or relief, than on the unexpected sight of that woody hill, at my first visit. The road turning suddenly to the right, leads up to Pentre Brunant Inn, one of the most wretched and destitute imaginable, in a situation that challenges the residence of a nobleman. It is placed on the edge of a very high hill, overlooking the continuation of Cwm Istwid into Havod grounds, and backed by a large mountain towering above it, surmounted in its turn by higher elevations, rising to the top of Plynillimon. The barren and gloomy prevails over the landscape; but the softening features to the left add an inexpressible charm, and render the site of this poor inn a subject of picturesque admiration and envy. The premises are on the same estate with the lead mines. They are miserable, and miserably kept: yet are the attractions of the vicinity such, that many parties are induced to bear with the privations of the place

for days together, while they explore sometimes the wild, and sometimes the cultivated beauties surrounding them.

The entrance to Havod by this approach is at the shepherd's cot, on the hill to the south. The descent by the foot-path from Pentre Brunant Inn is steep and romantic. The foot-bridge across the stream affords a scene of picturesque and entangled wildness. The hard and milk-white rocks above are worn into a whimsical variety of shapes. The wood around and below hangs its ornamental fringe over the rugged workmanship of nature; while the torrent, foaming between its rough and deepened confines, salutes both the eye and ear in its tumultuous passage down the declivity. The encircling hills, which hem in the low recess on every side, with here and there a single cottage on their brows, impose an aspect of dignified retirement on the whole, while the lower view, penetrating the groves that exquisitely furnish what the name implies, a summer retreat, gives a foretaste of the pleasures to be enjoyed within the domain. It is a characteristic of Havod, that it does not unfold itself at first: there is no approach by which the stranger's admiration is arrested at the gate. The way by the shepherd's cot, leading only round the farm, is not a carriage road. It is the least striking of all the entrances, and therefore perhaps the best. Some of the younger plantations form the only clothing of the hills in this angle; but these promise hereafter to rise into stately woods. For some little way, we encounter the roughness and disorder of an entirely new creation. High as is the ground on which we stand, the ulterior prospect is intercepted by a massy rock of great compass and elevation, protruding its sharp corners and projecting fragments in every direction, almost divested of soil, and but lately a mere object of barren horror. Yet has this hopeless experiment been submitted to the planter's hand, and that with practical success.

Every

Every year the hardy firs are extending their bolder shoots, and more richly adorning that ruggedness by contrast, which their utmost luxuriance can never tame. If such be the character of this rock, as you pass under it on high ground, I need scarcely say how ornamentally it appears, when viewed at various points from the depth of the valley. The road winds round this promontory, and escaping from its obstructions, suddenly opens on such an assemblage of beauty and grandeur, stretched out to the very limits of the perspective, as few spots in this island can equal for surprise and singularity. After having been travelling at the foot of Plynillimon, to find the bed of the Istwid, with its groves and meadows, still far beneath the level on which we are standing, is so unexpected a circumstance, that we rather start, as at the withdrawing of a curtain from before a picture, than believe it a reality. The winding of the river, here foaming impetuously over rocks, there spreading its broad and glassy surface, like a lake; the endless woods, hanging on the mountain sides in long array, sometimes rising to the top, but oftener contrasted by the naked ridge; some planted there by nature, before all attested evidence of human habitation; yet more that owe their luxuriance to the novel and well-directed efforts of their owner; tracts of cultivation, picturesquely circumstanced, breaking out in the distances, and destroying the uniformity;—all these, and a thousand other undescribable beauties, conspire to render the first general view of this place so satisfying, as to set at defiance all hazard of disappointment from the most sanguine anticipation. Nor will even the annual visitor look with a satiated eye at the growing improvements of the scene, whether natural or artificial. The point of view I am describing is still further adorned by the elegant spire of a beautiful little church, embosomed in the highest woods of the opposite hill. This church was finished but

a few months before my arrival, and had no existence when the latest description of Havod was written, but now rises into one of its first ornaments, and announces to the stranger a new order of things in the wilds of Cardiganshire. At the time of my summer visit, I had not the advantage of being with the family; but I had been overtaken by appointment on my way, by an intelligent and indefatigable friend, in whose company I had determined to explore, whatever we could discover that was interesting, beyond the route of the customary attendant. We immediately decided to make for the church; and, for that purpose, leaving the broader road, crossed a wooden foot-bridge, with one rail, picturesquely overhung with a luxuriant oak, over a deep-bedded, black, and rocky mountain brook. The natural timber here is nurtured and drawn up, under the protection of the warm and sheltered dingle, to a size and growth the most magnificent and flourishing. The ascent to the church through the wood is steep, but the path is secure and smooth. The churchyard may rival, for romantic accompaniments, that of Aberedwy, and for interest, almost Briton Ferry. It commands, through a natural lattice-work of intervening groves, the cultivated valley below, and the naked sheep-walks of the heights opposite. It is difficult to avoid smiling at the pompous devices, by which the country people aim at testifying their respect for the deceased. They sometimes even aspire so high, doubtless by the benefit of clergy, as to tag their vernacular panegyric with a Latin couplet. With respect to the church itself, I shall reserve what I have to say of it, till I come to speak of the establishments at Havod. We descended, by another richly sylvan path, through the hanging wood, and came out at the bottom of the mill cascade, on the mountain brook before mentioned. Here is a simple alcove, which at once affords accommodation to the admirer of nature, if he wishes

wishes to prolong his stay, and adds an unobtrusive decoration to a spot, frowning on the higher pretensions of art. The volume of water is rather scanty except in floods; but the fall is so broken by intervening rock and foliage, and the top altogether screened by a huge mass, that its occasional poverty is not disclosed; indeed, after tempests, it forces its way over every obstruction, and tumbles headlong in one enlarged and tremendous cataract. It is most advantageously seen from the building, at the distance of some hundred feet. Between it and the alcove there is a rustic foot-bridge, which composes well in the picture. The pool at the bottom boils impetuously, and the current rushes forward, struggling among rocks, or ingulphed in deep cauldrons, and darkened by the shadows, falling from the excavated sides. The whole course of the brook to the river is so steeply inclined, that it furnishes an uninterrupted succession of something approaching to cascades. We now pursued the path through the woods, with occasional spots of pasture and tillage, seen through the opening vistas, till we came to the new carriage road to the house. Here the grand masses of wood, which clothe the hills, the Istwid again roaring obstreperously along its bed, or sometimes sweeping over its broad and pebbly channel, offered themselves more amply to our view at every step. A sudden turn, most judiciously managed, brings the stranger unprepared, almost before the very portico of an elegant mansion, which he had been expecting to have descried from afar. The situation of the house is admirably chosen, commanding the river with its winding vale from the shelving ground on which it stands. The lawn slopes elegantly, but naturally, down to the water; and immediately behind it, rises a most beautifully wooded hill, as if formed for the purpose of giving shelter and an air of repose to a classic residence. Majestic woods, reaching to a great extent along the acclivity, at once protect and adorn the chosen spot; while the sheep-

sheep-walks on the other side the Iſtwid, topped by rocks, that thrust their projections among the very clouds, remind us by what a style of nature we are surrounded, in the midst of an artificial paradise.

But the principal walks, and those of great extent, are on the opposite side of the river. On crossing the lawn from the house there is an appropriate wooden bridge over the Iſtwid, rude and alpine, supported in the middle by a stone buttress. The frame-work of this bridge is so constructed, as hitherto to have withstood the impetuosity of the torrent; and its simplicity accords better with the scene, than the higher efforts of refined art would have done. After having passed it, by keeping along the road to the farm, you soon begin to rise from the valley in which the house and gardens are embosomed. The road goes to the top of the mountain; but after having ascended some way, a path to the left, carried on a very high level, very narrow, and cut with great labour out of the solid rock, leads through the most romantic recesses of this interesting place. The noise of abundant rills, the mossy stones, the wild and tangled underwood, the larger timber, with which the side of the precipice is clothed, feed and fill the attention, without allowing time to look out for objects beyond, or contemplate the depth below. On a sudden, a mass of rock in front seems to stop all further progress: it thrusts itself perpendicularly across the passage, and its base is fixed far beneath. On approaching it, the solid mountain is found to have been perforated, though its substance is so hard, as to have occasioned the greatest difficulty, and frequently to have turned the tools of the workmen. The darkness of the chasm, with the brawling of lesser falls immediately underneath, combines a sort of picturesque feeling with the poetical gloom of this unusual passage. After
creeping

creeping through, the smooth and slippery path, narrowing, and becoming more tremendous as it ascends, winds round the front of a mossy promontory, which unfolds, from its awful heights, a full view of the beautiful and sublime effects combined in this extraordinary domain. Standing on a narrow ledge, half way up the rock, with a perpendicular precipice below, and another of equal height above, we have on one side, the river sweeping through the valley, and dividing it into equal parts, harmoniously corresponding as well in magnificence as extent. On the other side, the largest of those many mountain torrents, which embellish or make grand this glorious scene, forces its way down to join the Istwid; its roar loud and incessant, its foam sparkling partially at intervals through the network of intervening foliage, or escaping from behind the rock that obtrudes itself on the confined and overshadowed channel. Cultivated fields, intermixed with all this wild beauty, a range of opposite hills, precipitous and stately as those on which we are placed, splendidly arrayed with hanging woods; the elegant church spire, just rising from among the trees, and asserting its new-born honours in this sylvan retreat, carry your admiration without abatement from point to point, and make us hesitate whether to prefer the nearer or more distant objects;—the ruder aspect of nature in her majestic mood, or the judicious efforts of sensible and modest art, to graft convenience and improvement on the peculiarities of mountain scenery, without fighting tastelessly against its character. On emerging from the forest, we soon arrive on a tumultuously formed knoll, lofty, verdant, and unincumbered, which commands a still more extensive prospect of the valley, and takes in nearly the whole of Havod. It has been regretted by some, that the house was not built on this proud eminence: but it appears to me, that good taste and
comfort

comfort were both consulted, in the choice of the present situation. The inducement to explore should never be withdrawn, by a sweeping survey from a balcony or a portico: however wide the range, the idea of magnitude is impaired, by the very possibility of comprehending it all at once. Here are forests, rising upon the river on each side, bordered with rich pastures, and interspersed with shepherds' cots; the jagged rock, or smooth and verdant mountain, near whose summit vegetation languishes; and the bare hills that terminate the scene, and mingle with the horizon, in contrast with the luxuriance of Havod. But such scenes are better visited occasionally, than continually fatiating the eye, and palling on the imagination. Nothing can be conceived, if I may so express it, more domestically picturesque, than the summer dining room, with the hall door thrown open towards the water, and the rich and classical little hill rising before the window on the other side. This elevated situation could have afforded nothing so elegant, or so appropriately beautiful. After continuing round the brow of this majestic hill, we suddenly close in upon the brook, which forms so remarkable a feature in these grounds. A cascade of mighty force immediately announces itself by its roar; and the surprise is the greater; as the scene that meets the eye assigns no cause for the impression on the ear. As we creep along the winding and slippery path, a dark hollow in the rock attracts our notice on the right; the din of falling water reverberates through the cave, and makes us hesitate about committing ourselves to its damp and gloomy recesses. By a simple but successful trial of art, the termination of the passage forwards seems to disappoint our hopes, when, on turning suddenly to the left, a rude aperture admits the light, and a sparkling sheet of water, in front of the aperture, urges its perpendicular fall from the
rock



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte

The Upper Fall at Havod

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rock above, into a deep hole below the cave. The place and manner of viewing this portion of a cascade is the most happy that could have been devised; and the more so as the mind is left unfatigued, and eager to know through what unusual channel the brook is to find its way downwards, from the unfilled receiver of its abundant waters. It was much my inclination to have furnished the reader with a plate of this singular fall, as seen from the cave; but on conversing with the artist, to whom I am indebted for all my designs, it did not appear, that the effect of the reality was capable of being subdued to the rule and government of the pencil. The circumstances are eccentric and wonderful, but not picturesque. There is neither foliage nor herbage; nothing but rock and water, confined as it were in one of nature's cabins. The most striking feature, is the luminous appearance of the foaming element, seen from so dark a station, glittering as if with gems. This could scarcely be represented on paper. I have therefore chosen the open view of the upper fall from the bottom, as more intelligibly representing the style of Havod, and the sort of interest it excites. I might have given a view of the valley with the house, but the limits of a quarto page are ill adapted to extensive subjects, unless where they are principally aquatic; and I shall convey a more just idea, on what a scale this place is, by adequately exhibiting the magnificence and richness of a single picture, emblematic of the general character, than by attempting to crowd the lengthened perspective of a mountain valley into the compass of a miniature. I shall therefore take my leave of the cave, with observing, that, after heavy rains, it is inaccessible, and proceed to the description of the great cascade.

After descending, by steps of loose slate, from the eminence at which the first jet of the whole brook is seen, a rude bridge

Y y

leads

leads across the channel of the torrent, relieving all uncertainty as to the outlet from the pool below the cave, and accounting for the echoed sounds, that have beat upon the ear throughout our passage up the ravin. In front of the bridge, at a little distance, the stream comes tumbling over in a continued fall of about one hundred feet, including that part of it, which has already been described. The portion, here presenting itself to our admiration, is where the overflowing of the deep boiler projects itself angularly over the smooth rock, and leaps down the ledges of its rugged and precipitate descent, in a broken shower of vexed and stormy foam. The disposition of the rocks, that line the bed of this turbulent stream, to narrow its boundaries and impede its progress, helps greatly to give it that individual character, which distinguishes its concomitant scenery from the common place exhibitions of artificial management, where it is attempted to graft exotics on the homely consistency of nature; to refine her where she meant to be rude, to force her into grandeur or playfulness, where it was her will to be sober. Neither is it to these leading circumstances of picturesque wonder, that our pleasurable emotions are confined. The luxuriance of the herbage is increasing with every year; the sides of the precipice are clothed with new-sprung shoots, or riven by the venerable trunk of some immemorial oak.

After having crossed the torrent, at the bottom of its perpendicular fall, and exhausted the topics of contemplation on its brink, we may follow its steep declivity on the northern side, till it joins the main river. There was no walk marked out, when Mr. Cumberland described it; but the path is now commodious, and the return is agreeably diversified, by committing ourselves to its direction. Indeed, the rocks, through which the brook cuts its way, are so grand, and so well adapted
from

from their quality of schistus, to receive the most varied and romantic shapes by attrition, that scarcely any part of the walk can be considered as more interesting. After descending a few paces, a resplendent little rill trickles down the rock above our heads, and contrasts its diminutive beauties with the large and lofty stature of the great cascade. The precipice on the other side, from having been our station, is become our object: the line of the path is obscured by height, and distance, and intercepting herbage, where the rock relaxes its sterility, and yields by partial spots to the impregnation of heat and moisture. The scene is narrow and tortuous, lofty and overshadowed: a little fall at every angle fixes the foot, and enchains the ear and eye: the stream, as it winds, is seen alternately, and disappears: as we look down, the rugged bottom seems yawning to receive us; if we look back, the crag projects above our heads, the downward rush of the torrent threatens us with its deluge. At length the dingle joins the more extended valley; a long and steep descent of rude steps conducts us to the dam, artificially constructed for the purpose of irrigating the meadows. This dam forms a pool, into which falls a regular cascade of at least twenty feet, while the precipitously inclined channel of the brook above, furnishes a succession of flashing eddies and whirlpools, cutting through rocks too prominent to be overleaped, or raging over trunks of decayed oaks, which have tumbled long ago athwart the bed of the stream. A piece of grazing ground, formed with due attention to picturesque inequality, renews our acquaintance with the impetuous Iftwid. After crossing it by the stone bridge, and again crossing the other mountain brook below the mill cascade, we decline into a sheltered walk, level with the river, leading to as unexpected a creation of fairy gaiety, as lies within

the scope of the most sportive fancy. A gaudy flower garden, with its wreathing and fragrant plats bordered by shaven turf, with a smooth gravel walk carried round, is dropped, like an ornamental gem, among wild and towering rocks, in the very heart of boundless woods. Nothing can be more enveloped in solitude, nothing more beautiful or genial. The spot at present contains about two acres, swelling gently to meet the sun-beams, and teeming with every variety of shrub or flower.

But this delicious retreat has not yet arrived at its perfection. It is intended to enlarge it, by making the river the boundary; and it is still further to be ornamented by a Doric temple, from a design in Stuart's Athens. There is another flower garden, of very different character, and still more singularly situated, to which strangers are never admitted. Almost behind the wall of the lower garden, there is a very grand rock, lofty and naked, standing alone in the midst of woods, too extensive for the eye to measure. This rock is an object from almost every part of the opposite hills. Its top is a natural platform, as if placed there for the purpose, on which is to be erected a column to the memory of the late Duke of Bedford. Behind this rock the mountain rises higher, and is covered with the dwarfish growth, to which alone the ridges of these hills give birth. In the centre of the thicket is planted a flower garden, so carefully sheltered and judiciously disposed, as to realise a paradise in the wilderness. The taste in which it is laid out is not so studiously ornamental as that of the garden below: it aims at a coincidence with the peculiarities of its situation, and exhibits in a nursed state many of the most curious plants, which are the natural growth of high exposures in foreign climates. The moss-house gives a hermit-like air to the retirement; and the vase, which I left my friend Mr. Banks in the act of placing

placing there, inscribed with a few lines from the muse of Mr. Rogers, to commemorate a domestic circumstance, will finish most happily the contemplative character of the scene.

The cold-bath is the only object, to detain the attention, in the sequestered path from the lower flower garden to the lawn: but there are many other walks of large compass and extensive variety, about the grounds, not to be explored in a single day. In particular, the road towards Ysphytty Istwid, which I meant to have described, but have dwelt so long already on the picturesque beauties of this place, that I shall refer the reader for the rest to Mr. Cumberland's eloquent and successful "Attempt to describe Havod." I shall only just observe, that in tracing the principal walk, I have purposely taken the direction contrary to that of Mr. Cumberland. At another time, I trod in his steps, with his book in my hand, and found myself assisted by the accuracy as well as interested by the vivacity of his detail.

The house was built by Mr. Baldwyn of Bath, in the Gothic, with pointed windows and pinnacles. It does much credit to the taste and talents of the architect. It is light and airy, though capacious, and avoids that appearance of over-building, which is so generally the fault of mansions that are shown. Originally the offices were differently placed, but, being thought to press too forward into notice, were afterwards thrown into their present form. The arrangements have, indeed, undergone various changes; and the library has been added, under Mr. Johnes's own direction. But the house itself, as Mr. Baldwyn planned it, has never been altered, nor could it be, for the better. I have indeed heard it objected, that the rooms are not large enough; but that depends entirely on the object of the owner, which I take to have been rather elegance and comfort, than ostentatious magnificence.

The rooms, which are submitted to the curiosity of strangers, consist

consist of a hall, a music room, summer and winter dining rooms, a library, and a drawing room, each rich and appropriate in their ornaments, and furnished with specimens of art, not numerous, but tastefully selected.

There are in the hall two large pictures by Hodges, taken from passages in the life of Captain Cook.

A favourite Newfoundland dog by Opie, a favourite horse by Gilpin, and a favourite spaniel, by the same painter.

A Fruit-piece, by Michael Angelo Caravaggio. This must have been one of his earliest performances; for he began with such subjects, but afterwards devoted himself entirely to history and portraits.

Still Life, probably by Roestraeten, whose genius inclined him to such subjects, and carried him to as high a degree of excellence as the path he had chalked out to himself seemed to admit. The higher views of art, that now prevail, have considerably diminished the value of such pieces. Besides these, are Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, a copy from Mengs; the portrait of a lady, both the artist and subject unknown; a bust of Caracalla, a copy from that in the villa Borghese; and two tables of lava from Vesuvius.

Over the chimney-piece in the music room, is a Holy Family by Baroccio. The religious subjects of this artist are peculiarly excellent. He attended equally to correctness of design and harmony of colouring. But he did not lay himself out for the praise of original genius. He did not attempt to conceal, that he imitated the best of his predecessors; and his models are easily to be distinguished.

Lord Chancellor Thurlow and Richard Payne Knight, Esq. occupy the lower part of the chimney-piece. The latter is by Lawrence.

On the left hand is Herodias with John the Baptist's head, by Michael Angelo Caravaggio.

A Ruined

A Ruined Alchymist by Salvator Rosa possesses that wonderful force of expression, which gives so rare a value to all his genuine works. The attitude and action of the principal figure in this piece unite individual character with all the propriety of general nature. The freedom of pencil, the spirit and fire of imagination, strongly mark it as the production of this master.

On the right hand is the portrait of Mr. Johnes of Lan Dair, by Sir Godfrey Kneller, whose art called forth all the inveterate peculiarities, whether of intrinsic character, or temporary modes, which render his paintings contemporaneous chronicles of the times with the lighter papers of that great describer, Addison, but leave behind no general instruction, no topic of imitation to the professor. His wigs are most faithful and elaborate representations.

Under this is a view of the bridge of St. Maurienne, by Deane.

Between the doors is the Assumption of the Virgin, by Benedetto Luti. This picture was a present from Mr. R. P. Knight, and had been an altar-piece at Lugano, where it was purchased. The works of this artist are much coveted for the tenderness and delicacy of their manner, the classical taste, if not the critical severity, of their designing, and the mellow beauty of their tints.

The Elijah by Rembrandt is a curious picture. It has been said of this artist, that he painted himself in his works. He was a miller's son, and born in 1606. He began his career of fame and fortune at Amsterdam in the year 1630. His performances soon got into fashion, and his school increased daily. The literal copyist of whatever came before him, colouring was his great object. As he could scarcely read, he was very careless about the selection of his stories. The walls of his painting-room covered with old draperies, weapons and grotesque armour, constituted the whole of his study; and these, with a chest of drawers, full of old clothes and other rubbish, he was accustomed to call his antiques.

antiques. Yet was he not without a good collection of Italian prints and drawings; but they had no power of opening his eyes to his own defects. His manner is unfinished, and altogether unlike the nicety of his countrymen. His pictures are rough and disagreeable on a near inspection, but at once harmonious and forcible, when viewed at a convenient distance. If any spectator came too close to a newly-finished picture, he always turned him back, under the pretence that the smell of the colours would give him the head-ache. He was rather a mannerist, than an enlarged and philosophical studier of nature. Custom and education attached him to the manners of his own country. Yet was his genius fine, his expression exquisite, his stroke admirable, and his colouring beyond all rivalry. His lights were painted with an uncommonly thick body, but he perfectly understood the nature and property of his colours, so that he preserved them in all their freshness. He painted few historical subjects; and those few were, as in the instance before us, altogether inferior to his portraits. There was a vulgarity in his treatment. His forte was a simple topic, which required not the higher powers of composition. His heads of old men are executed with so laborious an exactness, as to represent even the hairs of the beard, and to make out minutely the very fur upon their caps. His earlier works were the most laboured: his enthusiasm evaporated as his reputation increased; and he afterwards contented himself with the trade of an artist.

The Sleeping Cupid is said to have been by Elizabetha Sirani and Guido; and Elizabetha Sirani is said to have been Guido's mistress. She has been mentioned by the writers in general as his disciple; but, on comparing dates, it has been found, that she was only four years old when Guido died. These documents, if correct, sweep away at once both the honour and disgrace. Her father, Andrea Sirani, certainly learned his art from Guido; and she

the probably hers from her father, which sufficiently accounts for her performances identifying themselves with the school, of which she was so distinguished a proficient. She is recorded as a memorable example of early genius. It is dangerous to possess merit in Italy. Elizabetha Sirani was poisoned.

At the end of the room is a *Descent from the Cross*, by Vandyck, very much in the style of his master, Rubens. The shoulder of the Magdalen in particular, and indeed all the fleshy parts, exhibit an understanding and practice of colouring, that prove him to have been a close observer of Titian, and no unworthy follower of the Venetian school. The child pointing at the wounds is an instance of that exquisitely natural expression, which none but the most accomplished pencils can attain. This is a picture that would do credit to any collection.

There are, at this end of the room, several other pictures; particularly two landscapes, by Berchem and Both. The rivalry between these masters was so close, that a Dutch burgomaster gave a commission to each, with the promise of a considerable premium, beyond the stipulated sum, to the artist, whose work should be adjudged the best. On a comparison of the pictures, the arbitrators were unable to decide; and their liberal employer presented each with a gratuity, equal to what he had designed for the victor. The latter was distinguished as Both of Italy, from his long abode in that country. He was a pupil of Abraham Bloemaert, as was his brother Andrew, whom De Piles mistakenly calls Henry. The two brothers were inseparable, as well in the exercise of the pencil as in friendship, till an unhappy catastrophe befel one of them, who was drowned in a canal at Venice. John painted the landscape, and the figures were inserted by Andrew. Yet so much were they influenced by the same genius, that the mixture of hands was not discernible; and they walked at no

very awful distance behind the reputation of Claude Lorrain. The figures of Andrew Both were infinitely superior to those of Claude. After the fatal accident, the survivor left Italy, and retired to his own country.

Under the Vandyck, is a *Salvator Hominum*. This wonderfully fine head is by Muralez, a Spanish painter, known in his own country under the surname of *El Divino*. This distinction might have been conferred either on the excellence of his painting, or the nature of his subject. The works of this master are little, if at all, known in England.

In addition to these, are two views of Matavai Bay in Otaheite, and Funchal, one of the Azores, by Hodges.

There are likewise two pictures by Claude. In the landscape of one he has introduced a view of the arch at Ancona. These are not in his best style, but they are believed to be genuine. This young pastrycook, who could scarcely write his own name, when he went into Italy with the humble view of exercising his talents on confectionary, might have disputed the palm of ignorance with Rembrant; but both were well read in the rules of nature, without consulting any inferior author. His first attempts were in the service of Taffi, a pupil of Paul Bril. Claude Lorrain assisted him in preparing his colours. Taffi and Claude's elder brother John, an engraver of wood cuts, taught him a few principles of the art. He afterwards passed two years at Naples with Goffredi, who taught him landscape, architecture, and perspective. But on the whole he owed little of his ability to his masters. He succeeded very indifferently in figures, though he attended the drawing school daily during his residence at Rome. Lauri and Courtois frequently inserted them for him; but when he did them himself, he used to say jestingly, that he sold the landscape, and gave the figures into the bargain. He had

no objection to rubbing out. His distances are admirable; and no man better practised a just and proportionate degradation in the tones of colours. He was indefatigable in observing the circumstances and accidents of nature in the sky, whether the rising or setting of the sun, rain, thunder-clouds, or any other striking effects. On his return home, he committed his observations to canvas, and treasured them as hints to be introduced into his regular works. Sandrart observes of his trees, that they appear to rustle, as if put in motion by the wind. Baldinucci has spoken highly of his knowledge in perspective: but critics in general have agreed, that this praise must be understood as confined to the aerial, and that he was by no means a perfect master of the lineal. The truth and freshness of his colouring, his aptitude in representing the time of day, and the varying appearances of light, are the leading features of his excellence. On the whole, he has generally been considered as the most perfect model for landscape painters. Tables of verde antico and alabaastro antico, with corners of porphyry, a studio of different marbles, and a bust of Miss Rose, daughter of George Rose, Esq. formerly of the Treasury, by Banks, make up the remaining ornaments of this elegant and classical room.

In the dining room, there is a family picture by Romney. The persons introduced are Mr. Mrs. and Miss Johnes, Major General J. Lewis, and Dr. Stevenson of Llandyfful, a particular friend of the family. The likenesses are correct and pleasing, and the story of the fortune-teller is sufficiently well managed; but the painting is washy and poor, and by no means fit to challenge competition with those masters, with whom its station in this house unavoidably brings it into comparison.

The chimney-piece in this room is from the classical chisel of Banks. The heads of Socrates, Plato, Alcibiades, Sappho, and

three other ancient worthies, form its principal ornament, and the draperies are remarkably well worked. On the chimney-piece is an antique figure of Ariadne, which is very beautiful, but the head is not its own. The drapery is admirable; and the grapes taken up in the folds afford an exquisite specimen of elegant design, and delicate execution.

In the winter dining room, over the chimney, is a Cleopatra by Guercino. His strong lights and shadows give wonderful force to this as well as to most other of his pictures. He preferred the Venetian to the Roman school, and devoted his principal study to the attainment of excellence in colouring. There is a powerful and lively expression in this piece, which gives a value to the master, not only as a colourist, but as an imitator of nature.

The pictures on the side of the room are, the Vale and Cascatella of Tivoli, by Delany. The temple is artificially introduced, to heighten the effect. Its actual situation is in the vicinity of the town. The Flemish landscape has been supposed to be by Wouvermans; though, from its rank and character as a performance, it may with more probability be ascribed to some of his disciples or imitators. But the Elijah fed by Ravens merits a more detailed attention. The catalogue informs us, that it came from the monastery of Talley, in the county of Caermarthen, at the reformation; and was supposed to be the work of some among the earliest masters after the revival of painting; Cimabue, Giotto, or perhaps John Van Eyck, the first painter in oil. It would be most for the honour of this venerable relic, if we might with safety attribute it to Giotto. But this very circumstance would be sufficient to deter us from hazarding such an opinion. Giotto was far superior to his master Cimabue, who had himself attained much more elegance, than is to be found in this stiff composition. It has been thought that John Van Eyck was more probably the painter

painter than either, as there was always a connexion between this country and Flanders, which might account for its early importation. How long it had been in possession of the monks at Talley, is not known; but it has remained in this family ever since. It is undoubtedly a very great curiosity; though more to be valued as such, than for the merit of the performance. This consideration has convinced a friend of mine, whose authority stands high on the subject of art, that this piece may boast a still higher antiquity, than has hitherto been ascribed to it; a date more congenial with the style and success of the effort. He refers it to one of those Greek artists, who were invited to Florence about the middle of the thirteenth century, and inspired Cimabue, confined as were their own powers, with the ambition of restoring the art of painting. Considered as the attempt of that ignorant age, it reflects the highest credit on the ingenuity of its author: but if it really came from the father of modern painters, or any of his early successors, it would but detract from the reputation attached to them for so soon improving on the models of their rude instructors. The best part of the piece is the compartment with the chariot. It possesses a considerable portion of elegance and freedom.

The lower row consists of a Sketch by Vandyke, supposed to be designed for Lord Stafford. A View of Newcastle in Emlyn by Ibbetson, which does no inadequate justice to that singular spot. The ruin is a fine subject, and has not been lost upon the artist. A Portrait of Mr. R. P. Knight, by Webber. A View of Aberystwid, by Ibbetson, in which the dress and character of the Welsh peasants are well preserved; and a Portrait of Mr. Robert Liffon, by Wickstead.

Over the doors of this room are four coloured drawings of scenes within the precincts of Havod, by Jones, of whom some
brief

brief memoirs have already been given. A Bust of the late Duke of Bedford, by Nollekens, was placed here in the interval between my first and second visit. It is a correct, but not an animated likeness.

The anti-library is just completed. A staircase formerly occupied the area, which is now converted into a classical apartment, so that it occasioned an incommodious and unsightly access to one of the finest rooms in the kingdom. This anti-library is arranged in the form of a chapel, in which is placed some very curious painted glass. In the large window, there is an uncommonly fine portrait of a cardinal, kneeling to his tutelary saint, which may with good reason be supposed to have been done from one of Holbein's portraits. The arms of this cardinal are blazoned on the covering of his kneeling desk, but his name has not yet been discovered. The highest excellence of colouring in this branch of art is here attained, while the usual portion of accuracy in drawing, and fidelity in copying, after the master, are far exceeded. The reception, that Holbein met with in this country, was highly creditable to Henry the Eighth and his court. The taste of the monarch was conspicuous in his patronage of the artist; and the liberality of Sir Thomas More, in parting with his valuable pictures to his master, for the sake of engaging that powerful protection, was not unkindly rewarded, when Henry returned the pictures, and declared himself satisfied with commanding the hand, that could paint their equals. There is only one other work of art in this room, which is, a bust of Lord Thurlow, by Rosi. It is a faithful and characteristic portrait. The subject is a fine one, and has been finely treated, with the exception of one error, into which the artist has been betrayed by the proverbial eyebrows of the noble original. In his endeavours to lay hold of so remarkable a feature, he has succeeded in making them sufficiently heavy;
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but they are not worked like hair, and the heaviness is the heaviness of a solid lump, not that of a bushy excrescence.

The library is an octagon, with the light admitted from the dome. It is surrounded by a gallery, supported on pillars of variegated marble. These pillars are very magnificent, of the Doric order. The symmetry of this room would be perfect, if the pillars were not somewhat too large for their height. This circumstance arose from some error of measurement among the workmen, when the room was building. As it is, however, it reflects high credit on the owner of Havod, who was in this instance his own architect; and this library is the triumph of the place. It opens into a conservatory, one hundred and sixty feet in length, filled with rare and curious exotics, with a walk down the centre. The doors are all panelled with plate glass; so that when the entrance-door of the library is shut, and the communication open, the view from the end of the conservatory, through the library, into a seeming second conservatory, almost realizes the fictitious descriptions of enchantment. Nor is the first entrance into the library, with the paradise of rarities beyond, less striking.

Over the chimney in the library there is an antique head of Isis, in red granite, and an antique Mosaic from Adrian's villa. On the mantle are busts of Mrs. and Miss Johnes, by Banks; a petrification found in the old bed of the Nile; and a fragment of the base of Pompey's column at Alexandria, brought thence by Lieutenant-Colonel James Lhuyd, and given by him to Mr. Johnes.

In the conservatory there is a piece of sculpture by Banks, which, for classical design and delicacy of execution, would of itself place him among the purest followers of the ancient and best examples, if his fame had not long since been established on a firm foundation. The subject is, Thetis dipping Achilles in the
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river Styx. The figures are exquisite; and the monsters of the Styx, carried round the base, are poetically fancied, as well as ingeniously sculptured. There is at the extremity of the conservatory, a Mask by the same artist.

The drawing room is completely furnished with Gobelin tapestry of great beauty and brilliancy, and the whole furniture is in the French taste, to correspond with the hangings. This is the only room which affects splendour of decoration; and, as peculiarly appropriated to the ladies, it is judiciously contrasted with the more sober style of the adjoining apartments. The colonade front is occupied by another suite, which is never shown to accidental visitors. In these rooms the same taste is preserved; and they are enriched with many ornaments and curiosities, in harmony with the pursuits of the occupier. Among the number are, a Drawing of Augustus's Bridge over the Nar, by Jacob More; two Paintings done on wax, from the Vatican, by a Roman; and several coins, Roman rings, and other curiosities of antiquity, found in this part of Cardiganshire. Hogarth's Southwark Fair is, however, the most rare and valuable gem in this little collection. The humours have never perhaps been more universally collected into one picture. This piece alone would have justified Lord Orford in characterising Hogarth as a writer of comedy with a pencil.

But it is time to refrain from the enumeration of particulars, and to take my leave of Havod with a sketch of its general character. In laying out the grounds, art has been no further consulted, than to render nature accessible. Indeed, nature has in this country so obstinate a will of her own, that she would scarcely suffer a taste, the reverse of that so purely displayed, to interfere with her vagaries. There is one reflection, which is particularly pleasing at Havod. Notwithstanding all that has been done, the place is yet in its infancy. Most of the fine residences
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in England are finished, and many beginning to decay. But Havod, fifty years hence, will stand alone in grandeur, if the plans of its first former are not abandoned by its successors. What we now see, is the fruit of only twenty years. In 1783, it was a wilderness. There was, indeed, an old house belonging to the family; but it was deserted as an untenable residence, and the very estate held of little account. In 1783, Mr. Johnes determined to settle here. In 1803, Havod was as I have described, and as the numerous friends of the owner can bear witness to having seen it. Hills, planted by the very hands of the present inhabitants, have already risen into opulence of timber; other hills are covered with infant plantations of luxuriant promise; and more of the lofty waste is now marked out, to be called into usefulness and fertility, in a succession of ensuing autumns.

Larch trees have been very successful on these hills: but Mr. Johnes's attempts have not been confined to this species of timber only; he has engaged in an immense extent of general plantations, of which it will not be uninteresting to the practical agriculturalist to give some brief account. From June 1796 to June 1797, four hundred thousand larches were planted, and very few of the plants failed. Besides these, in the same year, two hundred and fifty thousand other trees were planted, of which fifty thousand were alders, and the rest elm, beech, birch, ash, and mountain ash. They all thrive well, but the beech flourished more than any, except the larch. About ten thousand were planted to the acre. From October 1797 to October 1798, ten thousand oaks were planted, from one to two feet high; and from October 1798 to April 1799, fifty-five acres were set with acorns. In the same space of time, in which the plantation of oaks was going forward, twenty-five thousand ash trees were planted, of which not more

than five hundred died, and about four hundred thousand larch trees. The larches were all two years old seedlings, and were always planted on the upper parts of hills. The larches planted at the height of from eighteen inches to two feet, in the year 1796, were from ten to thirteen feet high in 1802. The medium growth has been from twenty inches to two feet each year; but the shoots of one very favourable season were from two feet and a half to three feet, and in some instances, three feet eight inches. The whole number of trees planted on the estate from October 1795 to April 1801, amounted to two millions and sixty-five thousand, of which one million two hundred thousand were larches, without including the land sown with acorns. But the system of planting is to be extended, on a still larger scale, till nothing naked breaks in upon the scenery, except some rock, whose picturesque effect exempts it from obedience to the cultivator. Nor are these, great as they may justly be considered, the only improvements in progress. The general system of farming is pursued with spirit and judgment, and the dairy may be said to have been brought to perfection, by collecting the different breeds of milch cows, and comparing their merits. The long established prejudice, that varieties of cheese cannot be produced on the same land, is completely refuted by the experience of this dairy, which produces Parmesan, Stilton, Gloucester, Cheshire, and every other kind, so excellent in quality, and so exact in the imitation of shape and flavour, as to deceive the most accurate eye or palate. The crops of wheat, barley, rye, and potatoes, have been abundantly flourishing in favourable seasons, where it has been considered as madness to attempt their growth. Some even of the very high and exposed grounds have been brought into cultivation, and bid fair, in the course of time, to repay the labour and expence. The plan here pursued has been given to
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the public, in a little pamphlet, entitled, "A Cardiganshire Landlord's Advice to his Tenants." More than forty cows have been imported from Holland, and are now naturalized among these mountains, besides Devon, Scotch, Guernsey, and most other breeds.

The number of labourers employed about the farm is very great, and their comfortable cottages interspersed among the woods, with the houses of the bailiff and gardener aspiring even to elegance, convey more the idea of a flourishing colony, than of a private gentleman's residence. There are other besides agricultural institutions, of a nature scarcely to be expected in such a place. A printing press, with all the necessary materials for carrying on large and extensive works, is established in the grounds. Here Mr. Johnes is printing his translation of Froissart, under his own immediate superintendence. The first volume is probably completed by this time. A school for the gratuitous education of girls has for some time been opened, under the direction of the respectable patroness; and it is proposed hereafter to establish another school for boys, on a liberal foundation. A surgeon and apothecary has an annual pension, for his attendance on the cottagers of the estate; and there was at one time a dispensary for the whole neighbourhood once a fortnight at the house; but this, for some reasons of expedience, has been discontinued. With respect to the church, which has been so often mentioned as giving a finish to the various prospects, it merits particular attention. There was before an old building in very bad repair, serving as a chapel of ease to the mother church of Eglwys Newydd. It was first proposed that this ruinous chapel should be reinstated at the joint expence of the parish and the proprietor of Havod; but the patience of the latter could not accommodate itself to the delays and evident reluctance of the former. Wyatt gave a drawing with which no

fault can be found, except that perhaps the pinnacles are not sufficiently light and pointed; and the church rose into its present ornamental form without the assistance of the parish. It is attended every Sunday by the Havod family, their visitors, servants, and about two hundred of the neighbouring peasantry, comfortable in their appearance, decent and devout in their behaviour. The uniform and characteristic dress of the people has a peculiar and pleasing effect. The service is in Welsh, and therefore not very edifying to the English part of the congregation. The interior of the church adds elegance to simplicity and cleanliness. There is already an altar piece by Fufeli; and the large window in the family seat is to be filled with painted glass, of a similar quality and merit with that in the anti-library. It may well be supposed that the farm yards are all furnished with buildings and implements the most novel, extensive, and complete. The farm has been entirely surrounded with stone walls, which, though tremendously expensive, are absolutely necessary to the success of agricultural projects in this country. It has of late been a custom more entertaining than delicate, to take every opportunity of bringing the modes of private life before the tribunal of the public. On such a subject I shall content myself with observing generally, that the habits of this family are regular in themselves, paternal in the care of their dependents, and hospitable in the reception of their friends.

On quitting Havod, we crossed Maen Arthur, signifying in English, Arthur's Stone, so called probably from some supposed memorial of that prince. The hill is bold, rugged, and barren. On gaining the top, the ground continues high, and seems to justify my having denominated this a country of excavations, when the Llanidloes road opens a partial view of that mighty dingle, where the rivers Mynach and Rhydoll unite their torrents.

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In front we had the great fall of the Rydoll, shrinking apparently into a cascade of small dimensions, by the height and distance at which we were placed. A gentle descent gradually unfolds the scenery to view, till at length it bursts upon the sight in full display on the Devil's Bridge. This is a single arch between twenty and thirty feet in the chord, thrown over another arch of less than twenty feet below, which spans a tremendous chasm. The history of the bridge is understood to be this: that the lower arch was thrown over by the monks of Ystrad Fflur Abby, about the year 1087; but that the country people, thinking so bold an effort above the reach of their spiritual fathers, ascribed it to the architect, whose name it bears. But the Abby of Ystrad Fflur was not founded till the year 1164. Either, therefore, it was not the work of those monks, or it must be placed a century later. Girald mentions having passed over it in 1188, when he travelled through Wales, with Baldwin Archbishop of Canterbury, to preach the crusades; so that it must have stood there between six and seven hundred years, and there it still remains. But the descent must always have been too abrupt for general convenience; and the safety of the bridge itself began to be suspected. In the year 1753, the present bridge was built directly over the original, which was left standing. The lower therefore may be still resorted to, in case of any accident happening to the upper, which is necessarily wider as the fissure expands towards the top. Yet it is not the art of conquering the obstacles of this chasm that excites our wonder, but the chasm itself, the corresponding sides of which prove how firmly it must have been united. The cleft has evidently been enlarged, and perhaps originally produced, by the incessant attack of the impetuous Mynach on the solid wall of rock. The lower arch may be distinctly viewed by looking over the parapet of the upper bridge; but the whole
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scene is so enveloped in wood, that the depth is not perceived; and many an incurious traveller has passed the Devil's Bridge, without distinguishing its circumstances from those of an ordinary road. On the right of the bridge we made our first descent, to the bottom of the aperture, through which the Mynach drives its furious passage. This truly acherontic stream forces itself through masses and fragments of opposing rocks, hollowing out deep cavities, filled with the awful blackness of unfathomed waters, and thickening the misty gloom of a recess, impervious to sunshine. These scenes have of late been so much the object of attention, that their measurements have all been curiously ascertained. The depth from the present bridge to the bed of the river is one hundred and fourteen feet. The effect of the double arch with its accompaniments is picturesque as well as singular, and the narrowness of the fissure, darkened by its artificial roof, enhances, rather than abates, the solemn gloom of the abyss. These dingles are all lined with one vast forest, so that, in this narrower part, the branches of the opposite trees are almost interwoven.

On regaining the road, we made our second descent at the distance of a few yards on the other side of the bridge, to view the four concatenated falls from the point of a rock in front. Each of these is received into a deep and agitated pool at the bottom, but so diminished to the eye at the present point of view, as to melt the four into one continued cascade. The first fall takes place about forty yards south-west of the bridge, where the river is confined to narrow limits by the rocks. It is carried about six feet over the ridge, and projected into a basin at the depth of eighteen feet. Its next leap is sixty feet, and the third is again diminished to twenty, when it encounters rocks of prodigious size, through which it struggles to the edge of the largest cataract,

cataract, and pours in one unbroken torrent down a precipice of one hundred and ten feet. The river, therefore, falls two hundred and eight perpendicular feet, without allowing for the declivity of the three pools. Add to this, one hundred and fourteen, and the perpendicular depth from the bridge to the junction of the Mynach and Rydoll is three hundred and twenty-two feet or upwards. This confluence of intervening vallies is as stupendous for its width, as the dingle above the bridge for its profoundly narrow cleft. These immense hollows, branching out on every hand, are all richly clad in exhaustless leaf, from stems that vegetate between the crevices of the rock.

From this spot, with the assistance of our guide, we found our way to the fall of the Rydoll, not to be approached in time of flood, and seldom visited, owing to the difficulty of the approach. Yet is it, in my view of the subject, the perfection of the scene. The sublime features of this cataract will be better understood from the frontispiece than from any description. The basin into which it falls is agitated like a sea, by the violence of the shock: the rocks that have planted themselves across the channel are enormous: the hue of the waters is dark; the hills stand upright into the sky; nothing glitters through the gloom, but the foam of the torrent; nothing invades the deep silence, but its sound. The flashing of the rill from above into the broad cascade adds inexpressible beauty to its grandeur. Turning from this stupendous object, we looked along the glen, against a precipice of forests, on the brink of which stood the Havod Arms, at the perpendicular height of more than an hundred and fifty yards. The Rydoll soon meets the Mynach, and their junction may here be traced. The cascades on the two rivers are not within sight of each other; nor is the Devil's Bridge seen from the falls of the Mynach, as it has been erroneously represented in some published engravings.

engravings. Those falls having been already delineated, and being, in my opinion, too vast to come properly within so small a compass, I rather chose that of the Rydoll, more picturesque perhaps, and never yet given to the public; while the general view of the dingle, including the Havod Arms, will, I hope, serve adequately to characterise the magnitude and interest of the scenery.

After repassing the Devil's Bridge, we descended, for the fourth time, at the side of the Mynach falls, to the Robber's Cave, at the jet of the lowest fall; for years, according to tradition, the hiding-place of two brothers and a sister, who infested the neighbourhood as plunderers. The cave has in itself nothing to repay its visitors for encountering the obstacles of the path; but our object was, to examine closely each of the pools. The four cascades, thus taken in detail, impress the mind more strongly than before with the gigantic measurement of their proportions, because here the extent of the unfathomed pools between each is obvious to the eye. The second fall of sixty feet is grand in the extreme. When viewed connectedly and at a distance from the opposite station, great as they really are, their character is most distinguishingly marked by elegance and beauty. I would recommend it to a stranger, not to be satisfied without climbing these dingles in every direction. Without going to the robber's cave, we should have lost the bold rocks and luxuriant timber below the point, whence we first viewed these cataracts, hidden as they were by the position in which we then stood. With the decline of daylight, we returned to the Havod Arms. This house is on Mr. Johnes's estate, and was built by him for the accommodation of travellers. It has hitherto been very ill kept; but two of his servants are now settled there, and the public are likely to benefit by the change. The house is to be enlarged by the addition of



Drawn & Engraved by J. Leighton.

Hard Inn.

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two wings, which will render it a handsome building. Its situation is magnificent. The back windows command the fall of the Rydoll, and overlook the intervening abyfs in all its grandeur. This house, in spite of its difcomforts, has of late years been constantly full during the summer months. With a better road between this place and Brecknock, and decent inns at the towns of Rhayader and Buallt, the tour from Glocester and Monmouth across the country to the sea-coast of Cardiganshire might be rendered very popular.

The visitors of these scenes seldom go beyond the Devil's Bridge, unless their road lies for Llanidloes; and even then, they are apt to pass a very curious spot, lying a little to the left of Yspytty 'r Enwyn, without notice, for want of information. The village of Yspytty 'r Enwyn itself, though consisting only of a few wretched cottages, is remarkable on account of its origin. This, and Yspytty Iftwid, are the ancient hospitia of the monks, who, when Ystrad Fflur Abbey was in its splendour, stationed small detachments of their brethren at certain intervals, to protect and refresh the traveller on his journey through this desolate track. Wherever the word Yspytty occurs, it may be traced to a similar establishment. These were among the most beneficial of the monastic institutions, and have subsisted on the same footing to modern times upon the continent, wherever they have been permitted by the genius of the prevailing religion, and rendered necessary by the inability of the lay inhabitants, from poverty and want of resort, to open public inns. There is in the churchyard a large, upright stone monument, with the characters entirely defaced. I could not learn, that any tradition was attached to it in the neighbourhood; and there was nothing in its shape or appearance, particularly to distinguish it from similar erections, to be met with in every part of this country. But the scene to

which I referred is Pont Herwid, just at the confluence of the rivers Castel and Rydoll, in a deep and narrow dingle, possessing more than the wildness of those I have just now described, without the attractions of their rich and varied beauties. The rocky scenery has not degenerated in boldness, nor is it entirely despoiled of vegetation; but the whole tone of surrounding nature, as well as the surface of the immediate soil, is dark and terrific, and disposes the most persevering enthusiast to retire, after a cursory examination, from the spot. A rude bridge is thrown from rock to rock over a chasm, though different in form, scarcely less repulsive in its aspect than that of the Devil's Bridge. Those who visit the place would scarcely be induced to credit the fact, were I not to subjoin the name of the gentleman, who performed so extraordinary a feat of activity; but Mr. Charles Long, late of the Treasury, undertook to leap over this deep-worn bed of many waters, and cleared it in perfect safety.

The next object of picturesque attention is the interesting vale of Rydoll, whether you view it from the ridge, along which the turnpike road runs to Aberistwid, or skirt the banks of the river in the bottom of the valley. I took the latter course in the summer, and turned off to the right from the great road. After winding down one of these vast dingles, a narrow foot bridge crosses the Rydoll, just below no inconsiderable fall. For several miles, a scene of softened beauty presented itself. We receded from the stupendous, without losing sight of it; the hills onward were still lofty, but gradually retiring from the river, and melting down into mildness and composure. The charms of cultivation again make themselves felt; the bed of the river becomes broader, and its current more tranquil; the slopes are more gentle, and the wild luxuriance of forests is exchanged for the gentler shade of groves. There is, however, one more bold scene, before you

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enter on the flat country; a fine fall of the whole river, of considerable height, with a mill to give it character in the eye of a painter. After passing near Fronfaith House, the seat of Sir Thomas Bonsal, the subject of curiosity is the village of Lan Padern, once a bishop's see, founded by St. Padern the Great. This Padern was the descendant of an Armorican prince, and himself, as some say, a native of Mauritania. He was the cousin of Cadwan, with whom he came into Britain, and attained a high character for sanctity in the college of Illtyd. He afterwards removed from that primitive seminary of piety and learning, and erected this see about the middle of the sixth century; though that date, if correct, seems to be too early for his supposed connexion with Cadwan. The congregation consisted of one hundred and twenty members, and Padern was dignified with the title of Archbishop. He has been already mentioned as one of the three blessed visitors. He is recorded to have performed the functions of his office without reward, and to have alleviated the distresses of the poor, as far as his ability extended. But the inhabitants seem to have profited little by so virtuous an example; for in process of time they killed their bishop, and the censure of the country runs in strong terms, that there has not been one good man among them ever since. The bishopric, for the crime of the people, was sunk in that of St. David's; but there was still an abbey, under the jurisdiction of a layman, in the time of Girald, the existence of which is still to be traced in the form and architecture of the present parish church. It retains many indications of high antiquity. It is large, and built as a cross, with nave, and chancel, in the oldest style of Gothic. Lan Padern, then a city, was destroyed by the Danes in the year 987, in the reign of Meredith ap Owen. They directed their violence particularly against religious establishments, probably as offering the easiest and richest prey. Meredith

ap Owen, finding the country unable to repel them by force of arms, consented to pay one penny for every man within his territory. This was called the tribute of the black army. There are a few modern monuments in this church, particularly one to Mr. Lewis Morris, whom that very able antiquary, Mr. Samuel Pegge, has mentioned in a letter to Dr. Philips, as a most excellent scholar, perfectly acquainted with the language and history of his own country. It will not therefore be uninteresting to inquire, under what circumstances he gained so flattering a testimony.

He was the youngest son of a cooper and corn dealer in Anglesey, who was not in circumstances to give his children any better education, than what the village school afforded. Yet did they all attain a respectable rank in society, and no mean distinction in science, by the diligent cultivation of their natural endowments. Lewis was born in the year 1702, and was brought up to the business of a land-surveyor; but he was afterwards employed in various offices under government. The leading particulars of his life and character may be collected from his own letters to Mr. Pegge, in which he acknowledges the honour conferred on him by the correspondence of that gentleman. He represents himself as having acquired his little stock of knowledge in a manner by dint of nature. His education, as to language, had not been regular, and his progress had been much impeded by want of practice and intercourse with men of letters. He says that he had been employed, first in the customs and salt duties, then by the Admiralty, to survey the coast of Wales, and afterwards by the Treasury, as surveyor of the king's land revenue, collector of the customs at Aberdovey, and superintendent of the king's mines in Wales; so that public affairs had taken up the most valuable part of his time. A part of his survey was published in 1748. He professes the English tongue to be as much a foreign language to him,

him, as the French; there being whole parishes, in the mountainous parts of Wales, where there is not a word of English spoken. In the year 1761, at the time of writing this letter, he was, according to his own account, in no public business, except superintendent of the king's mines, without a salary. He had retired to a little villa of his own, at Penbryn, where his garden, orchard, and farm, with some small mine works, took up a considerable portion of his time. His knowledge in medicine and surgery brought him the visits of the poor; and his botanical studies, which had been his own favourite amusement, were now converted to their benefit. He had attended from his childhood to natural philosophy and mathematics. He had collected fossils and shells; but confessed his knowledge in coins to be very slender. He had turned his thoughts to models and engines, and made several improvements in the branches of mechanics connected with them. But his erudition lay chiefly in the line of ancient British history, on which he had prepared a great variety of sketches, common places, and notes. These he meant to have collected and arranged in a work, to be entitled, "Celtic Remains," the manuscript of which has since been entrusted to the Rev. Walter Davies, for the purpose of publication in an enlarged and improved state. Had Mr. Morris been a man of leisure, and could he have submitted to confine his attention to any one branch of science, his superior faculties would probably have elevated him to the highest rank in his department. As it was, he became a respectable proficient in many sciences. He was learned in the theory of music, and a good performer on several instruments. To his acute discovery of latent genius, and friendly assistance in the task of elementary instruction, the public were indebted for the harp of Parry. Mr. Morris, in his latter days, suffered severely by a complication of diseases, and died in
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the year 1765. His collection of ancient manuscripts is deposited in the Welsh charity school in London. He was buried in this church; and with these brief memorials of an interesting and meritorious character, I take my leave of this primitive establishment. The remains of such a man may not unworthily lie, even by those of the venerable St. Padern, who is recorded, in the quaint antithesis of ancient biographers, by feeding to have governed, and by governing to have fed. The houses in the village, as well as the church, bear evident marks of high antiquity, and, as is generally the case here, are more decent as more ancient.

The turnpike road from the Devil's Bridge to Aberistwid is over a ridge of hills, exhibiting a general view of the vale, as the road by the Rydoll unfolds the scenery in detail. The village of Eskynald excepted, there is little appearance of an inhabited country. About three miles from Aberistwid, there is a fine sea view, agreeably broken by a promontory in front of the road. Other picturesque circumstances might be mentioned; but I hasten to the description of Aberistwid, which we approached by a turnpike gate, where are a few houses, known by the name of Piccadilly.

The building of the castle is thus related. King Henry the First, about the year 1109, told Gilbert Strongbow, that as he had frequently petitioned to obtain some lands in Wales, he might now win and possess the lands and inheritance of Cadwgan ap Blethin. Gilbert immediately collected his forces, and having landed in Cardiganshire, reduced the country to subjection with little difficulty. He then built two castles; one in the direction of Pembrokeshire, perhaps at Kilgerran, and the other at this place, on the river Rydoll, one mile from Lan Padern. It was of course the policy of this intruder, to embroil the native proprietors with the King of England; that his own house might be aggrandized

dized by conquests and confiscations. About the year 1111, Gruffyth ap Rees came over from Ireland, where he had been brought up from his childhood. He had not resided more than two years in his native country, before he was accused of aiming at the sovereignty of South Wales. King Henry made several attempts to possess his person; but the vigilance of his friends defeated every conspiracy. In the course of time, he was enabled to act on the offensive. After many other bold and successful feats, in the year 1116, he encamped near the fortified mansion on the banks of the Rydoll, between Aberistwid and the town of Lan Padern, with the intention of laying siege to the castle of Aberistwid on the following day. But a reinforcement from a castle in the neighbourhood, with a superiority of military stratagems on the part of the enemy, converted the aggression of the Welsh into a defeat. Prince Gruffyth ap Rees fought with better fortune in the year 1135; for he took and razed the castle of Aberistwid, and slew the Normans and Saxons that were settled in Cardiganshire. Some of those who escaped fled over the sea to England. Gruffyth restored to the Welsh their lands and habitations, of which they had been deprived. Others of the Normans and Saxons retreated with less precipitation from Gruffyth ap Rees; but they were unexpectedly attacked, near the vale of Neath in Glamorganshire, by the sons of Caradoc ap Jestin, who slew more than three thousand of them, and put the rest to flight. Some of them escaped into Gower, where they found protection in the castles, that had been erected there by Henry Beaumont. This castle was reinstated by Cadwallader, second son to Gruffyth ap Conan, and again destroyed by Owen Gwineth, the eldest son and successor, on account of his brother's contumacy. It continued to experience all the vicissitudes of a predatory warfare, alternately fortified and overthrown. Such fortifications, as were then in
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use, were indeed easily demolished; but in the course of time it owned a more powerful master, though even his formidable provisions were not effectual against the desperate enthusiasm of expiring liberty. King Edward the First rebuilt it in the year 1277, and returned to England in high triumph. But the oppressions exercised by the rulers of the Marches did not permit the peace concluded between the Prince of Wales and the King of England to continue. Among the brief successes of the Welsh, the year before their subjection was sealed, is to be numbered the splendid capture of this newly erected English fortress. Many other castles were taken in that district, and the partisans of foreign domination were grievously harassed throughout the country. This castle, in the year 1404, was taken by Owen Glandwr, during one of his most vigorous campaigns. The embattled house before mentioned, which now forms an interesting ruin, is reported to have been one of his residences. What was the origin of this castellated mansion, does not appear; but we have already seen that it must be nearly coeval with the first foundation of the neighbouring castle; and one of the bards testifies it to have been inhabited by the native princes. The common story prevails, of a subterraneous communication with the castle on the one hand, and the sanctuary of St. Padarn on the other. The original extent may easily be traced, and one of the towers is nearly perfect. The apartments have evidently been numerous, and on a large scale. The estate now forms a part of Nanteos. The castle stands at the extremity of the town, overlooking a wide expanse of sea. Little of it remains, except a solitary tower, lofty and weather beaten, which, with the ruin on the bank of the river, gives a picturesque and dignified air to the approach. The town, though generally represented in the tours and directories as irregular and dirty, appeared to me rather above than below.

below the level of Welsh towns in general. It is much frequented as a bathing place, especially by Shropshire and Herefordshire families. The coast is grand, and the marine prospect particularly fine. The rocks are lofty, black, and excavated; the layers of slate in general dip downwards, and the cliffs are in every respect of an opposite character to those of limestone, which line the coast of Pembrokeshire and Glamorganshire. The harbour is sufficiently commodious for the utmost extent of trade, of which the place, from its situation, is capable. That, indeed, is not inconsiderable; for lead, calamine, and oak-bark, are exported in some quantity, as well as a few manufactured goods to Bristol and Liverpool. Should the north of Cardiganshire ever rise into a state of high improvement, the possibility of which recent experience can attest, no discouragement can be supposed to operate against its interests from want of a market, since the intercourse with large towns, and especially Liverpool, must always be ready and advantageous from this port. But the town was in the plenitude of its importance, when the mines were worked to the immense profit which has been set forth in the preceding chapter. The gratitude of Mr. Bushel has already been recorded; the spirit of the people was equally on the side of royalty; and the castle, though now a mere fragment, was even at that late period tenable for some time, against the forces of the parliament. It is a circumstance not altogether to be disregarded, that the town appears to have been misnamed; as it really stands on the northern bank of the Rydoll. Just below the town, the two rivers mingle their waters with the ocean, nearly at the same place.

CHAPTER XVII.

NANTEOS...CROSSWOOD PARK...LLANAFAN....LLANNWNWS...
 YSTRAD MIRK....PENTRE RHYDVENDIGED....YSTRAD FFLUR
 ABBEY IN RUINS...LLYN TIVY...TREGARON.

THE way to Cardigan is either along the coast, or through the interior of the county by Tregaron. The former is the nearest by many miles, but the latter presents objects of more interest. I traced them both at different times, but reached Tregaron by a very circuitous route, to be pursued for its singularity and wildness; and, though solitary, not ungraced by the memorials of former times. For a few miles the road is pleasing, without furnishing any materials for description. Nanteos, on the left, is a family mansion belonging to the Powels, but rented during the present minority by a Mr. Pocock. It is one of the first estates in the county, and it is to be hoped, that when the heir comes of age, it will not be on the list of deserted properties. I do not mean to undervalue the advantages which the neighbourhood may derive from the present occupier; but it is impossible that plans of improvement can be carried on to any extent on so limited a tenure; or that a stranger to the habits and manners of a country, however liberal or praiseworthy his dispositions, should render himself equally useful with an hereditary owner, willing to fulfil the important relations which ought to subsist between a gentleman and his dependents. The situation of Nanteos is very agreeable,
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in a little valley, enclosed by moderate hills, except towards the sea, to which it lies open. The house is large, substantial, and plainly handsome, with little of architectural embellishment. It might have stood much more pleasantly within the grounds. Want of taste in the placing of their houses is very generally imputed to the Welsh gentry; yet good reasons may frequently be assigned for a choice, unaccountable to occasional visitors, who attend only to the gratification of the eye, but would calculate differently, were they to become residents. In situations, like this of Nanteos, for instance, near an exposed and stormy coast, and in the neighbourhood of bleak mountains, shelter and warmth in the winter are more necessary ingredients of domestic comfort, than the utmost gaiety of landscape in the summer. The prospect is the more relished, for being sought; and on this principle, it has often happened, that the planners of houses have wisely and not unfeelingly placed them in a part of the grounds, where there was the least to be seen. At Nanteos, in the true sporting style, the dog-kennel is the principal object from the front of the house; but it is disguised like something of a temple. The gardens are remarkably good. There was a celebrated harper at Nanteos, about a century ago, who played there sixty-nine years. His portrait is preserved.

Beyond Nanteos is Crosswood Park, the seat of the Honourable Colonel Vaughan, member for the borough of Cardigan, and brother to the Earl of Lisburne. This is a very ancient place. The present Lord Lisburne is descended from Sir John Vaughan, of Crosswood Park, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, in the reign of Charles the Second, who traced his lineage up to Colwyn, a distinguished chieftain about the close of the eighth century. He inhabited a part of Denbighshire, and was the head of a tribe in North Wales. From him several of the first families in the

principality deduce their pedigree. For many years this venerable mansion has been altogether neglected, and has consequently fallen into decay. The late Lord Lisburne was so much attached to his beautiful seat in Devonshire, that he never visited Crosswood Park, but for a short time when county politics required his attendance. It must be confessed, that before Havod was in existence, the situation was rather solitary; yet it must always have possessed infinite attractions for the lovers of the rural and picturesque. The scenery is various and delightful; the park is magnificently wooded, and sheltered by hills, which begin to swell into mountains. If contemplation were a fashionable propensity, this would be a fashionable residence. The house, as in the former instance, is set down in an obscure corner of the park, and though large, is laid out in a number of confined and inconvenient apartments. Colonel Vaughan is a very recent inhabitant; but as he informed me, that he had taken sixteen hundred acres into his own hands, it is to be hoped, a place will no longer be without a tenant, which only wants a judicious one, to render it a paradise. It has every natural requisite, and is conveniently situated for receiving every artificial improvement.

Beyond Crosswood Park lies the village of Llanafan; and here again we enter upon that region of stones and barrenness, which has been so aptly denominated by the fortunate inhabitants of a more productive district. The ascent is long and fatiguing to a few scattered houses, on a high and dreary common, which constitute another village called Llannwnws. This is the south western extremity of that ridge, which terminates with Eglwys Newydd on the north east. In descending the hill on the south east, the first indication of any thing agreeable is the village and neighbourhood of Ystrad Mirk. There is here, on the side of the declivity, a woody shelter which derives a double charm
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from contrast, and gives a picturesque effect to some grand masses of rock. Neither is the place devoid of other interest. The castle of Ystrad Mirk was built as a sort of outpost to Aberistwid, by the Norman adventurer Gilbert, and afforded timely succour in the day of danger, when Gruffyth ap Rees was on the point of retrieving the rights of the natives. The ancient historians are of opinion that he would have succeeded, had he not victualled his army with some cattle, taken from the sanctuary of the great St. Padern. Florence of Worcester mentions Gruffyth ap Rees to have died by the deceitful practice of his wife. In the year 1137, on the accession of Owen Gwineth to the supremacy of Wales, his first exploit was to overthrow this castle of Ystrad Mirk. In the year 1150, Rees ap Gruffyth having lost many of his men at the siege of Llanrhytid, betook himself to this castle, which he once more fortified and manned. It was of considerable importance in all the subsequent wars, till in the year 1208 it was destroyed by its owner, with other castles, that it might not fall into the hands of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth. After that period, as far as I can collect, it is not mentioned in history.

But this sequestered retreat among the mountains has an object of more interest than a mouldered castle, to engage the attention, in Ystrad Mirk school, endowed by the late Edward Richard, a self-taught scholar, who was master of this school for many years. He was a native of this place, and became an eminent Welsh critic, as well as an elegant pastoral poet. He was in habits of close correspondence with Mr. Lewis Morris, Dr. Philips, and other men of his time, learned in the antiquities of Britain. Mr. Lewis Morris's sons were Mr. Richard's pupils; and it appears from the tenor of the letters which passed between those two gentlemen, that the latter was more critically versed in classical literature, than the generality of those who are engaged in the elementary

elementary department of public instruction. The school has maintained its reputation since his time, and occasionally supplies Oxford with some of its students.

The descent continues from Ystrad Mirk to the plain, through which the Mirk passes. The river is to be crossed, before you reach Pentre Rhydvdiged, or the village of the Blessed Ford, a poor hamlet on the banks of the Tivy, in which it may be for the benefit of some solitary traveller to be informed, that there is a bed. Such an accommodation is not every where to be met with. It forms a new epoch at Pentre Rhydvdiged, the fame of which had reached my ears at some distance; I therefore depended on it, and found it very acceptable at a late hour, though composed of straw. The next morning I went in search of Ystrad Fflur, with its ruined abbey.

This religious house, of reverend repute in monastic annals, was founded by Rees ap Gruffyth, in the year 1164; but to what order of monks it was devoted, is not precisely agreed among our antiquaries. It immediately became a sort of head-quarters for whatever was civilized, and that was but little, in those turbulent times, and in this uncultivated tract. It had its hospitia and its cells established in every direction. We have already seen that it divided with Conway the pious and honourable charge of depositing and carrying on the records of the principality. The bard and priest were associated in this important office. Several copies of Caradoc Lhancarvan were preserved there, and the successions recorded from the year 1156 till the moment of Llewelyn ap Gruffyth's unhappy fall. At that period, these reverend gownsmen were the bearers of their prince's remonstrance, and interceded with the Archbishops of Canterbury and York for their good offices in relieving him from the insults and oppressions of the Marchers. It was likewise a place of interment for many princes
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of South Wales. Among others, Owen, the son of the founder, died here in the year 1190. Another son, Gruffyth, who followed his father's steps, and succeeded him in martial prowess, as in government, died on St. James's day, 1202, and was buried here with great solemnity. In 1204, Howel ap Rees was buried by the side of his brother Gruffyth. This Howel, being blind, was slain by the machinations of another brother. But not to enumerate every instance of princely interment at this abbey, Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, in the year 1237, invited all the lords and barons of Wales to Ystrad Fflur, and required from them the oaths of fidelity and allegiance to his son David. Those who now visit the spot will scarcely credit, that the whole country round could furnish accommodation for such a company, or that this could be the theatre of ceremonies, such as are solemnized with us under the awful roof of Westminster. Lhwelin ap Jorwerth was not buried here, but at Conway. During the wars of King Edward the First with the Welsh, this abbey was burnt down; but it was rebuilt, and remained till the dissolution of all such establishments. With respect to its situation, it illustrates the proverbial good taste of the monks, who prevailed with their founder to place them in the best meadow land of a district, not abounding in fertile spots, under the protection of mountains not far distant, on the banks of a fresh and rapid stream. It is to be lamented, that a place of so much interest and importance should have been so totally subverted. There is a very fine Saxon arch, of freestone. This, with the trees about it, forms a very picturesque subject; but there is nothing else remaining that deserves notice. There is not even the fragment of a tomb or monument. The present church is built from the ruins of the ancient, but occupies a very small portion of its area. Some part of the cloister and infirmary may be traced, but nothing is distinct enough to afford any gratification, except the gateway.

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From Ystrad Fflur Abbey, a guide should be procured to visit Llyn Tivy, and the other lakes, on the summit of the mountain above. As there is no path, it would be difficult to find them without a companion, to whom their situation is known; and the least aberration might expose a stranger to the risk of passing a night in this inhospitable region. There is nothing particularly observable on the ascent. The vale of Ystrad Fflur, though far from rich, presents the only features of cultivation within ken, and therefore looks pleasant. The top of the mountain is far distant, as the acclivity on this side is by no means abrupt. On this eminence is found a cluster of lakes, six in number, of which Llyn Tivy is the principal. Its circumference may probably be about a mile and a half. It is said not to have been fathomed, and is encircled by a high and perpendicular ridge, which at once feeds and confines its everlasting waters. I understand that this circumstance, with its depth, had led some late visitors to conjecture, that it must have been a crater; but the stones, with which the margins of all these lakes abound, and none so much as Llyn Tivy, bear at present no volcanic appearance. The other lakes being higher, there is no prospect here, except in the direction of Ystrad Fflur; and that, though extensive, has little beauty. The rocks and stones, with which the soil is encumbered, without any relief of wood or kindly vegetation, render the aspect of the mountain itself uncouth and repulsive. The distant hills on this side have no very striking character; and the flat which intervenes is so low, and undulates so little, as to be indistinct. The Tivy issues out from the lake by so small an outlet, as scarcely to accredit its relationship with the noble river, to which, in my summer excursion, I was first introduced at Cardigan. But, in my second journey, I traced it from its earliest reservoir to the sea, and became acquainted with its minor as well as its more majestic beauties. Its course down the mountain

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is much retarded by rocks; it rumbles through the stony tract without any decided channel, and is not invested with the usual furniture of banks, till it reaches Ystrad Fflur. It receives no reinforcement, till it has passed Pentre Rhydvdiged, where the Mirk joins it. On leaving Llyn Tivy, a walk of a few minutes will bring you to the summit of the mountain, and at once in view of four more lakes, each within a few yards of the other. The largest cannot be much less in circumference than Llyn Tivy, and is much less formal in its shape, being narrow in the middle. The smallest is circular, occupying the highest ground, and in appearance much like a crater. Its circumference is about three quarters of a mile. These likewise, as I understood from my guide, have not been fathomed. Their effect is much heightened by the strong degree of agitation to which they are subjected by their exposure, and the scene, though totally desolate, is very grand. This is the highest ground in Cardiganshire; and the prospect is most extensive; but the cluster of mountains, on the most elevated of which you are placed, reaches so far, as entirely to obscure the vales between the near and distant hills; so that all is wild and rugged, with Plynillimon and Cadair Idris rearing their lofty heads in the north. They are not so distant, but that the contrast of their characters may be sufficiently observed. The prospect on the south-west extends to the high grounds about Cardigan distinctly, and beyond them to the sea, undecidedly, and as in a mist. The sixth lake is some little way off, and there is a seventh, between Pentre Rhydvdiged and Castle Inon, called Llyn Vathey Cringlas. The only fish in these pools are trout and eels. They are much frequented by wild fowl. Llyn Vathey Cringlas is a mile in circumference, of a beautiful oblong form, where the town of Tregaron is said formerly to have stood. To return from the lakes with the Tivy, and follow it through the vale towards Tregaron, is a fatiguing length of way, without

any corresponding interest. I therefore took the advantage of my guide, to cross the hills, and come down immediately upon the place of my destination. One little dingle, into which we descended, in climbing ridge after ridge, had a speck of wood and tillage; and here was the cottage of my guide, who is a shepherd. I found it a more wretched hovel than any I have met with, excepting in the upper part of Caermarthenshire, where human accommodation seems to be on as low a scale as possible. Still, however, he appeared content. But in truth he has a most dreary neighbourhood. This chain of hills runs, without a single break, from Lanbeder to Bishop's Castle in Shropshire, a space certainly not less than sixty miles, which may be traversed on horseback without the interruption of a single gate or fence, without any path, without any opportunity of procuring the slightest refreshment, and, in all probability, without meeting a human creature. In supposing this course, I take it for granted that the mountain track is pursued, avoiding Rhayader by leaving it to the south and east. But it is time that we should find our way into the civilized world at Tregaron. This is a small, and a very poor place, though I believe it boasts a market. The accommodations of its mean public house are of the very worst sort, nor does it contain, as far as I could find, any object on which the eye can rest with tolerable satisfaction, except its church. This is a better building than might have been expected in so rude a district, and stands on a little rocky eminence, regularly circular, making it not unpleasantly a sort of elevated centre to the town. Were it not for this circumstance, there would not be a village in Cardiganshire more miserable. Brenny river runs through it, and joins the Tivy, which passes on one side, at a little distance below. The Tivy has not yet assumed its picturesque honours. There is a fair here annually, during three days in March.

CHAPTER XVIII.

CWM VERWIN...RESCOB FOREST...PONT LLANICO...LAN DEWI
BREVI...MILLFIELD...KELLAN...LANBEDER.

THE rivers which have been enumerated in the general chapter on Cardiganshire, rise within the county, and pursue their journey to the sea, without transgressing its limits. The neighbourhood of Tregaron, at no great distance to the east, furnishes the source of another river, with some of its earliest attendants, perhaps somewhat inferior to the Tivy in the beauty of its riper course, but far more picturesquely accompanied in the scenes, through which it first flows. It takes the direction of Caermarthenshire, and forms the leading attraction of that county.

When Guendra with such grace deliberately doth glide,
As Tovy doth entice; who setteth out prepar'd
At all points like a prince, attended with a guard;
Of which, as by her name, the near'st to her of kin
Is Toothy, tripping down from Verwin's rushy lin,
Through Rescob running out, with Pescover to meet
Those rills that forest loves; and doth so kindly greet,
As to intreat their stay she gladly would prevail.

It occurred to me to visit the wild tract, mentioned in the foregoing lines of Drayton, in tracing the Tovy upwards through Caermarthenshire. It may be seen with equal convenience from

Tregaron, by taking the road to Bualt for a few miles, to the borders of Brecknockshire, where you are very near its spring. The road lies through Cwm Verwin, and you cross the Toothy, which issues, a short way above, from a pool or watry moor, forming another of those inland reservoirs, with which this county abounds, to the number of at least eleven. Those who do not explore in every possible direction, may make their escape from this inhospitable region eastward to Bualt, or by returning, and bending their steps towards Lanbeder; but they will lose the objects to which I particularly wished to draw their attention, unless they find their way through the defiles of the mountains towards Llandovery, requiring either a guide, or very full and clear directions. The grand scenery commences with Rescob forest, on the borders of Caermarthenshire, and is found in its perfection where the three rivers join. I shall find an opportunity of noticing it hereafter.

The country between Tregaron and Lanbeder is dreary and uninteresting, though it improves on the approach towards the latter place. It may be travelled on either side of the river Tivy; but a stranger will prefer the eastern side, over Pont Llanico to Lan Dewi Brevi, at the distance of two miles, as the latter is a place of considerable antiquarian notoriety, and there is no object of equal interest near the road to the west of the river. At a house near Pont Llanico, several Roman inscriptions have from time to time been discovered by digging, two of which Camden saw and decyphered. This house is in the parish of Lan Dewi Brevi, where likewise coins, bricks, and large pieces of freestone neatly wrought, have frequently been found. These circumstances determined Camden, and his subsequent editors, to abandon altogether the idea of Loventium being situated at Llynfavadon in Brecknockshire, which would have involved the vulgar notion of
a city

a city swallowed up, and to fix it here, without regard to the conjecture of those, who give it still another place in their geography at Newcastle in Emlyn. This opinion seems to have been generally received. It has been thought, indeed, that Cardigan, as the principal town in the county, would suit better with Ptolemy's description; but the antiquities found here have given Lan Dewi Brevi the preference, in which decision Mr. Horsley joins his suffrage to that of Bishop Gibson. Nor are these the only claims on our attention, preferred by this ancient place. The church, though rude in its structure, is not only ancient, but collegiate. Its name implies that it was built in honour of St. David, having been founded by a subsequent bishop for a precentor and twelve prebends. The reason for choosing this spot was, that St. David had preached here at a council, held about the year 520, for the suppression of the Pelagian heresy. The church stands on high ground, in memory of the miraculous effects, by which the oratory of the illustrious disputant is said to have been accompanied. As he rose in argument and force of eloquence, the ground on which he stood rose under him into a hillock; and it was considered as a sort of pious compliment in after ages, to erect the church on the marvellous pulpit of the patron saint. Nor was this the only instance in which we are told that St. David had recourse to something beyond strong reasoning. Mr. Lhuyd found an ancient monumental inscription over the door of the chancel, too much defaced to afford any history of the person whom it was designed to commemorate. All of it that could be decyphered, with a conjecture on the vacant spaces, is given in the *Britannia*; but the defect is pretended to be supplied by a traditional tale of superstition. It is said to have related to a person who was struck dead by St. David for the crime of letting loose a beaver, after it had been with
much

much difficulty caught and confined. There was likewise another ancient inscription, on a stone erected close by the outside of the church door, which appeared as if consisting entirely of abbreviations. Nor must we forget the horn of an ox, or something that seemed like the horn of an ox, seventeen inches in circumference at the root, asserted by the tradition to have been preserved in the church from the time of St. David. On this story it will be sufficient to remark, that the church was not founded till six or seven centuries after the celebrated preaching of St. David. In the time of the commonwealth, and the sale of church lands, this manor was sold, in 1650, to John Jones, Esq. for 186*l.* 3*s.* 4*d.*

There is nothing that requires to be particularly described between this place and Lanbeder. The country and the river both improve in features of attraction; but it is not till it gets beyond Lanbeder, that it swells into a rivalry with the larger and more majestic rivers of Wales. I cannot help observing here, that I have seen many of our modern accounts, which are most inaccurate in their statements respecting the Tivy. They represent the places near it as standing on the banks of an inconsiderable stream, and in their catalogue of principal rivers omit its very name; while the Rydoll, and others of less volume, more within the verge of general travelling, occupy all their descriptive talents. There is perhaps no situation, near which you pass between Tregaron and Lanbeder, more agreeably circumstanced than Millfield, on the banks of a little tributary brook, called Mathern. In the parish of Kellan, Bishop Gibson notices a remarkable pillar, about sixteen feet high, three broad, and two thick, erected on the top of a mountain. Whatever might be its original purpose, the only account of it extant in his time was, that it marked the boundary of the two counties, Caermarthen and Cardigan. The town of Lanbeder, though a metropolis compared with Tregaron,
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is in itself small and poor, with little in its environs to engage attention, beyond the pleasure which a very imperfect cultivation cannot fail of affording, after so strong a prevalence of the bleak and barren from the north of the county downwards. The circle is, however, very contracted; for this town is very much beset by mountains, rising on the east and west to a considerable height. It stands on the borders of Caermarthenshire, and trenches on that wild country, in which the Tovy rises. Lanbeder once was as famous for herds, as the Tivy for beavers, or Radnor for deer; and though it certainly is not at present to be considered as pre-eminent in that line, we must not therefore discredit its ancient claim. The tale of the beavers has been treated as fabulous in modern times, because they are not now found on the banks of the Tivy; but the laws of Howel Dha, the authenticity of which has not been questioned, are fully competent to prove their existence formerly. The price of a beaver's skin is there set down, and there are ponds or lakes, which from time immemorial have gone by the name of the beavers' pools. Nor is it any argument for our disbelief of the fact, that they had disappeared even so long ago as Camden's time, since they are mentioned by Girald, who must be acknowledged as a writer of no contemptible authority, though a politic conformity to the taste of his readers might perhaps induce him, in some instances, rather to consider what they would admire, than his own accuracy. Had the assertion related to any thing miraculous, or any thing which involved the interests of the church or the crusade, we might reasonably suspect him of an undue inclination; but, in the present case, he had some reputation to support as a topographer, no interest to warp him as a churchman. We should go against all rational inference, were we to resolve every alleged existence in nature into a fable, which is
not

not supported by present experience. On that principle, there never were wolves in England; but the beaver, like the wolf, was a mischievous animal, for which reason public rewards came in aid of private inclination, and they were ultimately extirpated. The goats are even now in the last stage of a similar consumption; and it may be a question, a century or two hence, whether these mountains ever abounded in wild goats. In fact, they are rapidly disappearing, because, though not without their uses to the poor, they are destructive to plantations and agriculture; so that they are compelled to give way to a more useful and entirely inoffensive animal in the sheep. I cannot help adding to the errors and oversights of our hasty and ephemeral writers, a positive inaccuracy of Pinkerton, in his geography, who states that the Tivy is navigable to Lanbeder. How do the vessels essay their somerset, or fling themselves to the top of the stream, when they encounter the salmon-leap at Kenarth? How do they scud along the twisted channel, with all its obstacles of many-formed and ever-varying rocks, between Newcastle in Emlyn and Llandyfful? The fact I apprehend to be, that barges have little occasion to come beyond Pont Llechryd, and that they never have come much further. At present, a dam in the river, to supply a short canal, for the purposes of the tin works, effectually precludes all passage beyond the bridge just mentioned. I do not allude to this circumstance for the purpose of cavilling at so valuable a work, but to correct one of those mistakes, which must befall every writer, relying, in a considerable degree, from the nature of his subject, on the information, whether oral or written, of others. I am well aware, that many assertions, not altogether borne out, must have found their way into these pages, sometimes from a too scrupulous respect for established authors, sometimes from the necessity

necessity of taking up with the best local intelligence, without the means of canvassing it, and sometimes from the fallacious impression of the time present, taking its stamp more from personal and momentary feelings of pleasure or disgust, than from an advised regard, or becomingly serious appreciation.

CHAPTER XIX.

PONTYNEN....LLANWNNEN....LLANVAUGHAN....LLANWENOG....
 RHYDOWEN..ALLTYR ODIN...LLANDYSSUL..LLANERCHARRON
 CASTLE..CHENCERA...GARENGYR..TAVERN SPITE..MELIVOR...
 LLANRHYSTID....LLANSANTFRED....LLANNON....MORVA...LAN
 DEWI ABERARTH...ABERARRON...LLANARTH..LLANDISSILIO-
 GOGO..RHYDFECHAN..SYNOD FUNNONDDEWY.TAVERNSCOUR.
 NEW INN...PWLLGLAS...CASTLE YNDALIG...BLAENPORTH...
 KERRY BRIDGE...NEWCASTLE IN EMLYN.

ON quitting Lanbeder, towards Pontynen, there is close by the town, a large and ancient feat, with four towers crowned with domes, in the middle of a fine enclosure. It seems at present to be uninhabited, and to have experienced a long neglect. Its situation is woody and pleasant, but we soon pass again into a more open and naked country, which continues for several miles without any object of attraction, except here and there a planted spot about the villages. Beyond Pontynen is Llanwnnen, on the banks of Grannell River, which joins the Tivy at no great distance on the left of the road. A little way further on the left, is Llanvaughan, a family feat of John Thomas, Esq. About Llanwenog, the country begins to improve, and the live fences to flourish, which about the other villages, in spite of repeated experiments, have all decayed after a time. This tract would not however be unfavourable to tillage, were it not for the distance

at

at which they have to fetch their lime from the sea-side, over steep and stony roads. The crops are principally rye, barley, and oats, which are raised in tolerable quality and some degree of abundance; but a field of wheat is neither very common, nor where it occurs, in general commensurate in its yielding to the trouble and expence of producing it. From Rhydowen forwards, the agricultural, as well as picturesque appearance of things begins sensibly to improve. As we approach the navigable part of the Tivy, and the more thickly planted residences of gentlemen, to many of whom the community is highly indebted for their patriotic labours, the scene again becomes interesting. By turning down a bye road to the left, in the village of Rhydowen, a stranger will not only see the romantic situation of Alltyr Odin, but by keeping along the banks of the Cletur, till it falls into the Tivy, and then taking the vale to Llandyfful, will command a very interesting reach, which would be lost by adhering to the turnpike. The families of Lhuyd are so numerous in Cardiganshire, that the name scarcely serves the purpose of a distinction, unless we were to enter minutely into their genealogies; a proceeding that would be tiresome to the English reader, unless some important matter of history or biography were connected with the relation. Llangoedmor, Mabus, and other seats, among the rest Alltyr Odin, are possessed by families bearing the same name, without the slightest consanguinity. Alltyr Odin is situated on the side of a hill, overlooking the beautiful little valley, through which the Cletur runs. It owes much of its verdure and improvement to the spirit and taste of its proprietor. Its scenery, though of no great extent, is sufficiently varied to exhibit a happy combination of the ruder features, which have so long prevailed, with the garden and the plantation, the luxuriance of the meadow in spring, or the autumnal ornament of the standing sheaf. The

Cletur is every where an engaging object, with all the beautiful transparency of a Welsh river. There is a very pleasing little fall at some distance below the house, and some very striking masses of rock at intervals, all the way down to the junction of the vallies. There are, near the house, the foundations of a very ancient castle, to be distinctly traced, with the site entirely covered with stones, on one of the highest hills. There is another, similarly situated, in the vale of Tivy close by, which tradition assigns to Vortigern. There are at Alltyr Odin some valuable manuscripts chiefly genealogical, which their owner, a gentleman of more intelligence than most in the country, has furnished for the use of the Cambrian Register; and it is probable that the next volume will be enriched with a part of their contents.

The spot where a small river pays its homage to a greater, is generally marked by interesting circumstances. Where the Cletur falls into the Tivy, the accompaniments of the latter begin to assume an air of boldness. The line of the banks is frequently broken by an obtruding rock or a lofty precipice, and the whole scenery becomes various, richly clothed, and grand. From this point to the sea, the Tivy presents a succession of pictures very rarely to be outdone. After having skirted its banks for some time, the village of Llandyfful, though poor, is so exquisitely situated on a most picturesque reach of the river, as to command the unqualified admiration of the traveller. The church close by the water side is a very fine object. This church, as the very name of the village indicates, is dedicated to Tyfful, a saint who died about the middle of the sixth century. Tyfful was descended from Cunedda Wledig, who with Bran and Brecon is recorded to have founded the three holy families of Britain. Bran introduced the christian religion into the country; Brecon brought up his children and grandchildren to learning and a religious

religious life; Cunedda was the first in this island, who united temporal interest with spiritual zeal, by granting lands and privileges to the church. Dr. Stevenson's house is on the Caermarthenshire side of the river, in a style of neatness and simplicity, well suited to the completion of the spot. This gentleman, delighting in agricultural enterprises, has created a farm here, at his own very heavy cost, but with a degree of success, that will amply repay his labour in the course of time. He is a very sanguine, but not a miscalculating speculator. The estate is small, but in a train of being improved to the utmost. The buildings and offices about the farm and house are models of ingenious contrivance, for the purposes to which they are applied. They may perhaps rather exceed what the premises require, but in every other respect they are perfect. This place has been much visited by those who are curious in the practice of husbandry. It has equal attractions for the painter. The hanging wood above the garden, stretching itself parallel with the river, as far as the eye can reach, with the village, the venerable bridge, and other circumstances, furnishes an admirable subject, either for contemplation or the pencil. The higher grounds, as you walk over the farm, afford some very fine prospects up the river.

There is no doubt of this country admitting a very high degree of cultivation, generally equal to this estate, which has lately been reclaimed, and there are many appearances of its containing very valuable mineral treasures; but these resources are not likely to be called into full activity, till a plan in contemplation for overcoming the obstacles of distant intercourse is successfully arranged. There are natural impediments at the mouth of the Tivy, which must prevent Cardigan from becoming a great commercial place; but a cheap communication with Cardigan Bay by means of New Key, would give life to this part of the country. I am inclined

to think that Dr. Stevenson has not been inattentive to the subject; and his active mind is not likely to let a project for improvement die away without examining all its bearings, and urging in the most available quarter all its recommendations. At the same time, as far as the countenance of government is necessary to such undertakings, it is much to be lamented, that our ministers in all their successions and changes, have been too apt to look with indifference on whatever beneficial schemes have been suggested for the distant parts of the island. Thirty miles round London, as it is the principal sphere of their power and influence, seems to be the only object of their diligent attention; and though, if individuals are rich and enterprising enough to accomplish their ends without assistance, the hand of power may not thwart them, it has seldom been known to spare the smallest portion of its resources for the purpose of calling out latent wealth and greatness; or in other words, a government will not lay a foundation of prosperity at its own expence, the benefit of which is only to be enjoyed by its successors. Let men in office but secure the monied interest and popularity of London, where they are known, and by which they are supported, the Hebrides and Wales may take care of themselves; no matter how much the industry of the natives is repressed, how little their natural means of improvement are encouraged.

From Llandyfful I should particularly recommend the Caermarthenshire side of the river to Newcastle in Emlyn, over a very bad road, in preference to the usual route on the other side, which has only occasional snatches of the Tivy. By the course I mention, it is scarcely necessary to lose sight of it; and some of its most interesting scenery is comprised within these few miles. Its bed becomes magnificently rocky just below Llandyfful bridge; at another turn, it widens almost into a lake, skirted with green meadow,

meadow, and enclosed within an amphitheatre of hanging woods. With these alternate changes, it wears its way to Newcastle in Emlyn, where that fortress appears in a most singular situation. But I shall briefly state the leading particulars that occur on the sea coast between Aberystwid and Cardigan, before I proceed with this description.

It is impossible not to observe in travelling along the western coast of this island whether in England or Wales, how much milder and more salubrious is the air, than that of the eastern counties: but it is unnecessary to enlarge on this circumstance, as Mr. Ray has noticed it long ago. It may indeed be laid down as a general rule, that rather open countries, along sea shores of rocky or sandy strands, free from mud, marshes, fens, or any collections tending to stagnation or putridity, are more healthy than the most favourable districts of the interior. We have only to read the grave stones of church-yards along such sea-coasts in every part of the kingdom, comparing the ages with what we shall find in the inland parts of the country, and we shall soon be convinced of this fact. This consideration should prevail in choosing places for sea bathing. It is a question to be resolved by medical men, whether it is not the purity of air in sea-bathing places, more than any direct effects from that mode of remedy in itself, that is favourable to the restoration of health. Yet in general, except in highly favoured spots there is little to engage the attention of the traveller in search of the picturesque, in journeying directly along the coast; and this is particularly the case in the present instance. The vale of Iſtwid, with the romantic bridge venerably clothed with ivy, near Llannercharron Castle, is the first point at all interesting; immediately afterwards, at Chencera, the hills rising abruptly, shut out the country on the left, and leave a very fine sea view, the grand but unvarying and only object. About
Garengyr

Garengyr the country is sufficiently pleasing, but such as to afford few topics of illustration. Tavern Spite is probably in contradistinction to the establishments of the monks; an hospitium of later times, open to all travellers, on the simple condition, that they pay for their accommodation. There is also a Tavern Spite in Pembrokehire.

Near Melivor, on the right hand of the road, are two druidical monuments, consisting at present of single stones, standing upright, about ten feet and a half high, and five feet and a half broad. They are placed within a yard or two of each other. There are many other stones lying about, and it is supposed to have been an altar; but the circle is by no means to be made out. Llanrhytid stands on the banks of the little river Werry, near where it pours itself into the sea. It is a narrow, but rapid stream; and there was something curious in observing the effects of a flood, though only after a single day's rain, in the large body of water it carried. The traces of a monastic institution in the buildings at Llanrhytid are interesting. The establishment was evidently large, and it is understood to have been a nunnery. Llanfantfred, a miserably built village, is also distinguished for its ancient church, which, with its other large buildings, formerly constituted the abbey, mentioned in an old book, describing the various endowments of St. David's cathedral and diocese. The road about Llannon passes over marshy ground, which has indeed been made firm for the traveller, but much at the expence of his sensations; for it is most uncouthly paved with rough stones, after the manner of a country town. The river Perris falls into the sea near Llannon. The mountain again rises on the left, and the fields are well cultivated between the road and the sea. The village of Morva stands near another little brook. The church is almost close by the sea side, and the road winds towards the shore,

so that an evening walk, with the noise of the waves and the confinement of the scene, is solemn and even gloomy. Beyond this place, there is a very steep hill, with the road winding to the right, seeming as if it led immediately on the cliff. On the top, however, it takes a sudden turn, and comes down unexpectedly on the village of Lan Dewi Aberarth. This is one of the cleanest, and most pleasing villages in Cardiganshire. The bridge over the Arth, the neat and well-thatched cottages, dropped down on its banks, without the formality of a street, the sea almost closing in upon the village, conspire to give it an interesting appearance in the day-time, and produce a most perplexing effect by moon-light. The white buildings, from the hill above, seem to be standing in the water, which predominates over the indistinct prospect, and makes it doubtful, whether you really see a town. Aberarron is about two miles further, another pleasing village, in a rural and well-wooded valley, through which the Arron flows in its near approach to the ocean. This little scene contrasts agreeably with the stony nakedness of the general prospect. The bridge is highly picturesque, and the river, swollen with a recent flood, appeared with more than its usual majesty. The Arron rises in a mountain by Blaenpenal Chapel, and passing by Talsarn, waters Llanllir, a Cistercian nunnery of white nuns, and a cell to Ystrad Fflur. A very pleasant road is carried through the valley, and joins the turnpike from Llanrhytid to Lanbeder. After crossing the Arron, you mount a hill, which for a time exhibits a better style of country, than what you have lately passed, or are on proceeding further to expect. The vale of Arron is rich and luxuriant, the hills bold, and there are several gentlemen's houses within view. On the coast, between Aberarron and Llanarth, there are the fragments of a small castle, more than half of which has been washed away by the sea. Llanarth is at

the distance of four miles from Aberarron; it is a poor mud-built place, but it has on the right a well-wooded, narrow, deep dingle, folitary and picturesque, with a rapid stream running down to the sea at New Key Head. The sides of this dingle are well covered, and some tall, spreading oaks beautify the bottom. Llandiffiliogogo lies out of the road, close upon the shore. This parish and Llanarth are remarkable for having given shelter, on two succeeding nights, to the Earl of Richmond and his followers, in their progress through Wales, before the decisive battle of Bosworth Field. He was received with an hospitality, suited to his high fortunes; and there is now at Golden Grove a magnificently mounted drinking-horn, given as an acknowledgment to one of his hosts, and afterwards presented to Richard Earl of Carbery. Tyffilio was the son of Brochwel, Prince of Powise, who was opposed to the Saxons, when the monks of the British college at Bangor were massacred. Tyffilio was in high repute both as a bishop and a writer. He wrote a history of Great Britain, principally concerning ecclesiastical affairs, which has of late years been recovered, and is found to have been the original, whence more popular compilations have been in a great measure taken. Six or eight churches in Wales bear his name to the present time, of which this is one; whether founded by him, or subsequently dedicated to his memory, does not appear. He flourished about the middle of the seventh century. In the neighbourhood of Rhydfechan, there are several old camps on the tops of the mountains; but with the exception of these antiquities, the country is not less uninteresting than dreary. It is true, indeed, that on ascending the hill of Synod Funnonddewy, where you cross the Bidder, which pursues its course from its spring in the mountain to the main near Llandiffiliogogo, there is a very fine view of Cardigan Bay. Here, and in the neighbourhood of

Tavernscour, the sweep of sea is more extensive and uninterrupted. A faint line, barely visible in the horizon, points out to the imagination rather than the sense, the coast of Ireland. The display of promontories, cliffs, and ever-varying shores from Strumble Head to Towyn, as you gain the continually recurring elevations, is at times desolately magnificent: the little villages are hid in the vallies, and cultivation is either denied to the projecting points of view, or so recent as only to make poverty more conspicuous. A tedious journey over a rocky track, which is here dignified with the name of a turnpike road, disposes the traveller to be pleased with the sheltered situation of the New Inn, at the bottom of the hill; but he will find its entertainments most untoward. Pwllglas is in the parish of Pebryn, the church of which is on the right hand, near the sea-shore. Bishop Gibson takes notice of a large stone rudely shaped, not far from the church, on which was an inscription in deeply graven characters, but he was not successful in decyphering it. In the same parish was also found a British gold coin, weighing about a guinea, whence it has been concluded, supported as this instance has been by others in various parts of the kingdom, that the Britons coined in gold and silver before the introduction of the Romans into the island.

The land all along this stretch of country appears as if it had been but newly enclosed; the hedge-rows, exposed to the sea breezes, are poor and thin, in many places leaving the turf banks, on which they have been planted, nearly bare. Castle Yndalig is a British encampment, very large, and evidently double-trenched, though the line of circumvallation is in some places destroyed, so that the form of the area is no longer as perfect and distinct as might be wished. About two miles further, at Blaenporth, there is another not so large, but in more complete preservation. There are near it many large stones now lying in confusion, but erected anciently, either for a monument of some victory, or as a druidical

circle. At Blaenporth, instead of proceeding for Cardigan, I abandoned my coasting progress, and pursued the road for Newcastle in Emlyn. The descent is very considerable for some time, and the prospect improves momentarily as you approach the vale of Tivy in its richest part, with the Caermarthenshire and Pembrokeshire hills bounding the horizon to the south. Kerry Bridge affords a very pleasing view of that river, near its junction with the Tivy. There are some romantic rocks just here, and the stream of the Kerry is broad and rapid. The Tivy on the right winds among meadows and enclosures, not having yet lost that sinuous tendency, so singularly exhibited near the poor and irregular little town, which now calls for our attention.

Sir Rice ap Thomas had several seats in the counties of Pembroke and Caermarthen. The town of Newcastle in Emlyn is partly in Cardiganshire and partly in Caermarthenshire. It derived its present name from the circumstance of the castle having been rebuilt by this distinguished character, who made it one of his principal residences. It is highly picturesque in its situation; and, from the nature of its materials, more venerable than might have been expected under the consideration, that it is the most modern of all the ruined castles in Wales.

In the reign of Charles the First, Richard Earl of Carbery in Ireland, was created Baron Vaughan of Emlyn. He was one of the Vaughans of Golden Grove. But what gives to this spot a degree of interest so peculiarly its own, is the sportive course of the river at this place, with the appearance of the castle, equally picturesque in its situation, and in the disposition of its fragments. The Tivy enters the valley from the north-east, and flows in a straight line, till it arrives nearly underneath the castle; it then takes a sudden turn, and, instead of winding immediately about the foot of the hill, darts back again for a considerable way, in a course parallel with its first channel, and close by it. It then sweeps round
majestically

majestically in front, leaving a long and very beautiful meadow between it and the castle, and comes down again on the opposite side, with features of a different character. Here its bed becomes impeded by rocks, through which it furrows a deep, tortuous, and noisy course, and rolls with much impetuosity under the venerable bridge. Thus is the castle almost surrounded with a magnificent natural moat, which is double, where the river first comes in. The verdure of the valley, thus intersected, adds a high degree of beauty to the singularity of the circumstance. This horseshoe bend is far more curious and striking than that on the Wye. The decayed grandeur of the fortress, standing on an eminence in the centre of the scene, greatly heightens the effect of the whole, contrasted as it is by a very pretty villa on the hill to the north-west, and those general marks of cultivation which bespeak the neighbourhood of a town. In the year 1215, Llewelyn ap Iorwerth won the original castle, which in the year following he resigned, dividing the principality of South Wales equitably between its rival princes. The present structure was garrisoned for the royalists, in the civil wars of King Charles and the commonwealth. The greater part of the building has entirely disappeared; but it has fallen away in such a manner, as to leave what remains the more picturesque. The approach from the town is particularly fine. The arched gateway, about fourteen feet high, supported by two octagon towers, exhibits the romantic character of the country beyond to singular advantage. This fragment stands alone, in front of the river, and has an air of uncommon lightness, from whatever point it is viewed. Some coins, and other vestiges of a Roman station, are said to have been discovered here, and to have occasioned this place also to put in its claim to the title of *Loventium*; but neither Camden nor his commentators favour the conjecture.

CHAPTER XX.

BLAEN Y PANT....PONT LLECHRYD....LLANGOEDMOR....

CARDIGAN.

IN going from Newcastle in Emlyn to Cardigan, instead of crossing Kerry Bridge, it will be most advisable to take the Caermarthen-shire side of the river, from the bridge at Llandyfful, for about three miles below, till you come to the river Keach, dividing the two counties of Caermarthen and Pembroke. Instead of crossing that river, a path to the right leads up to Kenarth, where there is the noted salmon-leap on the Tivy, mentioned by Girald, the Cambro-Briton. This a scene, that should not be passed by without a glance.

There is also a very pleasant excursion by water, from Cardigan to Kilgerran and Pont Llechryd, whence it may with ease be visited, by quitting the boat on the Pembroke-shire side. I approached in both directions, and shall reserve my brief account, till I treat of Pembroke-shire, in which it is situated. After crossing the bridge at Kenarth, we again enter Cardiganshire. The first object of importance near the road is, Blaen y Pant, a respectable mansion in a very fine situation. The name of the family, to which this belongs, is Brigstock. The banks of the Tivy continue interesting, at the same time that they assume an air of repose, the whole way between Blaen y Pant and Pont Llechryd. This is a distance of about four miles; and it affords perhaps the only specimen in Cardiganshire of what may be distinctively called
English

English beauty. There is neither barren mountain, nor the wildly covered dingle; but there is hill and dale, cultivation, wood, and water. At Pont Llechryd, there is a manufacture of tin plates, on a very large and expensive footing, which was conducted with much spirit and success by Sir Benjamin Hamet. The village assumes an air of bustle and activity, in consequence of this establishment; though the scale of business is considerably reduced since the death of Sir Benjamin. I know not whether it was accidental, but I was not at all molested by the mercenary importunities, so general in manufacturing villages, though I passed three days and two nights in the place, for the purpose of making excursions in the neighbourhood. Sir Benjamin Hamet was much attached to this place; and it is but justice to say, that the natives were much attached to him. He built a very commodious mansion near the works, which his son has lately enlarged; and another son has built a romantic villa, overhanging the Tivy. Pont Llechryd is rendered highly picturesque, by the ivy which creeps over its parapets. Thus far the tide flows. A great battle was fought here, between the sons of Blethin ap Couvin and Rees ap Tudor, in which the former were discomfited, and two of them slain. The road for more than two miles, as far as Llangoedmor, commands, from a very considerable elevation, all the principal reaches of the Tivy. There is a wild path between the hills, by the side of the river, cut by Sir Benjamin Hamet at very great expence, to render these beauties accessible. It would be well not to neglect either the road or the path; nor can the scenery in the neighbourhood of Cardigan be comprehended in a stay of less than two days, even with the convenience of a carriage and horses. In the parish of Llangoedmor, there is an ancient monument, consisting of a rude stone, about nine yards in circumference, and more than half a yard in diameter. One side of it is on the ground, and the other supported.

supported by a pillar about three feet high. There are several other antiquities in this neighbourhood, generally of the same description, though differing from each other in size, position, and many more minute circumstances.

The appearance of Cardigan is handsome from a distance; but on a closer acquaintance, it does not fulfil its promise. With the exception of a few good houses, it has nothing to recommend it. I have already observed, that this can never be a great commercial place, owing to a dangerous bar at the mouth of the Tivy; but at present it seems scarcely qualified to answer the limited demands of the internal trade. The shops are mean, and apparently ill supplied. I have so far personal experience on which to found my judgment, that this county town could not furnish me with a pair of ready-made shoes, of which I stood in need. It evidently, therefore, has nothing to spare for strangers, though it may contain enough for its own scanty wants. But though the interior of the town is indifferently built, and wears an air of poverty, considering its rank as a capital, its environs, about the edge of the water, are highly interesting. The ancient bridge, the ruins of the castle, the priory church, with its venerable tower, and shady precincts, are objects of the most engaging contemplation. In the reign of William Rufus, the Normans, inflated with the success of Robert Fitzhamon, and having nearly exhausted the system of plunder in England, prevailed with the king to turn them loose upon Wales. Cardiganshire was at that time invaded by sea, as the other counties by land. In the year 1093, Cadwgan ap Blethin, indignant at this intrusion, with the assistance of Gruffyth ap Conan, fell desperately on the new settlers, routed their forces in several engagements, and dismantled all the castles they had built, except two. But they were not uniformly successful, and were at length obliged to make peace,
and

and accede to the claims of the invaders, by relinquishing a part of their own inheritances. In this new arrangement, the town and castle of Cardigan remained with Cadwgan ap Blethin. The foundation of this castle is generally attributed to Gilbert de Clare, in the reign of Henry the Second. He probably rebuilt it; but it appears clearly from these documents, that there had been a fortress here for at least seventy years preceding; nor is it likely that the Normans on their first landing would have neglected an important station near the sea, so necessary to their safety, whether they maintained themselves in the country, or were compelled to retire. This castle has been highly distinguished in the annals of the bards. It was here that Rees ap Gruffyth held that pompous celebration of the Stethva, mentioned in the first chapter. Nor was this the only instance. So long before as the Christmas of 1107, Cadwgan ap Blethin instituted a similar festival, of which some account will be given hereafter, before the period when the castle is alleged to have been built. But when we shall have occasion to observe upon the magnitude of the preparations, the nature of the ceremonies, the number and quality of the guests, and the serious consequences which ensued, it will be found, perhaps, that this entertainment did not yield in splendour to that of Rees ap Gruffyth; and that consequently this fortress and palace must even then have possessed considerable extent and accommodation, as well as strength, and its owner have attained no mean degree of courtly and political importance. It does not appear why Gilbert de Clare should at this distance of time be denominated the founder, since there not only was an earlier castle, but the present remains are of a more modern date than Cadwgan, Gilbert, or Rees ap Gruffyth. In the year 1220, we read that Llewelyn ap Iorwerth levelled the castle of Abertivy, or Cardigan, with the ground, because the Flemings, contrary to

the conditions of the peace, concluded three years before, had taken it into their own occupation, and expelled the prince's garrison. It was, however, soon reinstated; for in the year 1231, it again sustained a siege from Maelgwn, the son of Maelgwn ap Rees, who had taken advantage of the wars between Lhwelin ap Jorwerth and Henry the Third, to gain for himself the highest applause, which the genius of public opinion at the time had to bestow, that of a successful warrior. The town was easily taken, and the inhabitants coolly murdered; but it was necessary for the young captain to consult more experienced executioners, before he could throw down the strong fortifications, and wreak his vengeance on their defenders. It seems to have lain in ruins for the next nine years, till the accession of David ap Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, when Gilbert Marshal, presuming on the instability of a new reign and a weaker prince, came with an army, and possessed himself of this hold, under the protection of new and more formidable works. What we now see is probably the remnant of his castle, built with a degree of strength and durability, adapted to the scheme of politics which had now developed itself, and was carried to maturity under the next princes of either country.

There was formerly a priory here; and the delightful vicinity of the river side still retains something of a venerable aspect. The well selected seat of the monks is at present occupied by an elegant villa, commanding the first reach of the Tivy with its bold scenery towards Kilgerran. Its present occupant is Mr. Bowen, a very respectable gentleman, brother to the most assiduous agriculturist in the county, the Rev. Mr. Bowen of Troedyrar. But this spot has attained a high celebrity, and cannot fail to interest every visitor, from the circumstance of its having been the residence of Orinda, which was the poetical name of Mrs. Catharine Philips.

Philips. She was born in London in 1631; was married to James Philips, of the priory of Cardigan, Esq. about the year 1647; and died in June 1664. Her poems have been several times printed. She was also the writer of a volume of letters, intituled, "Letters from Orinda to Poliarchus." Poliarchus was Sir Charles Cotterell, her early, constant, and estimable friend. Under his tuition, while youth and a single life admitted an exclusive devotion to the pursuits of literary taste, she acquired the Italian language. When she afterwards turned the powers of a mind, fitted as well to encounter the business of life, as to repose in intellectual luxury, towards the object of retrieving her husband's embarrassments, the powerful interest of Sir Charles Cotterell assisted those endeavours, which were first animated by her affection, and uniformly prosecuted by her good sense and prudence. Her death was graced by an elegiac poem from the pen of Cowley; a mark of attention, that would confer lustre on any character, though, according to his usual taste, the aim of the verse seems rather to be, to display the author's power of saying good things, than to utter that language which affects the hearts of others, in proportion as it seems to flow from real feeling. When we are told, that if Apollo had been required to elect a female laureat, he would have preferred Orinda to Sappho or the whole band of muses; when we find the poet trumpeting the lasting fame of his subject, and taking occasion gently to insinuate his own; when we read, that the illustrious instances of friendship in antiquity have all been surpassed; and that it was the business of Orinda's life to qualify herself for a future world of poetry and love, as men study the language and manners of a country, where they design to travel; it is difficult to believe that grief very profound, which has spirit enough to sparkle with conceits, or so much leisure to throw about its classical allusions. He likewise wrote an ode on

Orinda's poems, in which he accuses her of violating Apollo's falique law, and reigning in wit as well as beauty; he transfigures verse into the fire-arms of Cupid, and represents his poetical heroine as turning his own artillery against the god. He then changes his note; commends what he before had blamed, and concludes with making Merlin prophecy the coming of Orinda. Matthew Prior glances sarcastically at this flattery, in his epilogue to Mrs. Manley's *Lucius*. Mrs. Catharine Philips was particularly courted by those of the higher circles, who considered the patronage, and in some measure the possession, of literary merit, as an indispensable appendage of their station. The Earl of Roscommon celebrated Orinda in an imitation, drawn from the twenty-second ode of the first book of Horace. He likewise wrote a prologue to her tragedy of *Pompey*, translated freely from the French of Corneille; and acted at the theatre in Dublin. Its representation was honoured with the presence of the Lord-Lieutenant on the first night. The Earl of Dorset and Waller are said to have assisted her in this translation. Yet, though countenanced by such talents and influence, she could scarcely consent to its being brought upon the stage. Indeed, she seems on all occasions to have shunned that publicity, which a ready pen is generally too eager to court. A surreptitious edition of her poems gave her a severe fit of illness. The reason of her tragedy being produced in Ireland was, that she was under the necessity of quitting her retirement at Cardigan, and visiting that country, in the prosecution of her husband's affairs. She was received with attention there, as in England, by persons of the first distinction; particularly by the Duke of Ormond, as well as by Roscommon, who was then resident in Dublin, in consequence of a dispute about part of his estate. It was principally at the suggestion of this latter nobleman, that she undertook her dramatic task.

task. Nor did her memory fade from public recollection, as soon as those lips were cold, which added charms to the pointed repartee; when the fame of the poetess was no longer sung in ode or sonnet, as an introduction to the acquaintance of the woman. More than forty years after the triumph of the small pox over wit, beauty, if she had any, and life itself, the facetious Dr. King, in his *Art of Love*, submitting for one short moment to be grave, enumerates this lady in his list of elegant female writers. He classes her with the wife of Sir George Chudleigh, a light of his own age; and the association seems not to have been injudicious. They both printed poems, which were well received in a splendid era of our poetry; and the essays of the latter in prose were in a style well adapted to the philosophical seriousness of her subjects, while the former clothed topics, scarcely less important, in the graces of epistolary freedom.

This place was her favourite residence, before she went to Ireland; though anxiety made it appear to her as a melancholy retirement, after her return. To wear off gloomy impressions, she visited London, and lost her life. But it was among these scenes, so favourable to poetical feeling, that she cultivated a propensity to the muses, almost coeval with the first indications of reason. Here it was, that she disciplined those talents, which appeared to so much advantage within the verge of courts; talents sufficiently masculine, to struggle in the conflict of precarious and contending interests, without losing that modesty and softness, so necessary to the refined pleasures of the social or domestic circle. She left behind her only one daughter, who married into the Wogan family in Pembroke-shire. It cannot be sufficiently lamented, that such a woman should have been lost so soon; since it is probable, that with her powers, had her life been longer spared,

spared, she might have handed down to posterity proofs of literary merit, more various and exquisite, than those which we possess. As it is, she is more read of than read; but she seems to have been capable of furnishing models to stimulate the emulation even of an age, when female genius is invited into the lists, and no longer regarded in the invidious light of eccentricity.

CHAPTER XXI.

PEMBROKESHIRE.

THIS county is partly Dutch, partly English, partly Welsh; a colony of Flemings having been there planted; of which the following account is given by Selden, in a note on a passage of Drayton.

“ Under Henry the first, a colony of Flemings driven out of their country by inundation, and kindly received here in respect of that alliance which the king had with their earl, (for his mother Maud, wife to the Conqueror, was daughter to Baldwin Earl of Flanders,) afterward upon difference betwixt the king and Earl Robert were out of divers parts, but especially Northumberland, where they most of all (as it seems by Hoveden) had residence, constrained into Ross in Pembroke, which retains yet in name and tongue express notes of being aliens to the Cambro-Britons.”

The circumstances are thus detailed by the poet, with a specimen of the superstitions they brought with them, in some measure illustrating their habits and opinions at that time, highly offensive and even hateful as they were, to the people among whom they were quartered.

But time, as guilty since to man's insatiate theft,
Transfer'd the English names of towns and households hither
With the industrious Dutch since sojourning together.
When wrathful heav'n the clouds so lib'rally bestow'd,
The seas (then wanting roomth to lay their boist'rous load)

Upon

Upon the Belgian marsh their pamper'd stomachs cast,
 That peopled cities sank into the mighty waste.
 The Flemings were inforc'd to take them to their oars,
 To try the setting main to find out firmer shores;
 When as this spacious isle them entrance did allow,
 To plant the Belgian stock upon this goodly brow:
 These nations that their tongues did naturally affect,
 Both generally forfook the British dialect:
 As when it was decreed by all-fore-dooming fate,
 That ancient Rome should stoop from her imperious state,
 With nations from the north then altogether fraught,
 Which to their civil bounds their barbarous customs brought,
 Of all her ancient spoils and lastly be forlorn,
 From Tyber's hallowed banks to old Bizantium born:
 Th'abundant Latines then old Latium lastly left,
 Both of her proper form and elegancy rest;
 Before her smoothest tongue, their speech that did prefer,
 And in her tables fixt their ill-shap'd character.
 A divination strange the Dutch-made English have,
 Appropriate to that place (as though some power it gave)
 By th' shoulder of a ram from off the right side par'd,
 Which usually they boil, the spade-bone being bar'd:
 Which then the wizard takes, and gazing thereupon,
 Things long to come fore-shows, as things done long ago;
 'Scapes secretly at home, as those abroad and far;
 Murthers, adulterous stealths, as the events of war;
 The reigns and death of kings they take on him to know:
 Which only to their skill the shoulder-blade doth show.

"Take this as a taste of their art in old time. Under Henry II.
 one William Mengunel, a gentleman of those parts, finding
 by his skill of prediction that his wife had played false with him,
 and conceived by his own nephew, formally dresses the shoulder-
 bone of one of his own rams; and sitting at dinner, (pretending
 it to be taken out of his neighbour's flock,) requests his wife
 (equalling him in these divinations) to give her judgment; she
 3 curiously

curiously observes, and at last with great laughter, casts it from her. The gentleman, importuning her reason of so vehement an affection, receives answer of her, that his wife out of whose flock the ram was taken, had by incestuous copulation with her husband's nephew fraughted herself with a young one. Lay all together, and judge, gentlewomen, the sequel of this cross accident. But why she could not as well divine of whose flock it was, as the other secret, when I have more skill in Osteomanty, I will tell it you. Nor was their repute less in knowing things to come, than past; so that jealous Panurge, in his doubt de la Coquage, might have had other manner of resolution than Rundibilis, Hippothade, Bridoye, Trovillogan, or the oracle itself, were able to give him. Blame me not, in that, to explain my author, I insert this example."—Selden.

If we compare these accounts with the Welsh histories, we shall find a general confirmation both of the facts stated, and of the unfavourable character imputed to the settlers. About the year 1108, according to these authorities, some very high winds blew the sands of the sea shore over the face of the Netherlands, in so destructive a manner, that the habitable part of the country was much injured, and what before had been the natural barrier against the inroads of the overwhelming element, became deep sea; so that many of the inhabitants were obliged to seek their fortunes in other countries. A part of them came into England, where they did much mischief, committing depredations on the peaceable inhabitants: King Henry therefore was under the necessity of driving them into Wales. They landed in Pembrokeshire, and settled for some time in that part of the county called Rofs, but at last disappeared. This is Caradoc Lhancarvan's account; and the latter statement may be reconciled to probability by supposing, that some returned to their native country, and that others, by intermarrying with the

Welsh, disappeared as a distinct nation. Some time between the years 1113 and 1115, the Flemings came a second time into England. The sea had now actually overflowed their lands, where high tides some years before had destroyed the hills and banks of sand along their coast. King Henry, being then in want of men to oppose Gruffyth ap Rees, prince of South Wales, sent to his garrisons and Norman officers, and to such of the Welsh as sided with him, requesting that they would kindly receive and entertain these Flemings, and give them lands for a subsistence, on condition that they should become his liege subjects, and serve in his armies when required, in behalf of him, and of those who were faithful to him. To this they agreed; and those strangers had lands granted to them in that part of Pembrokeshire called Ross, where they established themselves as subjects of the English king. He with much policy, placed among them Englishmen, or Saxons, as they were termed by the natives, to teach them the English language: and now, according to the testimony of Caradoc, it is Englishmen they are, and the depredators of South Wales, addicted to deceit and false swearing, beyond any people that were ever known in the island of Britain. In the year 1154, King Stephen died; and his cousin Henry Plantagenet, son of the Empress Maud, who is called Henry the Second, succeeded him. In the time of Stephen, many inhabitants of Flanders came with him into Britain, and they were very generally attached to him. He was indeed very bountiful to them, because they were the best, and the most to be depended upon, of his partizans. But when Henry the Second ascended the throne, he would not suffer them to remain in England. For that reason many of them came into Wales, and with them great numbers of the English, who had been the adherents of Stephen; and these strangers became the sworn or liege subjects of the Norman Chiefs in Pembrokeshire and Cardiganshire.

These statements, in some points, do not easily harmonize with each other; for one account says, that the Flemings were sent on friendly terms by Henry into Wales; the other inclines more to the opinion of Selden, that he forced them in an unfriendly manner to quit England, in consequence of which they retired into Wales. Such, however, is the evidence of Caradoc Lhancarvan; which in fact solves the inconsistency, by ascribing their incursion to two distinct periods. The first, made by constraint, according to Hoveden and Selden, to avoid the king's displeasure, was unsuccessful; but the second, which those authors have confounded with the first, took place under his auspices, in league with more powerful strangers and licensed invaders, and therefore they established themselves so firmly, that they could never afterwards be rooted out. All parties agree in this important particular, that a great many Saxons, or English, came with them into Pembrokeshire. That consideration well accounts for the prevalency of the English language among them; and this prevalency was corroborated by the English being the language of the government to which they acknowledged subjection, and by which they were protected; the government of King Henry, not that of the Welsh princes. They have always been charged, not only by Caradoc Lhancarvan, in recording their settlement, but by the Welsh historians on every occasion, with being a perjured, treacherous, and, in every respect, an immoral people. How just the charge might have been originally, I know not; at present, their persons, characters, and habits, are still insulated, and evince as strongly as ever their descent from another stock; but their virtues and vices are generally supposed to be nearly on a level with those of their neighbours. In all probability, these imputations were in a great measure the effect of animosity; for the Welsh could not but have looked on them with an evil eye, which would naturally

lead them to see all their faults, and in some cases, perhaps, to aggravate them beyond the truth.

I have been the more sedulous in my attention to this subject, as many persons, with whom I have conversed, have been unable to resolve the difficulty of accounting for the Flemings neither retaining their own language, nor adopting that of the people among whom they settled, but at once abandoning both for a third, which has taken such deep root, that nothing else is to be heard at this day in the hundreds of Rofs and Castle Martin. The circumstance is the more staggering, as there is no patois in those hundreds, like that which prevails in the hundred of St. Dewy's, but they use the English language only, and that in a state of considerable correctness, though hemmed in by such a circle of native Welsh, as might be supposed to have prevented the newer modes of speech from finding their way into this remote corner. Should the foregoing solution be deemed insufficient, it may be considered further, that though the Flemings could scarcely have been so long in England, as to acquire the English language before they were sent to Wales the first time, their second visit was to serve King Henry's purposes; so that a very large proportion, perhaps the majority, were Englishmen; at least the military part of the colony was likely to be composed of the king's own people; and they must have been numerous, to protect the country from the incursions of the Welsh. It is also to be observed, that during the whole reign of Stephen, which lasted nineteen years, England was overrun with foreigners and military adventurers, who, in the course of so long a residence in the kingdom, must at length have become well acquainted with the English language. We have already seen, that many of those marauders made their escape into Wales, when they found the fun of their prosperity set, on the accession of Henry the Second

to

to the throne of England. Here they found their own countrymen and the English, already in possession for a period of full forty years: this therefore was their home; and when they had joined their own numbers and physical force to the strength already collected, they were sufficient within themselves for every purpose of defence, and every gratification of social intercourse. They therefore avoided all connexion with the Welsh; and so they do to this day. But this local discussion leads me still further to consider at large the intermixture of nations that has taken place in this island.

In the historical triades, the three detestable traitors of Britain are mentioned. The first was Gwrgi Garwlwyd, who, having tasted human flesh in the court of Edelfled King of the Saxons, became so fond of it, that he would never after eat any other flesh. To obtain it, he and his subjects leagued with Edelfled the Saxon king, in consequence of which they continually assailed the Welsh with a view to their favourite repast, daily feeding on the young, taken either from the fathers who had resisted them in battle, or from the mothers, who yielded themselves their defenceless prey. All the freebooters and most wicked of the Welsh joined these cannibals. The second was Medrod, prince or sovereign of a district comprehending Lancashire, Westmoreland, Derbyshire, and other neighbouring counties, who leagued with the Saxons against Arthur, for the purpose of securing to himself the sovereignty of his territories. On this occasion, the British, or as we should now term them, the Welsh inhabitants of his dominions, became Saxons. The third was Aeddán, the traitor, a prince in the north of England, who, with his subjects, became Saxons, allying themselves with that people, that they might the more effectually subsist by depredations; for they paid the Saxons the compliment of believing, that they would unite with them in
their

their enormities. Owing to these three grand treacheries, the Britons lost their rights, and their crown or sovereignty in England. It is confidently affirmed by their indignant historians, that, had it not been for these unnatural acts, the Saxons would never have prevailed against them, or imposed on them the contemptuous name of Welsh.

The triades mention three peaceable colonies, that came into the island of Britain: first, the Cymry, who came with Hu; secondly, the Lloegrians, who came from Gascony, and were Gauls, of the same original stock with the Cymry, or Welsh; thirdly, the Brython, also of the same original stock, who came from Aquitain, or Armorica, called in modern language Basse Bretagne. These were called the three peaceable colonies, because each settled here by the consent of the others, being of the same primary family, and of the same language. They were therefore coequal in rights and privileges. They also mention three refugee colonies, that were permitted to settle here by the consent of the three original or peaceable colonies. The first of these were the Caledonians in the north; the second were the Scots, also in the northern parts; the third consisted of the Belgæ, who came into this island in open boats, when their own country was overflowed and destroyed by the sea. They were permitted to settle in the Isle of Wight, and in the southern parts of the main island. They were admitted as refugees, subordinate to the original proprietary or peaceable colonies; but were never considered as inducted to their rights and privileges, till the ninth generation. Besides these, there is an account of three predatory colonies, who settled in Britain. The first were the Coritani, who came, as it is said, from Pwll, supposed to be Poland, and who were possibly Sarmatians. These settled on the eastern coasts of the island, and along the river Humber. Secondly, the Picts, along the eastern
and

and northern coasts of Scotland. The third were the Saxons, with whom the Picts and Coritani joined against the Britons. These, so leagued, seduced the Lloegrians, one of the three proprietary or peaceable tribes or nations, and won them over to their side against the Cymry or Welsh; so that all the Lloegrians, or Britons, of England, became Saxons, excepting those who inhabited the district north of the Humber, containing Deira, where the court of Northumberland was kept, and Bernicia, or the warlike province of Berwick, and those who were in Cornwall. The first of the three peaceable colonies, who were the Cymry, or Welsh, kept their country and language, but lost their sovereignty. All the other Britons became Saxons, owing to the treachery of the refugee colonies siding or leaguing with the predatory colonies or nations.

It should seem that some ancient feeling of envy or animosity had for ages subsisted between the proprietary colonies or nations and the refugee tribes, inducing the latter to connect themselves with the predatory parties, and place themselves under their protection, in pure malice against the Welsh, or original Britons, who claimed and exercised the sovereign power, after the Romans had abdicated the island. It was by the means above mentioned, according to the oldest accounts, that the Saxons obtained the sovereignty of England, and not by exterminating the natives, as the modern historians generally suppose. The account given of Vortigern, in the most ancient annals and collections, is, that he brought in the Saxons to protect him against his own subjects, over whom he greatly tyrannized; that he married Rowena, the daughter of Hengist, and had a son by her, named Cotta, or Otta, on whom he settled the succession to the sovereignty; and that it was in right of such settlement, rather than in right of conquest, the Saxon princes claimed in later ages, not only with success, but with

with some colour of justice. The inhabitants of England in general, at least all the Lloegrians, afterwards put themselves under the protection of those very Saxons, against their native, but tyrannical sovereign Vortigern, and thus became a part of the people by whom they were defended. Such, ultimately, have been the effects of tyranny in all countries and in all ages. Their system of plunder, oppression, and corruption, lost to the Romans their empire of the world, and occasioned their own downfall. The British nation, as well as the British court, during their connexion with Rome, had deeply imbibed the Roman depravities; nor did they renounce them in their recently acquired sovereignty, which, for that very reason, was deservedly short in its duration. In their endeavours to retrieve it, they displayed virtues, which would have been fully sufficient for its maintenance.

Though the Saxons obtained the sovereignty of the island, or rather of that part called England, yet were there some districts in it inhabited by seemingly unmixed Britons or Welsh. In the year 843, a bloody battle was fought between the Welsh and the King of Mercia, when Mervin Urich, King of the Britons, was slain. In Mervin Urich's time, we are told by the historians, that the Britons of England were obliged to become Saxons, or leave their lands and country within three months. Immediately on his father's death, Roderique the Great began his reign over the Cymry or Welsh; but he was obliged to abandon the Britons of England, who from that time forward became and continued Saxons. In a genealogical manuscript, not yet printed, there are some particulars relating to the tribe or nation inhabiting the district or country about Dunstable in Bedfordshire, in the pedigree of Cadrod, chieftain of the chalk mountain, or Dunstable, which will throw some light on our earlier revolutions. In the sixth century, or rather in the beginning of the seventh, a prince reigned

reigned over this tribe, whose name was Cadrod, a Briton. They appear to have been an unmixed community of British extraction. But about the close of the seventh century, the descendants of Cadrod were deprived of their sovereignty, and obliged to retire into Wales, in consequence of which their people from that time became Saxons. A great many anecdotes to the same purpose, might be collected from the Welsh historical manuscripts. These representations render it not improbable, that an error has in some degree crept into our English accounts, and been transmitted from earlier to modern times, through the channel of our most eminent historians. There seems to be some reason for believing, that the great body of the Britons were neither exterminated nor obliged to retire into Wales. When we are told, that the Britons, in consequence of adverse fortune in war, made a secession into Wales and Cornwall, a great difficulty, if not absurdity, arises from supposing, that Wales or Cornwall, in addition to their own population, could also admit within their limits a very large, and perhaps the greatest part of a population, dispersed over the surface of such a country as England. That the higher classes were deprived of their lands, and, what was to them more mortifying, of their excessive power, applied to every purpose of tyranny; that they were obliged to retire into Wales, is probably true. That these persons should represent the Saxons, and such of the Britons as entered into alliances with them, in the light of cannibals, feeding on human flesh, is only one of those arts, to which degraded tyrants and oppressors in all ages and countries have recourse, to blacken the characters of those who pull them down; for I cannot but consider the imputation in the triades on the Saxons, as flowing from the same spirit with the charges of Caradoc Lhancarvan against the Flemings. That very inveterate animosities subsisted

between the Saxon chiefs, with all that were subject to them, whether Saxons or Britons, and the British princes, who claimed and endeavoured to recover the supreme power, is true beyond a doubt; and the consequence was, that they engaged in the most dreadful wars against each other for ages. But it may reasonably be inferred from the foregoing specimens of early history, that the great body of the present English nation are much more the descendants of the Britons than of the Saxons, who rather protected them against the tyranny of Vortigern, and the train of evils by which it was succeeded, than enslaved them. The Saxon chiefs having thus obtained the government, their language also gained an ascendancy over the British; and the language of the governors, or, as we express it in modern phrase, the court language, will ultimately become the language of the governed. Thus the Saxon language superseded the British, in the same manner as the Roman language obviously superseded the ancient languages of Gaul and Spain; for the French and Spanish are little more than barbarous or greatly corrupted Latin. Yet the old Gauls and Iberians were certainly not exterminated by the Romans; but their legitimate descendants to this day constitute the great mass of the French and Spanish nations.

Should it appear, that these suggestions respecting the permanency of the ancient Britons in England are at variance with some preceding remarks on the distinct character of the Welsh, I may perhaps retrieve my consistency by reminding the objector, that the express condition of their stay was that of conforming to the customs and language of those who had gained the political ascendancy. We all know the influence of language over manners. But the more obstinate or high-spirited preferred the shelter of a mountainous tract, where they might converse in the language of their fathers, to the sunshine of court favour under the new order
of

of things. This sentiment was not confined to a few breasts; so that a principality of ancient Britons was still maintained within the kingdom of the modern. The political existence of this principality was at length suppressed; but its distance from the seat of empire was so great, that it was not worth while to risk the newly acquired sovereignty, by attempting to model the manners, or interfere with the habits of a proud people. Neither was Wales, as a country, sufficiently rich and tempting, to induce the victorious English to settle there; they were more desirous of drawing subsidies from the natives, than of living among them. The English part of Pembrokeshire was numerously colonized, under peculiar circumstances; and the reason why the inhabitants of Wales did not either drive them out, which they often attempted to do, or compel them to become Welsh, most assuredly was only that their power was on the wane. The Saxons had a political object, and therefore transformed the Britons into their own likeness: the Saxon, or afterwards the Norman Britons had no such object of any great force, and therefore left the Cambro-Britons in a great measure to themselves; the Cambro-Britons had the object, but not the means, and therefore the Flemings remain to this day.

Before I offer a few general observations on this county, I shall illustrate its leading objects by Drayton's topographical catalogue.

To the Pembrokian parts the muse her still doth keep,
 Upon that utmost point, to the Iberian deep,
 By Cowdra coming in; where clear delightful air,
 (That forests most affect) doth welcome her repair;
 The Heliconian maids in pleasure groves delight;
 (Floods cannot still content their wanton appetite)
 And wand'ring in the woods, the neighbouring hills below,
 With wife Apollo meet (who with his ivory bow
 Once in the paler shades the serpent Python slew)
 And hunting oft with him, the heartless deer pursue;

Those beams then laid aside he us'd in heaven to wear.
 Another forest-nymph is Narber, standing near,
 That with her curled top her neighbour would astound,
 Whose groves once bravely grac'd the fair Pembrokian ground,
 When Albion here beheld on this extended land,
 Amongst his well-grown woods, the shag-hair'd satyrs stand
 (The fylvans chief resort) the shores then sitting high,
 Which under water now so many fathoms lie;
 And wallowing porpice sport and lord it in the flood,
 Where once the pole-like oak, and large-limb'd poplar stood:
 Of all the forest's kind these two now only left.

He then proceeds to give an account of the mountains, rivers, and harbours, together with the islands upon the point of Pembrokeshire, and other circumstances marking the character as well as geography of the country. With respect to the eyries of excellent falcons said to have been found in the rocks of this maritime coast, he derived his information principally from Girald, whose authority has given currency to all the stories on the subject. Henry the Second, who was a keen sportsman in this way, is said to have taken the diversion of hawking here, on his passage into Ireland. The forests of Norway were the places whence the highest flying hawks were brought.

You goodly sister floods, how happy is your state!
 Or should I more commend your features, or your fate,
 That Milford, which this isle her greatest port doth call
 Before your equal floods is lotted to your fall?
 Where was sail ever seen, or wind hath ever blown,
 Whence Pembroke yet hath heard of haven like her own?
 She bids Dungleddy dare Iberia's proudest road,
 And chargeth her to send her challenges abroad
 Along the coast of France, to prove if any be
 Her Milford that dare match: so absolute is she.
 And Clethy coming down from Wrenyvaur her fire
 (A hill that thrusts his head into th' ethereal fire),

Her

Her sister's part doth take, and dare avouch as much :
 And Percily the proud, whom nearly it doth touch,
 Said he would bear her out ; and that they all should know.
 And therewithal he struts, as though he scorn'd to show
 His head below the heaven, when he of Milford spake :
 But there was not a port the prize durst undertake.
 So highly Milford is in every mouth renown'd,
 No haven hath aught good, in her that is not found :
 Whereas the swelling surge, that with his foamy head
 The gentler looking land with fury menaced,
 With his encountring wave no longer there contends ;
 But sitting mildly down like perfect ancient friends,
 Unmov'd of any wind which way soe'er it blow,
 And rather seem to smile, than knit an angry brow.
 The ships with shatter'd ribs scarce creeping from the seas,
 On her sleek bosom ride with such deliberate ease,
 As all her passed storms she holds but mean and base,
 So she may reach at length this most delightful place,
 By nature with proud cliffs invironed about,
 To crown the godly road : where builds the falcon stout,
 Which we the gentil call ; whose fleet and active wings,
 It seems that nature made when most she thought on kings :
 Which manag'd to the lure, her high and gallant flight,
 The vacant sportful man so greatly doth delight,
 That with her nimble quills his soul doth seem to hover,
 And ly the very pitch that lusty bird doth cover ;
 That those proud eyries, bred whereas the scorching sky
 Doth singe the sandy wilds of spiceful Barbary ;
 Or underneath our pole, where Norway's forests wide
 Their high cloud-touching heads in winter snows do hide,
 Out-brave not this our kind in mettall, nor exceed
 The falcon which sometimes the British cliffs do breed :
 Which prey upon the isles in the Vergivian waste,
 That from the British shores by Neptune are embrac'd ;
 Which stem his furious tides when wildliest they do rave,
 And break the big-swoln bulk of many a boist'rous wave :
 As, calm when he becomes, then likewise in their glory
 Do cast their amorous eyes at many a promontory

That

That thrust their foreheads forth into the smiling south;
 As Rat and Sheepy, set to keep calm Milford's mouth,
 Expos'd to Neptune's power. So Gresholm far doth stand:
 Scalm, Stockholm, with Saint Bride, and Gatholm, nearer land
 (Which with their velny breasts intice the gods of sea,
 That with the luttie isles do revel every day),
 As crescent-like the land her breadth here inward bends,
 From Milford, which she forth to old Menevia sends;
 Since, holy David's seat; which of especial grace
 Doth lend that nobler name, to this unnobler place.

This topographical versifier then goes on to describe Ramsey Isle, the sea-girt rocks, whimsically called the Bishop and his Clerks, very near St. David's Head, the rivers Gwin and Nevern, and the town of Fiscard:

To Newport falls the next: there we a while will rest;
 Our next ensuing song to wond'rous things address.

Pembrokeshire is the extreme point of South Wales. The line of its boundary is so undulating, that it seems to the eye of much more extent upon the map, than it really is upon actual measurement. It has this remarkable circumstance attending it, that it is plentiful without being rich. The price of provisions and the rate of labour are much lower than in any part of Wales, or probably of England; in October 1803, beef in Pembroke market was fourpence a pound, and labourers wages eightpence a day. That the prices are so kept down, is owing to the firmness of Mr. Mirehouse and other gentlemen, who furnished their cottagers with necessary articles at the ordinary rate during the scarcity, but resisted the advance of wages; while Glamorgan, Caermarthen, Brecknock, and Radnor, were pushed upwards almost to the prices of the metropolis. Yet there is no where a more contented

set

set of cottagers than in Pembrokeshire, because they have many privileges conceded by their employers, which place them on a level with the increased demands of the times, without raising their pride or tempting their morals by an addition of pecuniary payment. But men are seldom contented with the circumstances in which they are placed; and a general complaint is echoed, common to Cardiganshire and Radnorshire, that their remote situation precludes them from the benefits of an advantageous traffic; in which complaint they are joined, though more faintly and with less reason, by the inhabitants of Caermarthenshire and Brecknockshire. This may seem a strange murmur, with such maritime advantages at hand; yet it is a fact, that the produce of this county, bountiful and overflowing as it is in the south, in proportion to its population, has little or no foreign vent. The population, however, is by no means defective; as will appear by the circumstance, that on a late rejoicing, when Sir Hugh Owen came of age, five thousand people were supposed to be collected in the little town of Pembroke. It was taken, on a late occasion, at nearly sixty thousand, which places it the fourth of the thirteen counties, including Monmouthshire as one. Pembrokeshire has a very great extent of coast; and indeed it seems almost as if it was appended to the main land on the eastern side. The instances of longevity are numerous and remarkable, so that persons living to the age of ninety are by no means of rare occurrence. The country is much subject to rain, in which nature seems kindly to have provided for the dryness of the soil. Snow in ordinary seasons is seldom known to lie longer than a day near the coast. The mountains, however, in the north of the county have their full share. It is a circumstance which has been often noticed, but may be worth repeating, how curiously the woods, exposed to the south and west, are shorn by the winds

winds from the sea. The climate has always been considered as eminently salubrious, of which long life is the best proof. With the exception of a small tract towards the north, this is the most level part of Wales, and seems to bear a resemblance to the general face of English country, as close as the affinity of its inhabitants to the English people; so that it has been called Little England beyond Wales. The practice of using surnames always prevailed here, as in England; at least in the southern hundreds. The style of building in the towns is little, if at all superior to that of Wales in general; but the cottages are good and comfortable. Animal food is much more in use than among the common people in the neighbouring counties, who live very much on the produce of the dairy. The churches in the English or Fleming hundreds afford a very pleasing contrast to those whose external meanness and internal deformity has been so frequently noticed: here they are never seen without either towers or spires, and are in general well kept, and adorned with decent monuments. In the places near the coast, the defalcation from the simplicity of the Welsh character is very apparent; and indeed there are few parts of the country where more dissolute manners seem to prevail than about Fiscard, Newport, and St. Dogmaels. The great division of the county is into English and Welsh. There are about one hundred and forty-four parishes; of these, seventy-four are inhabited by the English, and sixty-four by the Welsh. The rest speak both languages, or rather neither. The English hundreds, four out of the seven, are those of Ross, Castle Martin, Narber, and Dungleddy. So different were the manners, arts, and agriculture, of the two people, that they have scarcely made an advance towards assimilation, in the space of nearly seven hundred years. So estranged are they from each other, that though they are only
separated

separated in some instances by a path in the same village, the common people do not intermarry; and it has singularly happened, on more than one occasion, that men from the same parish have been on a jury together, without a common language, in which to confer on the matters submitted to their decision.

The passage respecting Narber forest, in a preceding extract from Drayton, refers to the general opinion, supported by evidence, the nature and authority of which will be adduced in a subsequent chapter, that the whole of St. Bride's bay was, in very remote times, dry land, occupied by a vast wood.

CHAPTER XXII.

ST. DOGMAEL'S PRIORY...KILGERRAN CASTLE.

AT the end of Cardigan bridge, a chapel was built on the spot where Archbishop Baldwin, in his progress through the principality with Girald, stood to preach the crusade. The banks of the river are well worth pursuing as far as the sea, on the Pembroke-shire side; and St. Dogmael's Priory is in itself an object of some interest, as well as from the circumstance of its giving the position of Cardigan with respect to the mouth of the Tivy at a single glance. It was founded by a Norman leader, whose son endowed it with lands, the possession of which King Henry the First confirmed. There is nothing striking in the ruins, as they now remain; but the situation, embracing the view of a considerable town, a sea port, and a fine country, must have given an air of grandeur to the place, when its institutions were all in vigour, and its shades rendered solemn by the presence of their venerable inhabitants. There is a church or chapel within the precincts, seemingly built from the dilapidations of the ancient fabric; but I shall not think it my duty to give an account of all the filthy and disgraceful churches in these villages. I shall turn to a more agreeable subject; an excursion to Kilgerran by water.

The first reach of the river is through the meadows, with the castle, the church, and the priory on the left. If you look downwards, you have the ancient bridge, and the well-planted banks beyond it seen through its arches; if upwards, a plentifully irrigated

irrigated flat, with a bolder scenery of rocks and hanging woods at the extremity. These, on the approach, are attended with all that effect, which such objects derive from an aquatic view. The second reach improves in beauty, and is altogether different from the obstreperous character of the Welsh rivers in general. The rocks rise abruptly from the shores, and to a considerable height; but so well clothed with wood, that their points are only now and then visible, breaking the continuity of the foliage, without infringing on the sylvan composition of the scene. The bend of the river fades from the eye each way, and leaves the gently gliding bark as if in the centre of an unruffled lake. The groves rise on every side, sometimes receding, and sometimes overhanging the stream. On winding round to the third and finest reach, the circumstances do not change, but receive a heightening to their effect by two new features. The hanging woods on the left draw back from the river's edge just far enough to make room for a very narrow strip of green meadow, undulating under the eye, in no formal or tediously protracted line; while the rich scenery on the right is grandly terminated by the overtopping towers of Kilgerran. These however, after the first glimpse, are wrested from the view by the intervening cliffs, and excite a feeling of regret, that so classical an ornament should be so partially conceded to the spot; when on clearing an angular position, the lofty ruin, with the commanding rock on which it is placed, stands at once close upon the view, alters the face of the scene, and calls up fresh ideas. In the centre of this extensive range, where wood is involved with wood, and hills melt continuously into each other, an insulated rock, uncovered but with a partial carpeting of moss, rises from the brink abruptly, with its castellated honours on its brow, that vibrate in reflection on the surface of the water. Nothing can be more striking than this

contrast of natural circumstances; nothing more consonant with them, than their artificial accompaniment, mellowed and improved by time and decay, but still lording it over the peaceful scene it overlooks. Whenever an ancient castle is accessible by water, it appears to most advantage from that point of view; and the remark especially holds good in the present instance. But the beauties of this spot will derive infinitely more credit, than from any description of mine, from the statement of the fact, that they particularly drew the attention of our great English landscape-painter, Wilson, and have been transferred into more than one of his compositions. I have been told, that the fine hill on which the castle stands, is introduced into his masterly performance of Niobe, but I have not the print at hand to compare it with my own recollections. The coracles lying inverted at the foot of the castle rock, for the purpose of being dried in the sun, add another feature of singularity. These coracles are historically as well as picturesquely curious. They afford a specimen of the earliest British navigation, and are used at this day on many of the rivers in Wales, probably without any deviation from their original form. They are made with very strong basket-work, and covered with hides, or coarse canvas, with a thick coating of pitch. Their shape resembles the section of a walnut shell; their length is generally five feet, and their breadth seldom less than four. They contain but one person, and it is entertaining to observe the mode in which they are managed. The dextrous navigator sits precisely in the middle; and it is no trifling part of his care to keep his just balance. The instrument with which he makes his way, is a paddle. One end rests upon his shoulder, and the other is employed by the right hand, in making a stroke alternately on each side. The left hand is employed in conducting the net, and he holds the line between his teeth. These vessels were
anciently

anciently used, as the means of intercourse between the inhabitants on the opposite banks of the rivers. They are now applied only to the purpose of fishing. So frail an invention would probably have been succeeded by something of more strength and capacity, had there not been found a remarkable convenience in their lightness. The fisherman, when his labour is over, flings his boat across his back, and marches homewards under the burden of his machine and booty. There is scarcely a cottage in the neighbourhood of the Tivy, or the other rivers in these parts, abounding with fish, without its coracle hanging by the door. Such is the adroitness of those who use them, that they are very rarely overturned on lakes or rivers; and they sometimes even venture a little way out to sea, when the weather is perfectly calm.

At what time this first became a military station, does not appear with any certainty from the Welsh historians. The opinion that the castle was founded by Roger Montgomery, and finished by Gilbert Strongbow Earl of Strigoil, seems to be merely conjectural, as the situation of that fortress is by no means clearly pointed out; and, at all events, the present remains can have no connection with the edifice of that time. In the year 1165, during the severe conflict between Henry the Second and Owen Gwineth, Rees ap Gruffyth is recorded to have laid siege to the castle of Kilgerran, and to have levelled it with the ground; but he immediately threw up new works of much greater strength, and manned them with so powerful a garrison, that in the following year, the Flemings and Normans held it twice in siege for a considerable time, and made many vigorous assaults, but were compelled in both instances to withdraw without making any impression, and returned home discomfited. The ruin as it stands, consists principally of two circular towers, with part of a gateway, finely mantled with ivy, and crowning a tremendous precipice.

precipice. The present building is understood to have been left unfinished; but it carries with it all the marks of having been intended as a place of great strength. The town has been of considerable consequence, though now reduced to one irregular street. There is generally much jealousy between near neighbours of opposite characters. The inhabitants of Kilgerran, subsisting almost entirely by fishing, and working some slate quarries in the neighbourhood, are proud of their dilapidated towers and high antiquity. The busy tin-men of the upstart but flourishing Llechryd, think that pride consorts ill with poverty; and tauntingly compare their populous little village with the grass-grown street of old Kilgerran. The parties seem to hold each other in unqualified derision.

Kilgerran is still further distinguished by having been the residence, and affording rest to the remains of an early literary character. Doctor Thomas Phayer is said, by Fuller and Wood, to have been a native of Wales, but this is contradicted by a note in the Cambrian Register, which represents him as the first of his family, who settled in Pembrokeshire. According to this account, his father was Thomas Phayer, of Norwich, Esq. and his mother, Clara, the daughter of Sir William Goodyear knight, of London. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards came to the metropolis, and began life in the profession of the law, at Lincoln's Inn. He married Anne, daughter of Thomas Walter, alderman of Caermarthen; which probably occasioned his choice of this neighbourhood for his retirement. He was well versed in the common law, and wrote a book on the nature of writs. It seems not to have been extant in the time of Fuller; for he merely conjectures, that it might have treated of writs in the court of Marches, evidently on this supposition that he was a Welshman, and only understood the laws of his own country.

It appears, however, that he disliked the law; and therefore changed his profession to physic, in which he proceeded to his doctor's degree. It is as a physician, and not as a lawyer, that he is mentioned in old biographical memoirs; and this may perhaps warrant the supposition, that he prescribed with more success than he pleaded. He seems to have been an inveterate author; for he translated several medical books out of the French. Writing may be thought to have been more to his taste than the exercise of a profession; for he withdrew himself to the banks of this romantic river, and translated Virgil, marking at the end of each book the date when finished, and the time employed about it. The three first books of the *Æneid* were completed at Kilgerran, in the year 1555; the fourth at the same place, in 1556; the fifth in 1557, after an escape from some very great danger or calamity, while on a visit to his wife's family at Caermarthen; the sixth and seventh were finished at home, in the same year; the eighth in 1558; and the ninth in April 1560. The tenth was begun, but left incomplete.

As it was about the beginning of the sixteenth century that English poetry, after having remained stationary since the death of Chaucer, began to experience a gradual and considerable improvement, it will not be uninteresting to trace the circumstances which introduced the study of classical literature into England, and gave a new turn to our vernacular compositions. Our intercourse with Italy, at that period, being free and constant, the language and manners of that country were too fascinating not to have been the subject of study and imitation. The court of Henry the Eighth was polished, though the monarch was violent in his temper. Petrarch was the favourite poet, the sonnet was the popular model of polite writing, the Italian gave the tone to every fashionable pursuit, and kindled emulation

in

in every pretender to genius. Henry Howard Earl of Surrey, took the lead at once in the gallantries, and in the poetical proficiencies of his age. His travels have the air of a romance. The late Earl of Orford has traced Geraldine, of whom the notices in his sonnets are obscure and indirect, and of whom graver history is silent, to Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, second daughter of Gerald Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, and cousin to the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth. Surrey proclaimed her charms through Europe as a son of chivalry, and was victorious in a knightly appeal to the law of arms, of which the Grand Duke of Tuscany permitted the decision at Florence, the original seat of her ancestors. But Surrey did not devote all his time to vanity and idleness; nor was it in the field of gallantry alone that he displayed the powers of his mind. He had laboured in the more solid departments of literature; and nature fitted him to express with ease and render with freedom, what study had enabled him to understand. He translated the second and fourth books of the *Æneid* into blank verse. This book is extremely scarce, and highly valuable, both as a curiosity and a work of merit; for it is the first composition extant, in that measure, in the English language. Surrey was beheaded eight years before the commencement of Phayer's general translation; so that his attempt claims a long priority in point of time. But it was not printed till 1557, when Phayer had finished the first four books, and was proceeding rapidly with the next three.

Sir Thomas Wyatt the elder, the contemporary and friend of the accomplished Surrey, affected the same taste and pursuits. He began to translate the song of Iopas, in the first book of the *Æneid*, in Alexandrian verse, but left it unfinished; and his poems were never collected or printed, till they were added by Tottell to the songs and sonnets of his rival in the field of the muses, the first edition of which did not appear till either the year 1557

or

or 1559. Though, therefore, Wyatt's and Surrey's versions from Virgil are generally considered as the first regular translations in English of an ancient classical poet, Phayer steps in with his more extended undertaking before their performances were accessible to the public at large, and may at least divide with those authors the merit of bringing his countrymen acquainted with the concealed treasures of the Mantuan muse. With respect to the execution of the work, the testimonies have been various and discordant. By some it has been represented as not sufficiently to be commended for its skill and learning; while the sarcasm of the critics in Fuller's time was, that he had transformed the Latin Virgil into an English Ennius. This judgment may, however, be thought harsh; since the measure of criticism is only to be applied to the standard of the time, and not regulated according to the improvement of later periods. A writer may have well deserved the panegyric of his contemporaries; that he cannot challenge the suffrage of succeeding ages, may be owing to circumstances over which he had no controul. It is in versification that these three early translators will best admit of comparison; and it is by comparison that their merits must be estimated. The measure of Surrey is unquestionably the most suitable, and it is tuned with a purity of rhythm which amply justifies the tribute of Warton to the style and expression of the author. In the very infancy of our higher poetry, when the possibility of sustaining harmony without jingle was new to our language, he carried it all at once to a degree of refinement surprising to those who know the difficulties of the art, and scarcely exceeded by the maturer practice and more musical proficiency of a later age. Wyatt wanted the judgment of his friend Surrey in his choice of metre, as he confessedly fell below him in melody of cadence and facility of expression. The Alexandrian couplet, consisting of twelve

syllables in the first line, and fourteen in the second, applied as it is by us to lighter poetry, by subdivision into four, is considered as ill calculated for the dignity of epic; though perhaps we have no right to condemn a practice which our own deviation may only have seemed to render incongruous. He understood, however, the principles of his own versification. He duly observed the pauses on the sixth of the first, and the eighth of the second, so that all his couplets might be arranged in quatrains with very little difficulty. But Phayer appears to have been deficient in justness of ear and correctness of modulation; his verse runs in equal couplets of fourteen syllables in each line, which we now confine to lyric composition, and divide into quatrains of eight and six alternately. The genius of this metre, therefore, requires a pause upon the eighth syllable; yet Phayer either did not feel, or disregarded that musical propriety. His pauses are so indiscriminate, that it is frequently impossible to preserve any thing like measure, and at the same time maintain the punctuation of the sense, or even the integrity of the words themselves. It must, I apprehend, be admitted, that he was far inferior in numbers and the knowledge of his art, to these early refiners of our language. Yet, whatever may have been his comparative excellence, he confessedly ranked high among the men of wit and genius in his day.

It was about the year 1557, in the turbulent and sanguinary reign of Queen Mary, that Sackville formed the plan of the *Mirror for Magistrates*, which was the great poetical luminary in the dark interval between Surrey and Spenser. It was to comprise all the illustrious unfortunates of the English history, and every personage was to recite his own misfortunes in a soliloquy before the poet, who descends, after the manner of Dante, into hell, conducted by Sorrow. It was intended that the characters should
have

have passed in a chronological order of procession; and Sackville began vigorously with the induction. But the poet was soon lost in the statesman. He had commenced his biographical sketches at the further end of the series, with Henry Duke of Buckingham. He therefore adapted the close of his induction to the circumstances of his only finished legend, and abandoned the design abruptly. Neither did he relinquish the project of his own fancy without recommending its completion to Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers, men of the first talent at that period, nor without selecting the most pathetic incidents and catastrophes from the chronicles. The magnitude of the attempt, to which his single resources had appeared equal, deterred his successors from prosecuting it without assistance. They invited the contributions of their contemporaries, and among the rest engaged Churchyard and Phayer. The latter wrote the life of Owen Glandwr, inserted in the quarto collection of 1559, the title of which was as follows: *A Myrroure for Magistrates*; wherein may be seen, by example of others, with howe grevous Plages Vices are punished, and howe frail and unstable worldly Prosperitie is founde, even of those whom Fortune seemeth most highly to favour. "*Fælix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.*" Anno 1559, *Ædibus Thomæ Marthe*. The translation of Virgil was suspended during this year, probably in consequence of this engagement. He is supposed to have died about the latter end of 1560, as his will was dated the 12th of August in that year. He was buried in the church of Kilgerran. Fuller is uncommonly incorrect in his information respecting this worthy; he says that he died in London about the year 1550. His epitaph was written in Latin by Sir Thomas Chaloner, who took occasion to commend his learning and great skill in physic. The *Mirror for Magistrates* was reprinted in 1563, 1571, 1574, and again in 1587, with an induction, and the addition of many

new lives, by John Higgins. Whether Phayer's poem was thrown out to make room for the insertions of this editor, I have not been able to ascertain; but it certainly made a part of the collection on the two first republications. In the year 1610 the work underwent a complete revision, with additions by Richard Niccolls, a poet of powers very superior to those of Higgins. On this occasion the title was changed: "A Mirrour for Magistrates; being a true Chronicle Historie of the untimely Falles of such unfortunate Princes, and Men of Note, as have happened since the first Entrance of Brute into this Island, until this our Age: newly enlarged, with a last Part, called, A Winter's Night Vision; being an Addition of such Tragedies, especially famous, as are exempted in the former Historie; with a Poem annexed, called, England's Eliza. At London, imprinted by Felix Kyngston, 1610." This edition contains eighty-six lives. It has never been reprinted, and is very difficult to be met with. It appears from this, that these different copies were in a great measure different works. We have seen that the work was in such high repute during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, as to go through five editions; and it furnished Shakspeare with the hint of many scenes. Contemporary writers were assiduous in preferring its claim to public notice; among the rest, Sidney, Heywood, Webbe, and Bolton. Of a work, which called in so many hands to its composition, which saw half a century, and almost a revolution in our language, the merits must be various. The author of the plan was the first that appeared, but the brightest star in the constellation. The contributors next in degree to him, whose specimens were the most favourable to the fame of those popular legends, must be conceded to have been Churchyard and Niccolls.

CHAPTER XXIII.

KENARTH..TREVITHEL..NEVERN..VELINDREE..LLWYN GWAIR..
NEWPORT CASTLE.

THE excursion by water does not necessarily end at Kilgerran; it may be continued to Pont Llechryd, and it well deserves to be pursued. In the meadow on the left, just opposite to Kilgerran, there is an elegant white cottage, with a gay garden, which well occupies the bottom, as the turrets the summit on the other side. On proceeding upwards, the scenery changes; the valley narrows, and the river becomes confined; but its channel is unimpeded, its waters profound and peaceable. On the Cardiganshire side, the woods retain their luxuriance; on that of Pembrokehire, the perpendicular rock is for the most part naked, and the excavations of the slate quarries give an aspect of rudeness to the bordering cliff. On quitting the boat at Pont Llechryd there is a very pleasant walk or ride along the southern bank of the Tivy to Kenarth; and there is the celebrated salmon-leap, which has been already mentioned. The point of view is from the bridge, crossing the river at the village, where the three counties meet. The eye is carried up a most romantic hollow, the sides forming lofty and overhanging precipices on either bank, abundantly wooded, and much heightened, when I happened to visit it, by the autumnal tints. It is possible, that many persons may be disappointed by the fall, which does not exceed twelve feet. But the river here is wide, as well as its circumstances grand. It projects

projects itself over the ledge in one unbroken sheet, and the space between it and the bridge is just such, as to display its picturesque character to the utmost advantage. The houses of Kenarth, not placed too obtrusively, but dropped in a happy disorder about the shores, instil on a retrospect, the cheerful feeling of population, while the scene in front breathes the romantic, and seems all solitude and wildness. If Mr. Pinkerton had visited this spot, he would have been convinced that the Tivy is only navigable up to Lanbeder for salmon. It has never occurred to me, to witness their evolutions; but they have been very generally described by the topographical writers from the age of Elizabeth to the present time. The salmon of the Tivy is esteemed the most excellent in Wales; the principal fishery, a very abundant one, is between Kilgerran and Llechryd, at which latter place there is a wear. It is observed of this river, that it is not without some salmon in season at any period of the year; and that they are found in freshness and perfection even in the depth of winter. The custom of killing salmon by spearing in this country, is as curious as that of fishing in coracles. When the fish come up the river to spawn, they are watched by the country people, as they turn up the sand and gravel in the shallow places with their snouts. When they are thus known to have taken their station in any particular part, the fishermen come with torches in the night to the water's edge. The light at once allures the salmon to the surface, and directs the aim of the spearer. This is, however, a practice which very much injures the fishery, and gives little to the fisherman besides the sport; for the fish are lean and of little value at the time of spawning. It is very entertaining to a stranger, to accompany one of these nocturnal parties; the effect of the torch-light on scenes so well disposed to favour imagination, is interesting; the whisper of expectance and the shout of success sound with increased

increased impression, as they interrupt the accustomed silence of the night. This diversion is frequently pursued on the Cletur, about Alltyr Odin. Its dingles are well calculated for an illumination; but the fish caught in that river, or so high up in the Tivy, are worth very little, the reason of which is generally accounted to be, that in attempting to leap they frequently bruise themselves against the rocks, or if they escape there, beat themselves against the banks and shelves, in travelling along the twisted and difficult channel.

Pembrokeshire hitherto has been described as excelling in its scenery; but with the banks of the Tivy its romantic features are nearly at an end. It has many ancient castles, and those are generally picturesque subjects. The hundred of Castle Martin is the finest and most fertile part of the county; but the approach from Cardiganhire is either over a very tedious mountain, or round by the coast along a flat and dreary tract. The route of the coast is so circuitous, and the convenience of travellers so ill provided for, that it would not be worth while to pursue it, were it not for the sake of visiting St. Davids. That pleasure is not however too dearly purchased, at the expence of unpleasant journies for three days, which it will at least cost. The first town on the sea shore, if so poor a place deserves the name of a town, is Newport. There is nothing on the turnpike road to engage the attention; so that I should recommend the crossing a very wild heath, from St. Dogmael's, to the village of Trevithel, a pretty little recess, watered by a fresh stream, and deriving interest from the most ordinary circumstances, because the scene around is deficient in the usual recommendations of nature. From Trevithel, the country continues to be dismal in the extreme; but the descent to Nevern has something agreeable mixed with its wildness. It seems indeed to have been a spot well calculated for those

those druidical observances, of which there yet exists so curious a memorial. The village of Nevern stands on the brink of a fine brook, a branch of the larger river bearing the same name, and abounding with fish. It carries the appearance of having been of more consequence than it now is. There are at present not more than one or two decent houses; yet the church and church-yard indicate a neighbourhood, and once a village of some importance. The receptacle of the dead, with its venerable yew trees, and decent tablets, may well be considered as the most civilized feature in the whole arrangement. The abrupt though not high rocks, encircling the place, with their scanty ornament of wood, give it an appearance of no unpleasing roughness. There is a remarkable piece of antiquity close by the church porch on the south. It is a single stone of a quadrangular form, about two feet broad, eighteen inches thick, and thirteen feet high, with a cross at the top. The carving on every side exhibits a variety of knot-work, and there is an inscription about the middle. But the most important relic is the cromlech, of which some mention has been made in the account of the Duffrin House monuments. This at the distance of one mile from Newport Castle. It stands upon three stones or pillars, two at the east end, and one on the west, about seven feet or seven and a half high. The top stone, supported by these, is eighteen feet long, nine wide in the widest part, and, at one end, between two and three feet thick. At the narrowest end it is only about four feet wide. The mean breadth of course is six feet and a half, which multiplied by eighteen, gives one hundred and seventeen feet in its superficies. It will be recollected, that the top-stone of the smaller, already described in Glamorganshire, contained one hundred and forty square feet, and those of the larger three hundred and twenty four. There are ample accounts of this Pembrokeshire cromlech in most of

the antiquarians and topographers; these calculations will give its relative magnitude, and it is unnecessary to enlarge here upon its design, as I have thrown together the conjectures I have been able to collect on a former occasion. There are stones of the same kind in three or four other places hereabouts, particularly at Newport itself; though those which were of less magnitude have in many cases been overturned; and there can be little doubt but this has formerly been a principal seat of the bards. There was a castle at Nevern. The village of Velindre is in a pleasing situation, and is to be remarked for the flat quality of the hills, which afford better materials for building, than the inhabitants seem to entertain a sufficient feeling of what is comfortable to employ. Llwyn Gwair, the seat of George Bowen, Esq. has the advantage of shelter from some good timber by the side of the Nevern, in a country where timber is scarce. In other respects, it has nothing to distinguish it from the general style of gentlemen's houses on a small scale. It was on this estate that marl was first discovered, and first applied in this country. The castle of Newport on the hill looks well from Llwyn Gwair: those who have made their arrangements for stopping at it will wish that the town looked equally so on a nearer acquaintance. It is a poor fishing town, partly on the sands, and partly on an eminence, just above the confined bay, with its little port at the mouth of the Nevern. They begin the salmon fishery here and at St. Dogmael's much earlier than at Fiscard, and consequently gain the advantage of a market when the price is high. The lofty situation of the castle and its steep approach, give it an air of some importance, nor are its fragments without their grandeur. Little of its history is known. In the year 1215, Llewelyn ap Jorwerth, after having taken Newcastle in Emlyn, turned his arms toward this district, and in the progress of his victorious

career, levelled Newport Castle with the ground. I have not been able to ascertain the date of the present structure; and it probably has not been so much a scene of action as to enable a more diligent inquirer than myself to make out any connected account of it. There is a kind of freestone found near Newport, of a dark grey colour for the most part, with some veins of white, and some of yellow, intermixed. It is well adapted for building, and has been much used in all the castles of this neighbourhood. It is dug out of the cliff. The stone in the mountain above Newport is of a different sort, rising in large masses, but not difficult to be hewn, yet sufficiently durable for common purposes of architecture. This mountain is high and sharp, and stony. The pasture of it was formerly given by the lord of the hundred to the burgesses of this town, with many other liberties and privileges. Its circumference is five or six miles, and affords excellent sheep-walks. There is a deep and narrow valley between it and Percily. There are slate-quarries at Newport, though their quality is not esteemed so good as that of the hills about Velindre. The working of these and the salmon and herring fishery constitute nearly the whole trade of the place. There are two or three weirs on the river Nevern. The market is very small and bad; it was anciently held on the Sunday morning at sun-rise: and there is a very great fair on the 16th of June. The town seems to have been of consequence in the time of Edward the First, when there was a large market every Thursday, and the tenants were prohibited from selling any thing without first offering it at the market, and paying toll. The deed which established this market is given in the Cambrian Register. It is at present held on Friday.

CHAPTER XXIV.

LLANICHLIDOG....PICTON BRIDGE....LLANYCHAIR BRIDGE....
FISCARD.

THE turnpike road to Fiscard keeps close by the coast, leaving the mountain on the left. There is, however, a horse-path over the western side of the mountain, making a circuitous route, to which I was well advised to give the preference. For several miles, till you come to the poor village of Llanichlido, there is neither a tree, a house, nor a spot of cultivation, to beguile the tediousness of the journey with a remark, if we except an observation of Coquebert, a French traveller, who infers a primitive junction from the similarity between the substances of the Welsh mountains, and those of Wicklow in Ireland. But the descent to Picton Bridge opens some very picturesque scenery where it is least expected, inferior only to that on the banks of the Tivy. The Gwin is the river of most note in all this western coast, from Cardigan to Milford Haven. It rises in Percily mountain, running headlong in a succession of little falls, till it reaches this bridge, and then sweeps through the valley, which is very narrow, and, from the height of the ridges skirting it, affords shelter for a magnificent covering of timber. It is, perhaps, the only spot in Pembrokeshire where wood constitutes the leading feature of the scene; nor is it here of much extent; but it is a precious acquisition in a bare country, and disposed in a form to render it

interesting any where. Several little rills increase, by the swell of their waters, the rapidity of its course, roaring as it does over a channel of pebbles. Among these groves was the birth-place, as well as the famous school, of St. Dubric. So sequestered a spot afforded a situation, as if devised for the express purpose of rendering the retreat of a fainted recluse more holy. It abounds with rocks, and wilds, and caverns, among which there is one still assigned, by the old histories, for his hermitage. The fact is not improbable; since it was not too remote for a frequent attendance on his instructions, and yet surrounded by objects the most in unison with the feelings of a devotee. Annual games were formerly solemnized by the country people in one of these caves, doubtless in memory of this celebrated churchman, since they were held on the day of his dedication in the calendar; though the institution, as might be expected from vulgar ignorance, had long survived the traditional remembrance of its design.

The night overtook me as I was exploring this retirement; so that I may possibly have passed by some circumstances in the vale worth recording. The pleasure to myself was considerably enhanced by that lucid indistinctness thrown upon objects by a bright moonlight, especially when a canopy of thick foliage frequently overshadows the path, and involves it in a temporary darkness. The road for the most part hangs perpendicularly over the water, which is more heard than seen: at other times it bends downwards to its level, and at length leads over a bridge to the southern side; for I should caution the solitary traveller against crossing Picton Bridge, which would carry him out of his way in the direction of Haverford West. The scenery continues equally romantic on the opposite side, as far as Llanychair Bridge, over a little brook that takes its rise above, and joins the Gwin at
this

this place. We now quit the valley of the latter river, which finds its way to the sea at Fiscard Bridge. After the summit of the hill is gained, the sound of waves announces the cliff to be not far distant. As the moon was gone down, and the night had clouded over, this made us a little anxious about the safety of our track; but we soon reached the place of our destination.

The town of Fiscard is so filthy, so ill built, and so uncivilized, as almost to be interesting on those very accounts. One generation of fishermen, mariners, and smugglers, has succeeded another, without the knowledge or the energy to avail itself of natural advantages. The population is very considerable, being estimated at two thousand in the town, and nearly a thousand more in the parish, though there are no manufactures, and little employment or provision for the people, beyond what a sea-faring life affords. There are no means of obtaining a comparative statement of population in this part of the country. It may serve to illustrate the negligent character of the inhabitants, that there is scarcely a church register of twenty years old in any of these parishes. There was no establishment whatever for the instruction of children till a very benevolent gentleman of the place attempted a Sunday School some few years ago. His efforts were not seconded, as might have been expected; so that the benefits arising from it fell far short of the founder's intentions. The port is safe and commodious, not obstructed by those bars so frequent all along this coast. The extent of Fiscard Bay, from east to west, is about three miles, and from north to south nearly two. The depth of water is in general from thirty to seventy feet, and varies with the distance from the shore, which is of equal boldness nearly all round. The harbour might be rendered fit for the reception of the largest trading vessels which now use St. George's Channel. A moderate expence might render this a place of considerable

considerable traffic. Even now there is much building going forward in the town, and much shipping on the stocks. The principal exports at present are oats and butter. There are slate quarries of excellent quality and great extent, lying conveniently for the water-side; but they are not worked to the best advantage, nor even to so much profit as heretofore. They import goods from Bristol, culm, coal, lime, and timber. The herring fishery has been much on the decline of late years. They seldom cure any for exportation, as the capture frequently will not suffice to answer the demand of the country for an article, which, with potatoes, constitutes the food of the lower classes. Expert fishermen have declared these banks to abound with turbot and other fish of the choicer kinds; but the attention of the inhabitants cannot be drawn to the subject, lest it should interfere with their favourite, though unsuccessful herring fishery. They lose the early part of the salmon season, in consequence of a prejudice; they think the fish are not come till they leap out of the water, which they seldom do before the flies make their appearance. The vessels belonging to the port are principally employed in the trade with Bristol, and in carrying coal from Glamorganshire, Caermarthenshire, and Milford, to Ireland. The road from the upper to the lower town, cut out of the rock, commanding a fine view of the bay, is the only engaging circumstance about the place. The upper town would, from its situation, be a fine object from the bridge, were it but decently built. I apprehend it to be, taken altogether, the next in size and population to Haverford West within this county. The church is a most mean and squalid building, without either spire or tower. It was made the prison of the French troops after their capture in the last war; nor could any place of confinement more miserable have been devised. There seems here to be nothing of decency, no alienation

from common purposes, attached to the idea of a church. The churchyard affords, in some sort, a market-place. There are hooks all along its wall, on which the meat is exposed; there is no market-house; the churchyard wall, and the door of the public-house opposite, seem the principal stations of traffic. Neither have they built for themselves much better than for God. A hatred of new modes and strange faces is among their leading characteristics. The streets are barely passable for any sort of vehicle; the solid rock, worn into frequent holes for the reception of mud, is almost equally offensive to the foot of man or horse. It is the only town I have ever met with from which dunghills, I do not mean mere heaps of dirt, but literal and bona fide dunghills, are not excluded. This leads me to the mention of the inn: I had been informed on the road that there was no inn at Fiscard, but that Captain Llaugharne received all strangers. I therefore prepared myself in idea for the continuance of that hospitality I had so long experienced in my progress; but Captain Llaugharne turned out to be an old sailor, who receives his guests privately to save the trouble of a licence; and entertains them, as friends always wish to be entertained, with whatever happens to be in the house, without any anxious care about administering to a vicious nicety of palate. It is but justice to him to say, that the deficiencies of his establishment are involuntary, and that he means to be civil, after the uncouth mode of his fraternity. I would, however, recommend it to travellers to avoid a night here, if they can. St. David's is somewhat better, and much quieter. The people of this place seem to consider themselves as marked out for depredation. The fort was built by the late Sir Hugh Owen, in consequence of frequent alarms from pirates in the American war; and the landing of the French in the late war in some measure justifies their habitual jealousy. The number of the invaders amounted to fourteen hundred.

hundred: the whole force that Lord Cawdor could collect, horse and foot, did not reach seven hundred men; and it is probable that the enemy would have given some trouble to the country, had it not been for a collection of women on a distant hill, clad in red mantles peculiar to these parts, who were taken for a large reinforcement coming on to the attack.

The practice of husbandry is as backward here as every other useful art. The system has remained nearly stationary for upwards of a century, though it is now beginning to make some little advances towards industry and good sense. This movement among so obstinate a race may be accounted for from the circumstance, that the people, till within the last fourteen years, could never be reconciled to the corruption of their own simplicity by the introduction of turnpikes. Within that time, Fiscard has been connected, by very tolerable roads, with Cardigan on the one side, and Haverford West on the other. This intercourse seems already to have enlarged their understandings in some small degree, and the progress of time will probably assimilate this tempestuous corner and its rugged occupiers more closely with the improved state of the surrounding district. The language is a strange mixture of Welsh and English, intelligible to neither ear. Their manners are rough towards strangers, whom they uniformly consider as spies, to an excess amounting to insolence. The habit of intoxication is very prevalent; but in this Fiscard seems merely to partake the character of sea-ports in general; for the people from the country are sober and decent. The manner in which they drive their oxen, or sometimes two horses and two oxen, four in hand, sitting in their empty carts, is singular, and at times rather alarming. They go at the rate of six or seven miles an hour; and the oxen consider themselves as at liberty to change their side of the road as often as they please. When there are four oxen they consider a rein as either superfluous or unavailing.

CHAPTER XXV.

MANERNAWEN..ST. CATHARINE'S..MATHREY..GORID BRIDGE..
 ST. JUSTINIAN'S CHAPEL..RAMSEY..THE BISHOP AND CLERKS.
 ST. DAVID'S HEAD.

THERE is very little, I may venture to say nothing, in the country between Fiscard and St. David's Head, which can warrant me in detaining the reader with any particular description. The poverty of the country is proverbial; though it deserves less to be so than some years back, when its character was drawn by a very ingenious and accomplished writer. A little way out of Fiscard, on the right, is Manernawen, formerly the seat of John Lewis, Esq. who furnished Bishop Gibson with a manuscript history of Pembrokehire, written by George Owen, Esq. and is respectfully mentioned on that account in the bishop's edition of Camden. This place has some little wood and comfort about it; but all the rest is a dreary blank. The sweeping winds prevent even a hedge row from contributing its little verdure; but the soil is not altogether unprofitable, though its aspect is unpleasing. It is indeed considered as favourable to the growth of barley, of which the cultivation is becoming more extensive every year. With so little of the attractive in the face of nature, as little perhaps in the hundred of St. Dewy's as in any other part of this island, the fact may be thought strange, that the smallest parcel of land, on the few occasions when it is understood to be on the eve of changing owners, is as much an object of competition as in many

more habitable places. A few miles beyond Manernawen, you cross Hiog River, taking its rise about St. Catharine's, and finding its way to the western branch of the Clethy, which, with its various ramifications constitutes the great beauty and only grandeur of this county towards the south. At Mathrey there is a very considerable fair held on Michaelmas day. The country being much more enclosed now than formerly, the practice of tethering the cattle is much less in use. I saw no instance of it, till I had crossed Gorid Bridge, thrown over a little brook, which rises within the parish of St. David's, and runs down through the valley, between the Cathedral and the bishop's palace. Nor is it very common even in this wild corner. At Gorid bridge, the traveller knows that he must be near the place of his destination. The bold, but barren rocks by which the coast is guarded, have long been hailed from a distance, as unerring guides, but on a near approach, seem to fail in pointing out the site of the ancient city; for it is not till you are close upon its precincts, that the pinnacles of the great tower catch the eye, when least expected, rising from the deep bog in which the church is placed, to little more than a level with the town. Near Gorid bridge there was formerly a chapel; but there is no vestige of it remaining. I have already said that this venerable bishop's see is the great object, to induce so tedious a deviation from the direct route. It will be expected therefore that I should give some account of its institution; but I shall not impose on myself so hopeless and unprofitable a task, as to attempt the separation of the legendary from the historical part of the tale.

The Britons like devout, their messengers direct

To David, that he would their ancient right protect.

St. David is as proper to the Welsh, by whom he is called St. Dewy, as St. George to England. Selden's account of him

is this. "Reports of him affirm that he was of that country, uncle to king Arthur, (Bale and others say, gotten upon Melaria, a nun, by Xantus prince of Cardigan) and successor to Dubrice, archbishop of Caerleon upon Uske, (whereto a long time the British bishoprics as to their metropolitick see were subject) and thence translated with his nephew's consent the primacy to Menevia, which is now St. David's in Pembroke. He was a strong opposer of the Pelagian heresy. To him our country calendars give the first of March, but in the old martyrologies I find him not remembered: yet I read that Calixtus the Second, first canonized him." He furnished a copious topic for the credulous muse of Drayton.

From thence to Pembroke she doth make,
To see how Milford state doth take:
The scattered islands there doth tell:
And, visiting St. David's cell,
Doth sport her all the shores along,
Preparing the ensuing song.

It appears as if his pious zeal had not been confined within the limits of his native realm.

So David drawn from hence into those farther parts,
By preaching, who to pierce those paynims harden'd hearts,
Incessantly proclaim'd Christ Jesus, with a cry
Against their heathen gods, and blind idolatry.

"He was prognosticated above thirty years before his birth; which with other attributed miracles (after the fashion of that credulous age) caused him to be almost paralleled in monkish zeal with that holy John, which, unborn, sprang at presence of the Incarnate Author of our redemption. The translation of the arch-

bishopric was also foretold in that of Merlin: Menevia shall put on the pall of Caerleon; and the preacher of Ireland shall wax dumb by an infant growing in the womb. That was performed when St. Patrick, at presence of Melaria then with child, suddenly lost use of his speech; but recovering it after some time, made prædiction of Dewy's holiness, joined with greatness, which is so celebrated. Upon my author's credit only, believe me."—Selden. The cathedral stands on the south side of the little city, which scarcely boasts a tolerable house unconnected with the church. It is dedicated to St. Andrew, as well as to St. Dewy or St. David. The close is about a mile in circumference, and has been fortified. A little brook runs through the churchyard on the west. The west front has been rebuilt by Nash, but in an incongruous style. This front, at which the bishop enters, when he does enter, is seventy-six feet broad. The body of the church consists of a nave, and two side aisles. The cieling of the nave is much and deservedly admired; it is of Irish oak. From the west door to the steeple, the length is one hundred and twenty-four feet, and the breadth thirty-two between the pillars, which part it from the side aisles. There are five pillars on each side, with two pilastres adjoining the western wall, and the rood loft at the other end. These pillars support six arches, over every one of which are two lesser arches, reaching to the roof. Under each of these lesser arches are two still smaller, resting immediately on the great arches. Near the rood loft which is over the entrance into the choir, where the organ is placed in most cathedrals, is the pulpit on the south side; and close by that, Bishop Morgan's tomb. The bishop's face is much mangled, as are all the faces upon the monuments. There is sculpture on the sides, which has been much injured, and a mutilated basso relievo at the foot, seeming to represent the resurrection. From what remains of this, it must have

have been an exquisite piece of art. The rood loft is a beautiful building of reddish stone. Towards the south end is a fine monument of Bishop Gower, under a stone arch, taking up in length the whole breadth of the rood loft. Before the rebellion it had a brass palisade on the south and west, with an inscription to the effect, that Archbishop Henry Gower was the builder of the church and palace. The rebels took the brass away from this and all the other tombs in the church. There are two other monuments under the rood loft. The aisles are eighteen feet each in breadth, and of the same length with the nave. The choir is considerably elevated above the body of the church, and occupies the area of the steeple. The north cross aisle is St. Andrew's chapel, forty-four feet north and south, and thirty east and west. Several pieces of very curious sculpture have been discovered in this chapel, on removing some rubbish. Among the rest, a representation of St. Andrew, with the figure and insignia tolerably distinct, but with the face so much mutilated, that the features are scarcely to be traced. Respecting another fragment, Mr. Manby, in his account of St. David's, makes a strange mistake. He considers what remains of it as designed for a demon offering a child to a venerable person at an altar. This demon is clearly the Virgin Mary; her crown remains perfect, and the child has the globe in his hand. The virgin is a beautiful female figure, and the piece, as far as it can be made out, a very fine specimen. The organ stands in the north arch of the choir, and not in the rood loft. At the back of the stalls, in this chapel, there is a dark room, which was formerly the penitentiary, with small holes in the wall, to admit the voices of the priests officiating in the choir. The south aisle is the chanters chapel, forty four feet north and south, and twenty-six east and west. The length of the chancel is fifty-four feet, and the breadth thirty-one.

The tomb of Edmund Earl of Richmond stands in its area, of a very beautiful blue marble, spotted with white. It had formerly brass escutcheons at the four corners, and the effigies of the earl in the same metal; but the rebels took especial care of these articles. On the sides of the monument are four escutcheons, with the royal and Tudor arms. On the south side, near the throne, lies Bishop Jorwerth in his robes, with his mitre and staff. Under an arch within the wall, on the north side, lies a knight, with his head resting on a cushion, and a lion at his feet. This is supposed to be Owen Tudor, father to the Earls of Richmond and Pembroke, who had married King Henry the Sixth's mother. He was taken and beheaded after the battle of Mortimer's Cross; so that in all probability this monument was erected to his memory after the interment of his son. The shrine of St. David is on the north side of the chancel; the single stone which composed it is now broken into many pieces. In the side are four recesses, into which the votaries dropped their offerings, and the monks removed them through doors behind. Our kings frequently made pilgrimages to this shrine, where they paid their devotions to the saint, then in the highest repute. In the year 1080 William the Conqueror invaded Wales with a large army, proceeding in a hostile manner till he came as far as St. David's; but there he laid aside the warrior for the votary, and reconciled the princes of the land to the homage he exacted, by the splendour of his offerings, and the humility of his deportment. This was in the time of Bishop Sulien, whose fame for sanctity contributed much to keep alive in the public mind the veneration of this primitive altar. After having held it five years, so great was his love of retirement, that he resigned his office to Abraham. On his death, Sulien was compelled by the general voice to resume his charge, which he again relinquished a very short time after King William's visit.

visit. He died in the year 1089, with the reputation of the best and wisest man in all Wales. In the year 1070 Henry the Second paid his offerings at this shrine, was entertained at dinner by Bishop David Fitzgerald, Rees ap Gruffyth's cousin, and returned to Pembroke in the evening. The offerings made at all the other chapels were brought hither, and divided every Saturday among the priests; the quantity of money is said to have been so great, that instead of being counted, it was measured out in dishes. Nearly as long as popery lasted this church exceeded every other in celebrity, though, since the reformation has extinguished the merit of pilgrimages, it has fallen, I may almost say, into a state of unfeeling desertion. It was said of old, that there was as much merit in going twice to St. David's as once to Rome. There was also a superstitious idea, highly expressive of veneration for the place, that every man must go to St. David's once, either dead or alive.

The mosaic pavement, in the upper part of the choir, was probably laid down by the Earl of Richmond, as the roses mark it for the period of that contest. The chancel had formerly two aisles, but the arches are now closed up, in consequence of the windows having been demolished in the rebellion, and the lead from the roof sent by Cromwell to Swansea, to cover the market-house. We are obliged to him, however, for having spared the cieling of the choir, which was almost too elegant to have escaped this furious enemy of the arts. Opposite the bishop's throne is the tomb of Rees ap Gruffyth, Prince of South Wales, who succeeded to his father's honours in 1136, and died in 1196. His character, as drawn by the poets and historians, has already been illustrated. In the north wall of the chancel there is a door into the north aisle, which is ninety-two feet long from west to east, and fourteen feet broad. Adjoining the north-cross aisle is the old
chapter-

chapter-house, and over it the treasury, which is now converted into a school for the instruction of the choristers. There are several monuments of the Wogans, who were Knights Templars, in the north aisle; the effigies are clad in armour, but much mutilated. On the south wall, over a defaced monument, is a very fine, though greatly damaged crucifix, between two saints. The crucifix is the most perfect part of this beautiful specimen. On the east of the choir, behind the altar, is Bishop Vaughan's chapel, the architecture of which resembles all the buildings of Henry the Seventh's age, and almost rivals the best of them, if not in exuberant richness of ornament, in lightness, taste, and elegance of workmanship. There are two long lancets in the east wall, by which the voice of the officiating priest might be heard in the north and south aisles. It is said that Bishop Vaughan, when sitting in his chapel, could see five masses performed at five different altars. The screens, dividing those aisles from the chapel, are very highly wrought. The roof of the passage between this and St. Mary's chapel, though less ornamented, and somewhat differing in style, is highly beautiful in its simplicity. St. Mary's chapel terminates the building. Its dimensions are forty feet by twenty-two. It is completely unroofed; but the fragments of pillars lying about the area, and the side walls still remaining as high as the spring of the arches, prove it to have been a masterpiece of Gothic elegance. There are several monuments in this chapel and the aisles adjoining, some interesting for their antiquity, and some for their execution.

On the whole, there is a rich repast here either for the antiquary or the draughtsman. As a specimen of the early Gothic, large in its dimensions, and venerable in its structure, an object of equal interest rarely occurs; while the appendages of later times, the fret-work and tracery of the chapels, the most modern, the most abused,

abused, and the most dilapidated part of this fallen grandeur, blend regret with admiration, and for that very reason impress the mind with more feeling than buildings unimpaired by time or violence. The eye of the artist or critic is gratified by symmetry unbroken, by the preservation of every part and the perfection of the whole; yet, though we would preserve those edifices which have hitherto stood out against the siege of ages, it by no means follows, that we would wish the ivy not to have crept over our mouldering ruins, the tower not to lean, the grass not to have grown where the polish of the marble once betrayed the foot, the sun not to penetrate freely, where the storied window once sobered the colour of his rays, the arch not to have fallen, the robber not to have impressed upon our senses the guilt of sacrilege, the Protector not to have immortalised the folly of fanaticism. The mind is thrown into a train of reflection which compensates for diminished grandeur; the place looks full as sacred when it is no longer wealthily endowed; St. David, in the decline of age and fortune, appeals as strongly to our sentiments of religious awe as his brother of Canterbury with his more splendid altars, and all his pompous institutions. It may very generally be remarked, with respect to foundations of this kind, that in proportion to the plenitude of their authority and greatness is their subsequent neglect and decay, when the revolutions of government, or the partialities of sovereigns, have transferred the ensigns of power, and alienated the revenues which are its basis. Much attention has been paid of late years to the cathedral of St. David's; but it every where bears the marks of having long been abandoned to desolation without pity. Let it then be the praise of the present chapter, by consigning it to the tasteful care of the canon residentiary, to have insured, at least for a season, the general decency of its arrangements, the support of what

remains entire, and the scrupulous preservation of its interesting fragments. Our choral service, discarding the grimace which turns into ridicule the solemnity of mass, seems to be of all others the best adapted to the purposes it professes. Addressing itself so modestly to the senses as to elevate the imagination without bewildering the understanding, it steers equally clear of theatrical show and lifeless monotony. It is seldom heard with better effect, because no where more properly, though perhaps every where more pompously performed, than in this little choir. There are few places which so forcibly present to the mind the simplicity and privacy of the church in former times. An organ of the sweetest tone, but very small compass, a very few voices in the chaunt, a priest or two in the stalls, and no congregation! A city reduced to a village, and that village almost deserted! Here too survive the ancient hospitia of the monks, rendered almost as necessary as formerly by the poverty of the lay inhabitants. I had scarcely bespoken a most unpromising meal on my arrival, before I received a summons to the table of Archdeacon Williams, the canon residentiary; a welcome contrast to the fare I had lately experienced: and I have understood since my departure from St. David's, that while the archdeacon is in residence he pays the same attention to strangers in general. But it is only in hospitality that I meant to liken him to a monk; he has an agreeable family, and is a very candid man. I had the pleasure of passing a second day with him, when we looked over the church, in company with Mr. Carter, the draughtsman. I have not mentioned the monument of the celebrated Girald, called by distinction the Cambro-Briton, because the archdeacon doubts whether it is properly assigned; it is of no consequence, as there is at all events neither image, inscription, nor any other distinctive mark remaining of him.

On

On the north side of the church is a quadrangular building, of much beauty, which was formerly the college, founded by John of Gaunt, and Adam Houghton, bishop of the diocese. The service, even then, had fallen into neglect in the cathedral, after it had ceased to be metropolitan. It was determined therefore that God should at all events be served on the north side of it; for which purpose a master and seven priests were appointed, with instructions to sing at the hours of high mass, to steer clear of the town and its temptations, and to pay obedience to their superiors, the canons. Adam Houghton built houses for them, and a cloister between the cathedral and their own chapel. The area within was seventy-four feet from east to west, and eighty from north to south. On the west there is a magnificent tower, and on the north side the chapel was built over the charnel house, through which runs a stream of water. This college fell into ruin soon after the reign of Edward the Sixth; but the hall must have been an exquisite specimen of architecture, when entire. On the other side of the brook, to the south west, are the remains of Bishop Gower's palace. Nothing more evidently bespeaks the fallen state of this see, than the condition of its palaces. It formerly had seven within the diocese. This of St. David's, Lawhaden Castle, and Lamphey Park, all three within the county of Pembroke, were in the most splendid style of the times. There is now only one, with nothing beyond the elegance of a private gentleman's house in a very beautiful situation. With respect to this, it must have been one of the most superb episcopal residences in the kingdom. The walls are unusually high, surmounted with a light gothic parapet, raised upon arched battlements, in a manner peculiar to the buildings of this country; and the effect is so good, that the style might have been expected to have travelled further. The bishop's apartments, which were large and

magnificent, were on the east side. The kitchen, part of which is standing, will furnish some idea of the state in which these churchmen once lived. There was a large pillar in the centre of the room, supporting four arches, within each of which was a very spacious chimney. Adjoining the kitchen, was the bishop's hall, fifty-eight feet in length, and twenty-three in breadth, within which was a parlour, and at the northern extremity an oratory. On the south side of the quadrangle we have what is commonly called King John's hall, erected expressly, according to the current tale, for the purpose of entertaining King John on his return from Ireland. But more than a century elapsed from the death of King John to the election of Gower; so that either this hall was built at a later period, or the bishop loses his credit as an architect, unless we might be warranted in supposing, that the hall was of the earlier date, and that the bishop's apartments were added, in a style to correspond with its peculiar splendour. I apprehend however, from the taste and lightness of the building, that it may with most probability be assigned to the time of Bishop Gower. The arched entrance leading to the hall is singularly magnificent. The whole palace is built on arches, which were formerly used as cellars. The area of the quadrangle is one hundred and twenty feet square. There were formerly four gates in the embattled wall of the close. What is now called the lower gate, leading towards the town, is the only one of them remaining. When viewed from the church-yard, it exemplifies the phrase of building castles in the air. The towers are much noticed for their beauty; in the circular, heretics are said to have been confined.

The chapter consists of the precentor who officiates as dean, the treasurer, the chancellor, and three canons, elected from the archdeaconries and prebendaries; the lower chapter is a body corporate,

corporate, having lands within its own jurisdiction, and granting leases under its own seal, without the interference of the dignitaries. The canon residentiary has a modern house with excellent gardens, and the archdeacon of Brecknock a venerable but dilapidated residence. The other buildings belonging to the close are in a ruinous condition.

The cathedral and city of St. David's, for the latter, though now mean, was once splendid, have invited frequent aggressions by their exposed situation and collected wealth. The year 810 brought the West Saxons to burn the town, and a murrain among the cattle throughout Wales, events which were superstitiously attributed to an eclipse of the moon on Christmas day. In the year 911, a formidable navy invaded and destroyed St. David's; the army penetrated, after a great battle, as far as Herefordshire. A similar devastation was repeated in the year 981. In 990, the nephew of Meredith ap Owen, with a subsidiary host of English and Danes, plundered the territories of Cardigan, Gower, Kidwelly, and St. David's. The church experienced another attack in 1078; and in 1087 the shrine of St. David, offering a richer booty than the houses of the citizens, was relieved of its superfluous treasures and ornaments, but in every other particular treated with respect. But it was about the year 1114, that the greatest misfortune happened to this see, in the forcible introduction of Barnard, a Norman bishop, by Henry the First, contrary to the established privilege of free election, vested in the Welsh clergy.

With respect to the men who have flourished in this seat of learning, it would far exceed my limits to give a biographical catalogue of all the bishops and other eminent characters enrolled among the records. One of the most distinguished was Girald; the sketch of his life will be assigned to the place of his nativity.

After

Affer is another name of note; but the historians and biographers seem divided about the person. David Powel in commenting on Caradoc Lhancarvan, affirms Affer the Cambrian metropolitan, to have been the uncle of Affer the monk and historian, chancellor of the diocese, who was received at the court of Alfred, and made an English bishop, on account of his great learning. The Editor of the Cambrian biography, by quoting the text of Caradoc Lhancarvan respecting the archbishop, in his account of him whom Powel calls the nephew, seems to have considered them as one and the same person. The Oxonian professor, whether he had an uncle or not, was certainly a native of this city; and he was at all events the scholar patronized by King Alfred, who, when he first founded University College, made this monk of St. Dewy's grammar and rhetoric reader there. He appears also to have been the first who composed a grammar of the Welsh language, still extant under a somewhat different form. It has been said that the university of Oxford owes its institution to his influence over the king: yet from his book on the acts of Alfred, written in the year 886, and printed in 1574, it should seem as if he, though naturally disposed to extol the beneficence of his royal master, considered it rather in the light of a revival than a foundation. His authority does indeed strongly favour the opinion of those who would willingly place this pillar of our learning and arts on the verge of the earliest antiquity. Polydore, Bale, and other authors ground the present establishment entirely on Alfred's provision; but there is every reason to suppose that there were common schools, though they might not rise to the dignity of colleges, long before his time, whatever degree of credit we may give to the story of Greeklade in the proctors book. Affer attributes the deficiency of grammarians about Alfred's time to the irruptions of the Pagans, by whom he means the Danes; but he

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he mentions a great mathematician, as well as Gildas, both living in the sixth century, and another eminent man in the early part of it, as having professed there, with a numerous attendance of scholars. Florence of Worcester gives nearly the same account; and attributes the ignorance of Alfred in the lowest elements of literature, after he had completed his twelfth year, not so much to the weak indulgence of his education, as to the absolute want of any instructor to be found within the kingdom. Besides the warlike spirit of the times, there was another reason for this total destitution of learning. The Pelagian and Arian opinions had for some time been so prevalent, that the papal authority discouraged every thing in the shape of a public school, as preferring a race of brutes to a race of heretics. Asser wrote besides a British history.

There were two Patricks: the faint of the Irish, who has been cursorily mentioned in connexion with St. David, was born either in the hundred of Ross, or in Gower, flourished, according to Bale, about the beginning, and died about the end, of the fifth century. He in fact planted christianity in this remote corner; since he had founded a monastery here before St. David transferred the episcopal pall. Wherever the improvement of learning and religion was going forward, he seems to have been found; for we read of him, about the year 420, as the Superior of Theodosius's College at Llantwit Major. The second Patrick was a native of St. David's, contemporary with Asser, in the reign of Alfred. He studied at Athens, had acquired the Greek, Chaldean, and Arabic languages; had visited all the foreign schools, and seen whatever was worthy of notice, whether in Italy, France, or Constantinople. He returned to his native place about the year 858, and meant to have devoted his life to retirement; but he could not long escape the search of Alfred in so great a dearth of scholars.

scholars. He went therefore into England, where he became the instructor both of the prince and his children. It seems doubtful whether he may not dispute with Asker the merit of having suggested the foundation or revival of the Oxford schools. The point is of no consequence, or, if it were, they might probably share the honour, as they both exercised the functions of readers there in their different branches. Connected with this city are the two Barlowes, father and son, who were distinguished characters in the sixteenth century. They both bore the name of William. The father was a monk in the monastery of St. Osith in Essex. He was educated at Oxford, and professed in the order of Augustins there. His religious principles seem to have been in some measure unsettled; for in the very early part of his life he had travelled into Germany for the sole purpose of attending the protestant divines. When prior of Bisham in Berkshire he was sent on an embassy into Scotland; and so far ingratiated himself with the king, by his own courtly behaviour, and his influence with his brethren at the dissolution of the monasteries, that he obtained the bishopric of St. Asaph in 1535, and was translated the following year to St. David's. He formed the project of removing the see to the more central situation of Caermarthen; and so high was his favour with Henry, that he had just obtained his consent, when some friend to the ancient fabric whispered the monarch, that the remains of his grandfather were deposited in the chancel. So profound a retirement seems not to have accorded with his temper; so that a few years after he procured a second translation to Wells. He was confidentially employed by the king in the negotiation with the pope respecting Queen Catharine's divorce, which confirmed him in the favour of the court during Henry's reign. On the accession of Queen Mary he was deprived of his bishopric because he was married, and thrown into prison because he

he was a protestant. He found means, however, of escaping into Germany, where he languished in poverty till the throne was again occupied by a tenant of his own complexion, when he was recalled, and promoted, by the favour of Elizabeth, to the see of Chichester, with a stall at Westminster. He died in the year 1568, leaving behind him the character of a learned man, though his labours have long since ceased to speak for themselves. He had five daughters, whose establishment in life was very remarkable. The eldest, when a widow, married the Bishop of Hereford. The second was the wife of William Day, Dean of Windsor, who succeeded to the bishopric of Winchester. The third was married to the Bishop of Litchfield; the fourth to the younger son of Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, and afterwards to Toby Matthew, Archbishop of York; while the palace at Winchester was a second time invaded by a Barlowe, in the person of the youngest daughter, who married Bishop William Wickham. Bishop Barlowe has been accused, I know not how justly, of having promoted the advancement of his children much at the expence of this church. He is reported to have taken the lead from the roof of the palace, and in other respects to have committed such dilapidations, as the revenue of the see for twelve years would scarcely have repaired. He had six sons. William was born at St. David's while his father was bishop, and having entered of Baliol College, Oxford, took his degree in arts in 1564, after which he travelled, and made the science of navigation his particular study. Some years afterwards he went into the church, where he obtained a stall at Winchester, and the archdeaconry of Salisbury; but the circumstance, which renders his name memorable at this distance of time, is that of his having been the first writer on the nature and properties of the loadstone. Dr. Gilbert did not publish his book till twenty years afterwards.

Mr. Barlowe was uncommonly ingenious and successful in his experiments, as well as scientific in his demonstrations upon paper. In 1597 he published a tract on navigation, containing many important principles, with a description of several instruments, which he had framed with a view to facilitate the practice. In 1616 he gave to the world his observations and experiments on the loadstone, and in 1618 his reply to the animadversions of Dr. Ridley on his works. This latter gentleman had been physician to the English factory in Russia, and afterwards to the Czar. Mr. Barlowe died in the year 1625. The bishop, though an Essex man, is supposed to have been descended from the Barlowes of this county.

Bishop Watson, though he reflected little honour on the lawn, if the particulars related of his conduct be true, was involved in the controversies of times and factions too prominent in the history of the country to be entirely overlooked. When fellow of St. John's College in Cambridge he was made Bishop of St. David's by James the Second, in the year 1687, at Lord Dover's recommendation. He seems to have been unpleasantly circumstanced during the whole time he held the see; for he was very grievously insulted and abused by the rabble in 1688, just after King James left England for France, in consequence of the patronage from which he had the misfortune to have derived his preferment. It was a topic of common report, for several years, that he had purchased his dignity, and reimbursed himself by selling the principal benefices in his gift. In the year 1699 a direct charge of simony was founded on these prevalent rumours, and proved to the satisfaction of his judges. The ordination of persons, without tendering the oath required by law, constituted a distinct offence. He was in consequence deprived, and Bishop Burnet pressed for a sentence of excommunication. Dr. Watson
appealed

appealed from the jurisdiction of the archbishop, but in vain. The sentence was held to be valid, though the friends of the deprived bishop and his party frequently debated his case in parliament, and prevented any appointment to the vacancy for the space of five years. Dr. Bull was at length elected in 1704. It was in reference to this attempt at skreening Dr. Watson, that Walsh, a zealous friend of the revolution, inserted the following couplet in his humorous poem of "The Golden Age Restored," written in 1703:

Avow'dly now St. David's cause they own,
And James's votes for simony atone.

St. Justinian's Chapel, close upon the coast, has been a very fine building. There were formerly several chapels all round this metropolis of pilgrims; at present there are traces of scarcely any; and none, the remains of which are at all interesting, except this of St. Justinian's. They were generally placed near the sea-side or the high road, to catch the earliest devotions of seamen and passengers. The triangular island of Ramsey has undergone many changes from the continual wearing of the waves. It is uninhabited, and said to have been singularly fruitful; but I know not in what degree it retains that character. This island is much frequented by elgugs, and other migrating birds, of which I shall have occasion to speak hereafter. There is a tradition, that the embarkation for Ireland anciently took place at Ramsey; but seafaring men much doubt the probability of the account, from the circumstances of the tides. To the north-west are the Bishop and his Clerks, seven rocks, so called by a sort of vulgar wit, which has stood the siege of two or three centuries without yielding or variation. We find, from the earlier antiquaries, old manuscripts, and Michael Drayton, that it was thought a very

good joke at the time of the Spanish Armada. The shore here is altogether of unusual boldness. St. David's Head is a stupendous rock, running out into the sea from the main land, with which it is connected by an isthmus. The whole neighbourhood abounds with remnants of druidical monuments. The situation could not fail of being marked out for a religious seat under any system into which a single particle of superstition was allowed to enter. There are some vestiges of Roman fortifications, and of the old military way, mentioned in Randal of Chester by the name of Rickeneld; but whether we are to take these great public works upon the credit of the British story, or ascribe them also with Camden to the Romans, is a question into which I shall not attempt to enter. We have besides been told that Erming-street began here, and was carried forward to Southampton; but all evidence of this fact has disappeared, nor is it easy either to select or reconcile authorities on these points of dubious and remote antiquity.

St. David's Head is said to have been the Octopitarum of the ancient geographers; but it has been conjectured that this name is a corruption, and that it was called the promontory octo petrarum, of the eight rocks, consisting of St. David's Head, the Bishop, and his Clerks.

CHAPTER XXVI.

CARVAI...SOLVA...PEN DINAS...NEWGILL BRIDGE AND SANDS
 ...ROCH CASTLE..NOLTON HAVEN..YRECOYD..PELKAM BRIDGE
 ...BRIDELL...EGLWYSWRW...PONT CUNNO...PONT SEISON....
 HENDRE GATE..PONT LLANBIRAN..TAVARN Y VACH..PERCILY
 MOUNTAIN..NEW INN...CWM KERRWN HILL...SCOLE'S CROSS
 ...KROGALL...PENDEGRAST..HAVERFORD WEST.

CARVAI, within the parish of St. David's, produces the common stone, found in the body of the cathedral, as well as that superior kind of which the rood loft is built. The magnificent pavilion, under which Bishop Martin lies, against the south wall of St. Mary's chapel, is executed with the same materials, which are peculiar to this place. The crystals, known by the name of St. David's diamonds, -are found here, as well as at St. David's Head, in the chasms of the rock. They are small, very hard, and difficult to separate. They are sometimes found in a dark earth, through which their points appear, and have a very considerable lustre, if properly set. A little way out at sea are some rocks, called the Scrabs. The view of St. Bride's Bay is grand; but the country is without wood and dreary, till you come to Solva, with its romantic little creek. Here the mixture of trade, ship-building, and picturesque features, is various and enlivening. Not long ago this was as poor a village as most in this poor district; but it has made some efforts of late years to rise into consequence, which seem likely to be successful. The new houses are in a good style,
 and

and the landscape much more pleasing than any that has occurred since we quitted the banks of the Gwin. On ascending the hill, however, beyond Solva, we return to the bare and rugged, till the brow of Pen Dinas, a lofty cliff overlooking St. Bride's Bay, opens a sublime prospect of those restless waves, with the convulsed and perforated rocks of a shore which can scarcely confine their rage. There is a tradition, that this bay, large as it is, was once a tract of low land; and we read in Girald, as well as in a passage of Drayton heretofore quoted, that in the time of Henry the Second a violent storm laid the sands bare, and discovered stumps of trees standing in the bottom of what is now sea. Mr. George Owen, in his manuscript history communicated to the Cambrian Register, mentions a similar circumstance as having occurred in his time, as well as that the opposite side of Newgill Bridge, in the hundred of Ross, was called the wood, though there had scarcely been a tree growing on the land there within the memory of man. On descending from Pen Dinas to the sands, and crossing Newgill Bridge, we quit the hundred of St. Dewy's for that of Ross, separated by a very small stream running through the moor, and find ourselves among a different people. Roch Castle stands most singularly, on the top of a high rock, rising perpendicularly from an extensive flat, on which there is no similar appearance elsewhere. There is a rock of the same kind near St. David's; and, as I have been told, there are others in different parts of this western coast. The castle, from this circumstance, is seen at a great distance, and so completely occupies the summit, that the artificial fabric is scarcely to be distinguished from its natural base, but on a near approach. According to the legendary tale, the owner had a foreboding that he should die by the sting of an adder: he therefore built his mansion in such a manner as to place himself as much as possible out of his

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enemy's

enemy's reach. The conclusion of the story will naturally be anticipated: if he had not died by the sting of an adder, the motive of his choice would scarcely have been worth recording. The road now bears away from the coast, and we take our leave of St. Bride's Bay, with a last look at that part of it called Nolton Haven. The quarries of Nolton furnish a dark grey kind of freestone, of much use in building, and particularly well adapted for a maritime exposure. It is nearly of the same quality with what is found in the cliffs about Newport. It will bear fire better than any stone of this country. About Yrecoyd we were overtaken by great numbers of the country people going to Haverford West market. This is a very populous part of the county; and we were assailed by a tempest of questions, all in very plain English. There is nothing remarkable in the face of nature hereabouts; the most pleasant part is about Pelkam Bridge, over a brook, which is received into Dungleddy river a little to the east. I shall now proceed to take some notice of the country, nearly in a straight line between Cardigan and Haverford West.

The enclosures about the little village of Bridell, a few miles from Cardigan, are well cultivated, and contrast agreeably with the rugged prospect of the three mountains in front. That on the right, near the sea, is the mountain above Newport; the middle, and the largest in Pembrokeshire, is Percily; and that placed at the eastern extremity is Wrenyvaur. From this latter the river Clethy rises, and, after a long course near the borders of Caermarthenshire, meets Dungleddy from the west, where they both join to form Milford Haven. As it was Sunday, I looked into the church of Bridell, and found it cleaner than usual, though, in point of architecture, little better than a barn. A little beyond four roads meet, this towards Cardigan, the road on the right to Newport, that on the left to Newcastle in Emlyn, and the

the road over Percily mountain to Haverford West. Just here is the neat and pleasing village of Eglwysfwrw, rendered the more inviting by a considerable quantity of wood still remaining in a tract, where that ornamental as well as valuable furniture of a country is so generally deficient. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth there was a wood, or rather forest, of oak in this manor, containing five hundred acres, for the most part well grown with hazel, thorn, willow, and other underwood. What surrounds this very agreeable retreat, is all that is now left. There is a shopkeeper in this place who has acquired a large fortune by dint of honest industry. He does business in the banking line to the amount of twenty thousand pounds or upwards annually. Orders are sent to London every month, when books, or any other article, may be procured, with scarcely any advance upon the prices of the metropolis. Mr. Evans may truly be called an useful man, as the benefit of such an establishment, in a situation so distant from all the great towns, is more than the inhabitants of those towns can easily conceive. At Pont Cunno, Nevers river, though divested of every picturesque circumstance in this earlier part of its course, relieves for a moment the dreariness of the scene on which the traveller is entering. Pont Seison crosses a little brook, which joins the river Biran a little to the west, in its passage to Nevers river, its receiver. The last plot of cultivation on this side extends as far as Hendre Gate, which is to be considered as the entrance of the mountain. Immediately beyond it Pont Llanbiran crosses the river Biran, but the ascent does not become laborious till you arrive at Tavarn y Vach at some little distance. It is not difficultly steep in any part, but tedious from its length. Percily mountain is the centre of a long ridge running east and west. It is about seven miles in length and two in breadth, and is to be seen from the distance of forty miles. The prospect from the top, though

though too extensive and not of a character to be picturesque, has all that impressive effect which vastness never fails to produce. The whole of Pembrokehire is visible from some part or other of this mountain, with a considerable part of Cardiganshire, Montgomeryshire, Brecknockshire, and Glamorganshire. It affords excellent sheep-walks, copious springs, and abundance of peat for fuel. The ancient way, called the Flemings Way, was carried over this mountainous tract; and it is assigned as a reason why they chose for themselves the labour of the highest hill, that it enabled them to discover and avoid the snares which the natives were continually laying for them in the narrow passes and plains. At the beginning of the descent on the other side, is the New Inn, about half way between Cardigan and Haverford West. A late traveller has informed the public that he got part of a goose for his dinner at the New Inn. I much fear lest this anecdote should be the means of deluding future travellers with false hopes; for I could get nothing. The highest peak of the mountain is Cwm Kerrwn Hill, eastward of the New Inn; and, as we advance in the descent, we come in sight of Llanvernach mountain. These high grounds to the left intercept entirely the view of Caermarthenshire, though situated so near; but Caermarthen Bay is distinctly to be discerned; and Gower beyond. Cwm Kerrwn Hill is well known by the sailors, who hail it as the first notice that they are making Milford Haven; for that coast is so low, that it is not seen for several hours after this landmark is discovered; and government, in the course of last autumn, had it in contemplation to erect a telegraph or beacon on the summit. I have not been informed whether it is yet carried into execution. After reaching the bottom of the mountain the road continues over a flat country as far as Scole's Cross, where it begins to be well cultivated, and to assume that appearance which bespeaks the approach to a considerable town. At Krogall, just beyond,

the country people dressed for the honour of Sunday, in the best of their provincial garb, exhibited an appearance of comfort, as well as extensive population. The road from this place, the whole way to Haverford West, was lined with little parties. The women's attire is singular; it consists of a short jacket and petticoat, entirely of brown woollen, like a riding habit, a close cap and long lappets, with a man's beaver hat. The whittle here only appears occasionally; and is a distinction on which the wearer never fails to value herself most highly. It is a short red mantle, with a very deep fringe, hanging over the shoulders, and communicates a most awfully military appearance, as General Tate can testify.

Pendegrast was the ancient seat of the Stepneys; though they have since been transplanted into Caermarthenshire. This is an English family, one of whom held an office under the chapter of St. David's, and obtained a permanent settlement in Pembrokeshire by marriage. The elder branch of the family was raised to the baronetcy in 1621. Dr. Johnson says that George Stepney was descended from this stock, but that he knew nothing of his father's condition or fortune. I apprehend him to have been a son of Sir Thomas Stepney, Knight, who was the younger brother of Sir John Stepney, the first baronet. This Sir Thomas was a distinguished courtier, and had travelled into France, as well as other foreign countries. As the birth of George is fixed to have been in Westminster, in the year 1663, it is probable that his father was then in attendance about the court, and that his example might easily have biased the inclinations of his son, towards the political and diplomatic line of life, in which he was afterwards engaged. George Stepney is so inconsiderable as a poet, that Dr. Johnson, who had no other business with him, thought a single page sufficient to devote to his brief summary of biographical facts. But the epitaph inscribed on his monument in Westminster

Westminster Abbey, if any faith is to be placed in the characters awarded by the partiality of surviving friends, represents him as possessing a degree of talent and consideration in society, not so lightly to be passed over. On the left hand of the pedestal, the progress of his life is summed up. From these notices, I shall endeavour to trace his share in the public events which distinguished the reigns of King William and Queen Anne.

He was elected into college at Westminster, in the year 1676, and to a vacancy at Trinity in Cambridge, in 1682. He took his degree as Master of Arts in 1689. At Westminster he contracted a very intimate friendship with Charles Montague, who relinquished the prospect of his own election for the following year, rather than run the risk of a separation by being placed at Oxford. In 1683, these twin wits of the university wrote each of them a Latin ode, on the marriage of George Prince of Denmark and the Lady Anne, printed in the *Hymenæus Cantabrigiensis*. In 1685, the Earl of Dorset gave them both an invitation to town, and by his patronage laid the foundation of their future fortunes. At this time Stepney seems to have been attached to the Tory interest; for he wrote an address to King James, on his accession to the throne. It is to be observed, that Dorset had been favourably noticed by the new monarch, but when that nobleman found it expedient to oppose his violent proceedings, and even to countenance the bishops at their trials in Westminster Hall, the apparent tendency of public affairs determined the whole party to embrace the Whig principles in their fullest extent. It was in the very same year, when the University of Cambridge burned the Duke of Monmouth's picture, who was formerly their chancellor, that Stepney wrote his verses in answer to the question,

—sed quid
Turba Remi? sequitur fortunam, ut semper, et odit
Damnatos.

In the reign of King William, the circumstance of his having concurred with his distinguished patrons in the revolution, recommended him to employment, and he seems generally in this and the succeeding reign, to have adopted the politics of the early friend, to whose personal kindness he owed his advantages. In 1692, when Johnston was called home, and made secretary of state for Scotland, Stepney was sent envoy in his room to the Elector of Brandenburg. In 1693, he went to the Imperial Court; in 1694, his diplomatic talents were employed in a negotiation with the Elector of Saxony. In 1696, he was sent to the Electors of Mentz and Cologne, as well as to the congress at Frankfort; in 1698, he paid a second visit to Brandenburg. In 1699, he was employed at the court of Poland, at a very critical period, when the king was suspected of intending a change from elective to hereditary monarchy, by the introduction of a Saxon army, under pretences of which the Poles were not unreasonably jealous. The affairs of Poland and of Sweden, the turn of political events at Holstein, the war raised against the King of Sweden, and the King of Poland's designs, furnished an additional inducement to the signing of that partition treaty, which led to the impeachment of Halifax by the commons, and the dismissal of the party. In 1701, though the partition treaty of his friends was charged in the house of Lords, he was again the bearer of a memorial from this country to the emperor on the subject of an alliance between the different states and princes, for the purpose of reducing the exorbitant power of France. In the course of this year he wrote his essay on the present Interest of England. In 1706, he was sent to the states general, when it became necessary to obviate the effect of the reports which the French agents had spread in both countries, for the purpose of alienating them from each other. He was very successful in all these negotiations, which only can
account

account for his continued employment in such weighty affairs, even at one period when articles were framing against the Earl of Orford, Lords Somers, and Halifax. He died at Chelsea, in the year 1707, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. His poems were associated with those of Walsh and Halifax, in "The Works of the Minor Poets," printed in 1749. His Latin compositions, if Latin composition be a subject of criticism, are inferior to Smith and Prior, but preferable to those of Halifax. He contributed the eighth satire, to the motley version of Juvenal. It had little, either of fidelity or spirit, with which to assist the reputation of the work. As for his other pieces, I shall content myself with citing the high authority of Dr. Johnson. "In his original poems, now and then a happy line may perhaps be found, and now and then a short composition may give pleasure; but there is in the whole, little either of the grace of wit, or the vigour of nature." One of these Stepneys married Vandyck's daughter.

Haverford West is the principal town of Pembrokeshire, in extent, population, and trade. It owes its advantages principally to the circumstance of standing on the banks of Dungleddy river, where it is navigable. It is built on the steep side of a high hill, so as to be highly inconvenient, if not dangerous, for carriages and horses; and the more so, as the streets are very ill paved. There are some good houses, especially in the upper part; but the irregularity of the avenues, and the narrowness of all but one or two streets, with the houses piled confusedly upon one another, the lower windows of some looking down upon the roofs of others, render it intricate and unsightly on the entrance, though the approach is striking. The market here is one of the largest and most abundant in Wales, particularly for fish, in the greatest plenty and variety. It is also a very large corn market; and there is a great fair for horses and cattle of all kinds, on the 7th of July, St. Thomas's day; by which they mean St. Thomas à Becket, the

the tutelary saint of the upper town. The castle is a stately object from the bridge, though it is considerably disfigured by a part of it having been converted into a county gaol, since the sessions have been held here. It is said to have been built by Gilbert Earl of Clare; but history is strangely barren of events relating to it. It was well fortified with towers, and the walls are of great thickness. In speaking of Caerphilly Castle I have noticed the very superior workmanship of the ancient builders; and this castle would have given me an opportunity of enlarging on the subject, had I then neglected it. These fabrics, erected by the Flemings and Normans, are generally extensive and strong throughout Pembrokeshire. When compared with modern specimens, they in some measure justify, at least in one part, a whimsical sort of prophetic proverb, in use among the Welsh, that the masons are to grow worse, and the carpenters better, to the end of the world. The walk to the priory, without the town, is pleasant, and the ruins, if not highly picturesque, are at least venerable. The chapel is the most perfect part. In the year 1221 Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, in his wars with the Flemings, burned the town, but was obliged to conclude a truce with the garrison of the castle, upon equal terms, and to retire, without having accomplished his object. The language of this town is English; but the Welsh from the upper part of the county come down hither to market, so that the inhabitants in general find themselves obliged to acquire some little knowledge of the Welsh tongue; they, however, take every opportunity of acquainting strangers with their descent, of which they are very proud. The sect calling itself the *Unitas Fratrum*, but better known by the title of Moravian, is very numerous here. The Rev. John Gambold, one of their most eminent bishops, was a native of this county, and ended his days at Haverford West. This gentleman was born in the year 1711, and entered as a servitor at Christ Church in Oxford

Oxford in 1726. The death of his father, two years afterwards, made such an impression on his mind as to occasion that enthusiastically religious turn which ended in his secession from the established church. In the year 1733 he was admitted to orders; and, as soon as he could hold a living, was instituted to Stanton Harcourt, where he resided, and was received with distinguished respect by the family of his patron, Lord Harcourt, whenever he could so far conquer his inclination to solitude as to venture into company. His manner and appearance in a polite circle must have been highly whimsical; for we are told, by his biographer, that his style of conversing was in axioms and complete sentences, compounded after the model partly of the ancient philosophers, and partly of the early Christians; so that he seemed to carry back his audience to the distance of at least fifteen hundred years. His language was elegant, and his turn of expression peculiarly delicate. In the year 1737 he became acquainted with Peter Boehler, a missionary from the Unitas Fratrum on the continent, then waiting for a passage to America; and in 1739 he was confirmed in his new opinions by the conversation of Count Zinzendorff. But he did not yet quit his preferment in the church; for in the latter end of the year 1741 he preached before the university of Oxford, and the sermon was published at the request of the vice-chancellor. The following year he resigned his living, notwithstanding the friendly dissuasions of Lord Harcourt and the Bishop of Oxford; for his peculiarities were of a nature the most inoffensive, and his character generally respected. For the next twelve years, till he was consecrated bishop, he divided his time between London, Germany, and Haverford West, where he had married, and kept a school. From 1754 to 1768 he chiefly resided in London, and then returned into Wales to try the effect of his native air on a dropical asthma, with which he was afflicted. He died at Haverford West in the year 1771. His works are published,

lished, among which there is a curious piece; a tragedy on the martyrdom of St. Ignatius. Though of so spiritual a turn, he always had a strong predilection for poetry and the drama. He therefore determined to turn the weapons of the devil against the devil himself. The writer of the preface to his works tells us whimsically enough, that this piece is not to be considered as a perfect drama, amenable to the laws of strict criticism, because he has not attended to the unities of time and place; but that this will scarcely be considered as a defect by the admirers either of Shakspeare's tragedies, or the Jephthah and John Baptist of Buchanan. We are also informed, that he took no pains with the plot. Ignatius, Polycarp, and Trajan, are the most conspicuous persons of the drama. The deaconess of Antioch is the only female character. This tragedy will however disappoint its readers of every description; for there is nothing sufficiently good to be impressive, nor any thing so bad as to be ridiculous. The most favourable view of the writer's mind is to be obtained from his letters. There his enthusiasm appears recommended by no inconsiderable portion of elegance and feeling, particularly in his letters to a lady and a young man; nor was he, as is most frequently the case, deficient in that learning, which his religious impressions occasioned him to undervalue.

It is a circumstance, which is not perhaps generally known, that the influence of this sect in the city of Bristol, represented by Mr. Bragge, procured their exemption from personal service under the General Defence Act, and the extension of the provisions affecting Quakers to their case. This clause was not in the original bill, but introduced into the Defence Amendment Act.

There is a cotton mill near Haverford West, which employs about one hundred and fifty persons; and this is the principal manufacture in the county.

CHAPTER XXVII.

MERLIN'S BRIDGE....CINNAMON GROVE....BOLTON HALL....

JOHNSTON....ROBERTSTONE HALL....HUBBERSTON PRIORY....

HAKIN....MILFORD HAVEN.

THE hill leading down from the town towards Milford Haven is very steep, and renders the access to Haverford West on that side inconvenient. Merlin's Bridge crosses a brook which joins Dungleddy river about Ismeston. The country beyond Merlin's Bridge is flat, but on the whole pleasing. It partakes of the features which usually distinguish the vicinity of the sea. There are a number of gentlemen's seats in this neighbourhood, which is inhabited by many families of large fortune. The country is so little picturesque as to absolve me from more than the bare mention of Cinnamon Grove and Bolton Hall, both of which are agreeable residences. Johnston is an ancient seat, belonging to Lord Kensington, which should not be passed by without a visit. About a mile beyond Tiers Cross on the other road, is Robertstone Hall; and, on leaving that, you catch some fine water views, before you reach Hubberston Priory. This ruin is not far from the water-side. A part of the principal gate-house is all that remains; and there is no record left of the establishment, of what order, by whom founded, or whether for monks or nuns. Hakin is separated from Milford by one of those creeks which run up the country out of the haven. The packets for Ireland sail from this place. With respect to Milford itself, the town is just rising; but Milford

Haven in Pembrokeshire has always been of the first account in the ancient annals of the country, as one of the bravest harbours in the world. It is remarkable for the landing, under very different auspices, of a king to be dethroned, and a proscribed prince to gain the battle of Bosworth and a diadem. It may be said, therefore, to have seen the beginning and end of the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster. Daniel thus relates the injudicious return of Richard the Second from Ireland, whither he ought never to have gone, in his history of the civil wars :

But at the length (though late) in Wales he lands ;
 Where thoroughly inform'd of Henry's force,
 And well advertis'd how his own case stands,
 (Which to his grief he sees tends to the worse)
 He leaves t' Aumarle, at Milford, all those bands
 He brought from Ireland ; taking thence his course
 To Conway (all disguis'd) with fourteen more,
 To th' Earl of Salisbury, thither sent before.

Edward Duke of Aumarle was son to the Duke of York. Nor could King Richard have trusted his interests in more treacherous hands ; for the Duke represented his departure as a cowardly flight, disbanded the whole force, and betook himself with five hundred of his followers to the prevailing party. Again, in the sixth year of King Henry the Fourth's reign, the French king sent aid to Owen Glendour, with one hundred and forty ships, which landed at Milford Haven.

“ At Milford haven arrived Henry Earl of Richmond, aided with some forces and sums of money by the French Charles VIII. but so entertained and strengthened by divers of his friends, groaning under the tyrannical yoke of Richard III. that, beyond expectation, at Bosworth in Leicester, the day and crown was soon his.”—Selden.

It

It will be recollected with what calamities this country was weighed down, while the interests and affections of the people were thus divided. At that time Gruffyth ap Nicholas, grandfather to Sir Rice ap Thomas, and a great patron of the bards, as well as himself a poet, after many indications of a disposition to profit by the distractions of the time, and stand on the high ground of independence, attached himself to the fortunes of the Yorkists, and died in the midst of victory at the battle of Mortimer's Cross. This Gruffyth ap Nicholas boasted his descent from Urien Rheged, a distinguished chieftain of North Britain, who gained by warfare a sovereignty, comprehending all the land between the Tawy and Tivy. It is probable that a frequent and fond contemplation of this illustrious alliance gave occasion to the dream of Gruffyth's mother; that the branches of a bay tree, of which her vitals nourished the root, overshadowed all between those distant rivers. Thomas ap Gruffyth, father to Sir Rice ap Thomas, is represented in the histories as a man of a mild disposition, who preferred serving in the wars of Burgundy, to being embroiled in the dissensions of his native country. It happened however, that he was obliged to return to England, having fallen under the displeasure of the Duke, the affections of whose near kinswoman he had gained, and married her while his first wife was alive, by dispensation from the Pope. From the only son of this second marriage, Mr. Johnes of Havod is descended. Such was the quarrelsome temper of the times, that Thomas ap Gruffyth, though equally peaceable in his inclination, and skilful in the use of his weapon, was continually involved in duels. After having killed his antagonist in the last he fought, he had lain down on his face to recover breath after his fatigue, when he was mortally wounded by a retainer of his adversary, who came upon him by stealth. He left behind him a numerous offspring, of whom Morgan sided

with York, and David with Lancaster. After the battle of Tewksbury, when Jasper Earl of Pembroke, with his nephew, the future king, retired to his castle of Pembroke, Morgan was employed to besiege him there, and would have reduced the garrison by famine, if David had not privately insinuated to the very vassals of Morgan, that their master wished the Earl to escape, and thus prevailed with them to attack him in disguise. During the confusion, the princely fugitives were conveyed to Tenby, and safely shipped for Britany. The brothers both fell in the vicissitudes of this long contest, and Sir Rice ap Thomas succeeded to their honours and estates. He was educated in Burgundy, under his father's eye, and in high favour at that court. No sooner had he succeeded to the inheritance, than he trained his dependants in military manœuvres, horseracing, and all kinds of manly exercises: and so high was his popularity, that he was called the Great Rice of Wales. During the reign of King Edward, he confined himself within the limits of a magnificent and hospitable privacy, but his honourable feelings made him eager to cast the first stone at the tyrant Richard. When it was determined that the Earl of Richmond should land at Milford, it was found to be impracticable without the concurrence of Sir Rice, who found himself fettered by general promises to Richard, extorted not from affection, but the necessity of temporizing. The Bishop of St. David's and the Abbot of Talley argued him by degrees into the belief, that the infraction of a rash vow was justifiable. He therefore declared himself to his friends, as a partisan of the Lancastrian succession. But the Duke of Buckingham's fall, which would have dispirited an ordinary courage, so inflamed Sir Rice's zeal, that his friends could with difficulty dissuade him from proclaiming Henry the Seventh before his arrival. Nor was his approach very encouraging; for his strength scarcely amounted to two
3 thousand;

thousand; but Sir Rice immediately issued from his castle of Carew with a well appointed army of two thousand more, consisting of his friends and dependants.

Sir Rice, in a letter to King Richard, dated from Caermarthen, in the year 1484, had engaged that no disaffected person should land at Milford Haven, without marching over his body. This gallant gentleman, therefore, who had a very literal conscience, extended himself on the ground, and required the Earl to perform the ceremony of stepping over him; though some accounts assert, that he did not submit to this degradation, but that he crept under the arch of a bridge, which the Earl had occasion to cross, and thus fulfilled his vow. It was determined that the Earl should proceed in the direction of Cardigan, and Sir Rice in that of Caermarthen, lest the French and Welsh soldiers should fall out by the way. Sir Rice's course was by Llandovery and Brecknock, at which place his train became so numerous, that he was obliged to dismiss a part. The two detachments met near Shrewsbury, and proceeded onwards for Newport, where they were met by Sir Gilbert Talbot, who came from his nephew the Earl of Shrewsbury with two thousand men, well appointed and well disciplined. They then marched by Litchfield towards Atherston, where Sir Thomas Bourcher and Sir Walter Hungerford joined them. Lord Stanley and Sir William were obliged to temporize, lest they should endanger the life of Lord Strange, a hostage in the hands of the tyrant; but their sudden declaration in the heat of battle fully redeemed the want of their earlier countenance. Sir John Savage brought his Cheshire bowmen; Sir Brian Sanford and Sir Simon Digby deserted from Richard; and in this state of high preparation they met the adverse army at Bosworth. The alternate gallantry and conscientious horrors of the usurper on the night before the battle, his waking vigour and sleeping

sleeping tortures, have been delineated by such a hand, as could not fail to render the moral lesson familiar to every reader of the English language. The Welsh assert a fact, respecting this battle, which has not found a place in any of our histories. The general account is, that after Sir William Stanley, at a critical juncture of the battle, had poured in his fresh forces in aid of Sir Rice ap Thomas's horsemen, Richard was overwhelmed by numbers; but they say that Sir Rice ap Thomas slew him, fighting hand to hand. It seems altogether incredible, that so great a feat of valour should not have been ascertained beyond the possibility of a doubt. That the king ever afterwards called him familiarly father Rice, is a poor argument; because his early adoption of the cause was sufficient to entitle him to such a compliment. Nor is it likely that Henry, sparing as he was of his rewards, would have contented himself with giving the garter for such a service. Sir Rice's biographer, indeed, informs us, that he had the choice of two earldoms at the same time, Pembroke or Essex; but that he considered knighthood as a soldier's highest honour, and wished his son to earn his own glory after the example afforded by himself. His civil government, as chamberlain of South Wales, was not less dignified than his military career had been victorious; and he lived in a style scarcely exceeded by the most powerful Welsh princes in the days of their independence. His principal residences were, Newcastle in Emlyn, Abermarles Park, Carew, and Dinevowr; but the latter years of his life were chiefly spent at Carew. He is mentioned in high terms by Lord Verulam, who mistakenly calls him Richard instead of Rice; but he had now little opportunity of signalizing himself as a soldier. He was, however, employed by the king on every occasion of importance, and was styled, in the preamble to his patent of knighthood, the pursuer of Perkin Warbeck. He attended Henry the Eighth to France, with the command of five hundred

hundred horse, and distinguished himself in all the splendid, but ill-considered operations of the war. After his return, he retired from the court and camp to his princely residence at Carew, where he died at the age of seventy-six. He left behind him only one son born in wedlock, but no less than fourteen natural children, most of whom either founded, or married into, some of the leading families in South Wales. I principally mention this circumstance in order to remark upon it, that he placed these children, as nearly as the law would allow, on a level with his legitimate son and successor, in point of fortune and establishment; and that so just a distribution was in those days generally customary among the Welsh gentry, whose gallantries happened to have been so attested.

The length of Milford Haven, from the junction of the two rivers to the sea, is about sixteen miles. Its mean breadth may be taken at one mile, though it increases to full two miles a little way above the mouth of the harbour, which turns suddenly to the south-east, and gives this noble sheet of water, from most points of view, the appearance of an immense lake. The new town is making rapid progress; and the style of building in general is far superior to what this part of the country has hitherto been accustomed to adopt. Whether the commercial visions, which magnify the future Milford into a rivalry with our first trading towns, are likely to be realized, I pretend not to conjecture; but it is obvious, that if ever internal dissensions or foreign artifice should break the bond which connects this country and Ireland, Milford Haven would become a point of the most urgent importance in a military view. At present, the fortifications, abandoned after a most unwarrantable expence, are a standing monument of the manner in which the public money is squandered by projectors. It surely did not require twenty thousand pounds to discover that the fort and dockyard were commanded by hills. In point of
capacity.

capacity, it is generally apprehended to be the first harbour of Great Britain; and would be the most complete, were it not so nearly land-locked. It would contain more than the whole navy of England. As to its picturesque features, they are of the first aquatic beauty, and are seen to the highest advantage by taking a boat from Milford to Pembroke. The banks are well cultivated, and rise in gentle hills, the outline of which flows pleasingly; but they have little rock or wood to rescue them from the imputation of tamenefs. The scene, therefore, fails of exciting interest to an eye pampered with the romantic; but I question whether any part of this southern tour would more highly gratify the general traveller, who can be satisfied with beauty and utility, without requiring nature to turn painter or scene-shifter for his amusement. As you proceed up the harbour, this magnificent piece of water is forked by a peninsula in front, dividing the great reach up to Burton Ferry from Down Pool, which forms so interesting an approach to Pembroke. Here, as in all the numerous estuaries and creeks branching out from the great body, the scenery becomes richer as less expanded. Fertility and beauty combine. The approach from the water shews the castle and the town to the utmost possible advantage. The noble and extensive ruin, hanging on the edge of the pool, with the mouth of the cavern opening as a Sally-port, and the buildings of the ancient borough crouching under its command, the petty trade giving life to the scene, without obscuring its predominant features of rural interest; call for the delineation of the pencil in aid of detailed and indistinct narrative.



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Pembroke Castle and Town.

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CHAPTER XXVIII.

PICTON CASTLE...SLEBITCH...HIGH TOR WOOD...CRESSELY...
CAREW....PEMBROKE.

PICTON Castle is the seat of Lord Milford, who has one of the largest estates in this part of the country. His lordship is descended from John Philips, Esq. created a baronet in 1621. This family is of great antiquity in South Wales, and traces its pedigree up to Cedivor the Great, the son of Colwyn. The castle and domain came to Sir Thomas Philips, the father of John, the first baronet, in right of his wife, descended from the Wogans. These Wogans, who were also seated at Wiston Castle, have already been mentioned as persons of large possessions and high command in this country. Though a gallant defence was made by this castle for King Charles, it escaped the vengeance of Cromwell; so that it is distinguished as one of the few which still continue to be inhabited. It owed its foundation to William de Picton. It is a noble residence, very much in the English style, both with respect to natural character and artificial improvement. The plantations are extensive and flourishing. The house, which is in the old fashion of grandeur, commands a fine view of the water towards Landshipping, where the two rivers meet, and join their forces to make Milford Haven. The grounds of Slebitch unite with those of Picton Castle. Slebitch was anciently a commandery, settled on the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, with a considerable

allotment of lands, on the conditions imposed on the order, of serving as champions for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. This place is very beautifully situated on the Clethy. High Tor Wood, stretching along the banks of this broad river, as far as the eye can reach, reminds the English traveller, in some degree, of the scenes to which he has been accustomed in the well-planted neighbourhood of the Thames above Windsor. There is here one of the best modern houses in South Wales, built by the late Mr. Barlowe, and now belonging to Mr. Philips.

After visiting these elegant and celebrated seats, I crossed the ferry, and pursued my course through a very pleasant country by Cresselly, with its luxuriant plantation of firs, to Carew. The changes of soil in Pembrokehire are so frequent and sudden as to occasion a remark, that when a traveller enters a town, the people can distinguish by his shoes from what part of the country he is come. Through the greater part of this tract, from the south-east of the Clethy to Carew, the soil is of that remarkable colour, almost as if it had been the effect of fire. Cresselly seems to possess a comfortable establishment; but my attention was not directed to any thing worth describing. Milford Haven is inexpressibly ornamental to these parts, not only in itself, but in those numerous branches which diverge from it, and intersect the country. To this circumstance Lawreny owes a large portion of its beauty. It is also to be observed, that this is the most woody part of Pembrokehire; perhaps the only part which is sufficiently so. It is on one of these arms that the noble castle of Carew is situated, in a rich and beautiful country. Its ruins are among the most sumptuous of the principality. The precise time of its foundation seems not to be clearly ascertained; but it must have been about the reign of William Rufus, when the other strong places were built by the Norman invaders. It was for many generations.

generations in the possession of the Carews, who were descended from Gerald, steward of Pembroke. They mortgaged it to Sir Rice ap Thomas, who made it his residence for several years, and gave it that magnificence as a palace which it boasts even in its dilapidated state. The north front, looking over this branch of the harbour, may be decided to have been one of his additions, of which Leland speaks, as it is scarcely castellated, and the large bow-windows, with the general style of ornament, at once fix its date, and its appropriation rather to festivity than warlike defence. The most memorable circumstance in the history of this castle is, the celebration of a tilt and tournament held here by Sir Rice ap Thomas, after he had indulged his taste in decorating this favourite spot, and had received the order of the garter. These exercises were proclaimed in honour of St. George's day. The company assembled from all parts of Wales. Not only his own family and neighbours were present, but the Vaughans of Tretower out of Brecknockshire, the Mansels and Herberts from Glamorgan and Monmouthshire, and many other distinguished gentlemen from greater distances. These guests of the first rank were all lodged within the castle. Besides them, five or six hundred more, of decent quality, were drawn together to be spectators of these unusual solemnities. Tents and pavilions were pitched all about the domain for the reception of the inferior visitors, with provisions, beds, and every other species of accommodation. The festival lasted five days, commencing with the eve of St. George's eve, when Sir Rice reviewed his military guests, amounting to five hundred, and divided them into five troops. On St. George's eve they were exercised in various evolutions. On St. George's day they visited the Bishop of St. David's, then residing at Lamphey Park, at the distance of little more than a mile. Sir Rice was questioned at the gate, Why he came thither in military array? He justified

himself as one of St. George's knights, whose duty it was to appear in soldierly equipage on that day. His object, however, was peaceable; to pray for the soul of St. George, and the prosperity of King Henry, the sovereign of the honourable order; in which service he entreated the assistance of the Bishop. His petition of course was not refused; but he and his associates were required to robe themselves in their civil and scholastic livery. The Abbot of Talley and the Prior of Caermarthen assisted the bishop in doing the honours; the parties complimented each other; sang and prayed; walked thrice round the court, and then proceeded to the chapel. There the same ceremonies were performed as in St. George's Chapel at Windsor; after which the clergy returned with the company to dinner at Carew. Each of the five captains had his particular tent in the park, where he entertained his soldiers and other friends; whilst Sir Rice presided in the castle. Over the great gate was a picture of St. George and St. David embracing. In the great hall there were two long tables, and a cross table left vacant for the king. This is one of the most modern parts, in the highest style of the ornamented Gothic, well deserving the contemplation of the antiquary, as connected with this extraordinary ceremony. The bishop said grace; the king's chair was turned, in token of his absence; the guests put on their hats, and dined; the bards attended in their places, and the insipidity of general conversation was relieved by music in the intervals. A solemn challenge for the honour of the ladies, service in the chapel, and a formal supper, ended the ceremonial of the day. The next day the tournament took place, between Sir William Herbert, challenger, and Sir Gruffyth Rice, son of Sir Rice ap Thomas, defendant; each with their assistants, their escutcheons and mottos. The parties tilted well, and innocently; Sir Rice, the judge of the combat, laboured under a
polite

polite incapacity of deciding; and facetiously advised the combatants to look anxiously to the honour of those ladies whom they had so manfully supported. Divine service and dinner occupied the rest of the evening. On the fifth day, the day of parting, a wager of a supper at Caermarthen was to be decided between Sir William Herbert and Sir Gruffyth Rice, by skill in gymnastic exercises. Sir Rice ap Thomas, inflexibly well bred, gave his verdict by previous agreement against his son. After dinner they rode to Caermarthen;—a long ride after dinner;—there they supped, saw a play performed by the domestics of Carew, and parted. I ought, perhaps, to apologize for the length of this description; but it is the only instance of such a solemnity on record in the principality, and, as I apprehend, a sort of liberty permitted to so great a favourite, as far as relates to the institutes of the garter. This castle, with the other estates, was forfeited to the crown on the attainder of Rice Gruffyth, the grandson of Sir Rice ap Thomas, in the reign of Henry the Eighth; afterwards it was leased out for a term of years to the Perrots, but the remainder was purchased by the Carews, though the building was suffered to fall into ruin. The castle might even now be reinstated, and form one of the most dignified antique residences in the kingdom; but the surrounding estate is alienated, with the exception of a meadow or two; and every year must contribute to efface the grandeur of this noble pile. The walls are very thick, and constructed, in opposition to the Welsh practice in general, of solid masonry. It was in the reign of Queen Mary that this lordship and castle were leased out to Sir John Perrot, supposed to be a son of Henry the Eighth. The village of Carew is very poor. There is by the side of the road a cross, carved all over, fourteen feet in height, and fashioned out of a single stone.

This country abounds with objects of antiquarian and historical interest.

interest. Within five miles of Carew is Pembroke, with its castle and earldom, among the most conspicuous in our annals. The Earl of Pembroke is associated with the Earl of Kent, in the compliment which Ariosto was pleased to pay the British nobility, in the tenth book of the *Orlando Furioso*, where Rogero visits England, on his return to Europe with the griffin-horse, and is present at a review of the forces. History, whether political or literary, furnishes us with abundance of anecdotes respecting this place, and the families who have borne its honours. Caradoc Lhancarvan informs us, in one of the copies lately printed with variations, that in the year 1090, during the wars of Robert Fitzhamon in Glamorgan, Arnulph, son to the Earl of Shrewsbury, won large tracts in Pembrokeshire. Wherever the Normans settled, they erected castles, and fortified towns for their security, robbing the rich, and dividing the spoils among the poor, by these means seducing the ignorant and lower classes, who had no affection for their own princes, or pride in their own nation. It was by such stratagems, by such cunning artifices, rather than by dint of prowess, that the Normans succeeded so well in Wales, in the same manner as the Saxons had insinuated themselves long before, and thus despoiled the Britons of their sovereignty, privileges, and lands, corrupting the peasantry with their bribes, and winning them over to their interest. This conduct of the Saxons, Danes, and Normans, is noticed by Caradoc in other passages. It is clear, I may venture to say, from all the histories of the world, that the success of conquerors has depended principally, and almost entirely upon the disaffection of the lower classes to their own governors; and it has been the policy of such conquerors to ameliorate, at least ostensibly, the condition of these classes, while that of the higher orders has been rendered truly wretched. Such were the means by which the Goths succeeded in pulling down the vast
Roman

Roman empire. But all ranks and conditions ultimately find it to be a lamentable delusion; and we may confidently trust, that it is too gross to be practised on the people of England in the nineteenth century.

About the year 1094, the castle of Pembroke was committed to the keeping of Gerald, the king's deputy or lieutenant, who desolated the country about St. David's. This was in the time of William Rufus. It thus appears that Pembroke castle was built before this time, and probably by Arnulph in 1090, or very soon after. In the year 1108, Cadwgan ap Blethin prince of Powise, who had obtained possession of Cardigan, as mentioned in another place, made an honourable feast in his castle of Cardigan, to which he invited all the nobles and gentry of Wales from every part by proclamation; and to shew the highest possible respect for his guests, assembled the bards and musicians of vocal and instrumental music, the most profoundly skilled in the principality, ordering chairs for them, and appointing disputes and contests, according to the usage of Arthur's court. He at the same time instituted regulations, immunities, and honorary rewards for the bards and other candidates, after which he dismissed them with presents, each to his own country or home. At this feast, Owen, the son of Cadwgan, saw Nest, the daughter of Rees ap Tudor, who was the wife of Gerald, lieutenant or deputy of Pembroke castle. So great was her beauty, and the elegance of her manners, that he became violently enamoured of her, and soon afterwards, collecting his friends about him, prevailed with them to embark in his cause. By their assistance, he got into the castle, and carried Nest away by main force into Powise, where he persisted in detaining her, notwithstanding the urgent remonstrances of his father Prince Cadwgan, as well as those of King Henry, who exerted all their influence to procure the restoration of the lady.

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to Gerald. When Henry saw that this availed him nothing, he encouraged the nobles of Powise to drive Owen out of the country, which they did, and not content with that, expelled his father Cadwgan from his dominions, spoiling his lands, so that he and his son Owen were obliged to escape into Ireland. But Cadwgan soon returned, and submitted to the king, at the same time giving him sufficient proof that he was not to be blamed for the licentious conduct of his son. On his representation, the king was pacified, and reinstated him in his principality and estates, exacting a fine of one hundred pounds. In less than a year afterwards, Owen came back from Ireland, and endeavoured to procure a reconciliation with the king. Failing in this, he then combined with Madoc ap Rhiryd, his cousin, though they had hitherto been enemies to each other. They cemented their alliance by mutual oaths, after which with incredible faith and piety, they committed depredations all over the country, without regarding the advice and intreaties of friends or relations. Their enormities made it necessary for them to take refuge in Ireland; but Owen returned in a short time, and purchased his peace from the king, by paying a forfeiture of one hundred pounds, and giving up his accomplice Madoc to justice. He was then put in possession of his estates and honours, soon after which, Madoc also, for the sum of one hundred pounds, was reconciled to the king, and obtained his estates. In 1111, Owen went to the court of King Henry, where he was knighted; he afterwards accompanied his royal patron to Normandy, and was loaded with honours. Caradoc is of opinion, that honours from a Saxon king well became a traitor and free-booter in his own country. In 1112, Sir Owen, son of Cadwgan, returned from Normandy to Powise, where he was visited with every demonstration of respect, by King Henry. About this time, the Welsh invited Gruffyth, the son of Rees ap

Tudor, from Ireland into Wales, where he was appointed their king. He was assisted by his brother in law, Gerald, Lord of Pembroke Castle, who had married his sister Nest. King Henry hearing of this, thought it necessary to crush the newly elected prince in time, before he could collect an army. When this came to the knowledge of Gruffyth, he put himself under the protection of Gruffyth ap Conan, Prince of North Wales, who received him with seeming good-will and apparent honour; nor was he backward in friendly promises of support. Soon afterwards Howel, another son of Rees ap Tudor, escaped from the prison of Arnulph in the castle of Montgomery, and went to his brother Gruffyth at the court of Gruffyth ap Conan. When the king heard this, he sent messengers in the most flattering manner to Gruffyth ap Conan, inviting him to his court in London, with a princely guard for his safe conduct. Having entertained him nobly for some time, and bestowed on him very numerous and rich presents of gold, silver, and jewels, the king disclosed his mind to his royal guest, and represented what danger it would be to him and his principality of North Wales, to protect or assist Gruffyth ap Rees. He promised to Gruffyth ap Conan his dominions and estates, to be held freely, and his rights or prerogatives according to his own will and wishes, with whatever support he might on any occasion want, if he would only send Gruffyth ap Rees a prisoner to him, or else put him to death privately, and transmit his head as an incontestible evidence of the deed. Cruel and disgraceful as such an act must have appeared, Gruffyth ap Conan bound himself to the king by an oath to perform it. But he related this in a fit of intoxication at the king's court, and was overheard by one of Gerald's relations, who sent a messenger on full speed with the information. Gerald acquainted his wife Nest, sister to Gruffyth ap Rees, with the whole affair; and she, with all possible haste,

sent messengers to her brothers in North Wales to inform them of the plot against their lives. As soon as they heard of it, they put themselves into the sanctuary of the church. When Gruffyth ap Conan returned to North Wales he inquired for his two guests, and on being informed where they were, sent an armed force to fetch them away. This the ecclesiastics would not suffer, alleging it to be inconsistent with their holy office to consent that the sanctuary of God and his saints should be violated. While this was in debate between the clergy and the officers of the prince, a ship from Pembroke arrived off the coast. The sailors, compassionating the two princes, took them into their ship, and conveyed them in safety to South Wales. It does not appear when or how Gerald had his wife restored to him. There is very little more in the Welsh histories under the name of Pembroke, though it frequently takes the lead in our English annals. In several subsequent passages of Caradoc it is said, that all the castles of Pembroke were demolished by the Welsh princes in their various wars. In all probability, Pembroke, in its original form, was among the number.

It was when Henry the Second stopped at Pembroke, in his way to Ireland, that the bards, who were assembled for his entertainment, declared to him the burial place of Arthur, which he was naturally anxious to ascertain, on account of the dangerous tradition, that he was not dead, but destined to return at some future time. Drayton thus celebrates the circumstance :

O memorable bards, of unmixt blood, which still
 Posterity shall praise for your so wondrous skill,
 That in your noble songs, the long descents have kept
 Of your great heroes, else in Lethe that had slept,
 With theirs whose ignorant pride your labours have disdain'd;
 How much from time, and them, how bravely have you gain'd !

Musicians,

Musician, herald, bard, thrice may'st thou be renown'd,
 And with three several wreaths immortally be crown'd;
 Who, when to Pembroke call'd before the English king,
 And to thy powerful harp commanded there to sing,
 Of famous Arthur told'st, and where he was interr'd;
 In which, those retchless times had long and blindly err'd,
 And ignorance had brought the world to such a pass
 As now, which scarce believes that Arthur ever was.
 But when King Henry sent th' reported place to view,
 He found that man of men: and what thou said'st was true.

The earldom of Pembroke was first conferred by King Stephen on Gilbert Strongbow. From him it descended to his son Richard Strongbow, Earl of Strigoil, the first conqueror of Ireland, in the reign of Henry the Second. It came to the Marshals, who derived their name from their hereditary office in the king's palace, and not, as some have supposed, from their military prowess, by the marriage of William Marshal with the only daughter of Strongbow, Earl of Strigoil. This distinguished nobleman was the great supporter of King John's party, and the preserver of the crown to his son. He was succeeded in the titles and estates by William Marshal the younger, who united in his own person the blood of the Strongbows and the Marshals. This brave warrior fought in Ireland with a prowess scarcely inferior to that of his grandfather. Either from the father or the son, Llewelyn Prince of Wales sustained a severe defeat, in which nine thousand of his most valiant subjects were either taken prisoners or killed. Nor were these chieftains less involved in the civil than the military transactions of these two memorable reigns. I shall select a passage or two from the subject of the charters from Selden, as a legal authority, in preference to any of the historians.

" No sooner had Pandulph transacted with the king and Stephen of Langton was quietly possess'd of his archbishopric, but

he presently, in a council of both orders at Paul's, stirs up the hearts of the barons against John, by producing the old charter of liberties granted by Henry I. comprehending an instauration of St. Edward's laws, as they were amended by the Conqueror, and provoking them to challenge observance thereof as an absolute duty to subjects of free state. He was easily heard, and his thoughts seconded with rebellious designs; and after denials of this purpos'd request, armies were mustered to extort these liberties. But at length, by treaty in Runingmede near Stanes, he gave them two charters; the one, of liberties general, the other of the forest; both which were not very different from our Grand Charter and that of the Forest. The pope at his request confirmed all; but the same year, discontentment (through too much favour and respect given by the king to divers strangers, whom since the composition with the legate, he had too frequently, and in too high esteem, entertained) renewing among the barons, ambassadors were sent to advertise the pope what injury the see of Rome had by this late exaction of such liberties out of a kingdom, in which it had such great interest (for King John had been very prodigal to it of his best and most majestic titles), and with what commotion the barons had rebelled against him, soon obtained a bull cursing in thunder all such as stood for any longer maintenance of those granted charters. This (as how could it be otherwise?) bred new, but almost incurable broils in the state betwixt king and subject: but in whom more, than in the pope and his archbishop, was cause of this dissension? Both, as wicked boutefeus, applying themselves to both parts; sometimes animating the subject by censorious exauthorizing the prince, then assisting and moving forward his proneness to faithless abrogation, by pretence of an interceding universal authority. This note somewhat instructs you in what you are to remember, that is, the
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grand charters granted and (as matter of fact was) repealed by King John, his son Henry III. of some nine years age (under protection first of William Marshal Earl of Pembroke, after the earl's death, Peter de Roches Bishop of Winchester), in the ninth year of his reign, in a parliament held at Westminster, desired of the baronage (by mouth of Hubert de Burch proposing it) a fifteenth: whereto, upon deliberation, they gave answer: *Quod legis petitionibus gratanter adquiescerent, si illis diù petitas Libertates concedere voluisset.* The king agreed to the condition, and presently under the great seal delivered charters of them into every county of England, speaking as those of King John (saith Paris), *ita quod chartæ utrorumque Regum in nullo inveniuntur dissimiles.* But I return to Henry: he, within some three years, summons a parliament to Oxford, and declares his full age, refusing any longer Peter de Roches his protection; but taking all upon his own personal government, by pretence of past nonage, caused all the charters of the forest to be cancell'd, and repeal'd the rest, and made the subject with price of great sums, rated by his Chief Justice Hugh de Burch, renew their liberties, affirming that his grant of them was in his minority, and therefore so defeasible: which, with its like (in disinheriting and seizing on his subjects possessions, without judicial course, beginning with those two great potentates Richard Earl of Cornwall his brother, and William le Marshal Earl of Pembroke), bred most intestine trouble betwixt him and his barons, although sometime discontinued, yet not extinguished even till his declining days of enthroned felicity."

The elder Marshal was not more remarkable for his talents and prowess than for his steadiness to the royal party against both the barons and the French. The younger joined the standard of the disaffected for a short time, but returned to his allegiance, and
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sided with his father against the French at the battle of Lincoln, which decided the contest between the young King Henry and Lewis the Dauphin. The fate of the war was in a great measure determined by the resolution with which a noble lady defended Lincoln Castle, after the besiegers had obtained possession of the city. But the high character of the earl, after the death of his father the protector, could not long defend him from the arbitrary exactions of that sovereign, whose sister he had married, and whose throne he had contributed to establish. The great Pembroke, who succeeded Strongbow, left five sons. The second of these, Earl Richard, on coming to his brother's inheritance, united himself with the discontented barons, and became the king's most formidable opponent. He entered into a league with that Llewelin to whom his family so often had been opposed, and so greatly harassed the king's forces in Wales, that it was thought necessary to decoy him into Ireland, by the invasion of his property there. On that theatre of military glory to his predecessors, he maintained the character of the family; but his murder was infamously contrived by the Bishop of Winchester, and perpetrated by the treachery of his own men. The earldom having devolved successively on the five brothers, all of whom died without issue, King Henry conferred it on William Valence, his own brother by the mother's side, married to a niece of the last earl. This promotion of a foreigner and a favourite, whose insolence was represented as intolerable, whose levity and rashness could little bear a comparison of character with the dignity of his predecessors, highly aggravated the displeasure of the English nobility. A personal quarrel between the new Earl of Pembroke and Simon Mountford was the means of bringing the conflict of parties to that extremity which ended in the rebellion of the baronage. After the battle of Lewes, in which he had fought by
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the side of Prince Edward, he fled into France; but returned with fresh succours, when the prince's escape encouraged the royalist barons, and those who had been disgusted by the pride of the Mountfords, to attempt the king's release. He was present at the battle of Eusham, and participated in the honour of the victory. His son, who succeeded him in the earldom, acquired his military renown in the wars of Scotland; but his fortune was not unchequered, nor his victories without reverse. It was into his hands that Pierce Gaveston consented to surrender himself. Pembroke seems not to have forgotten the contemptuous appellation of Joseph the Jew, as the Earl of Warwick most notably made him feel the dog of Arden:

Conducted thus to Dedington at last,
Where th' Earl of Pembroke will'd me to be stay'd,
To understand before they further past,
What by the king could on my side be said
About this business, and tow'nds Edward went,
T' acquaint him with the general intent.

THE LEGEND OF PIERCE GAVESTON.

But in the commotions, subsequently kindled by the excesses of the Spencers, Pembroke is to be found on the part of Edward, with Edmond Earl of Kent, the king's brother, Richmond and Arundel. These three, to say nothing of Edmond, were among the most powerful of the English earls, and presented a formidable front against the force of the baronage. Drayton thus introduces the circumstances of the battle and victory at Burton Bridge in his "Barons Wars:":

When Edward fearing Lancaster's supplies,
Proud Richmond, Surry, and great Pembroke sent,
On whose success he mightily relies,
Under whose conduct half his army went.

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The nearest way, conducted by the spies;
 And he himself, and Edmond Earl of Kent,
 Upon the hill in sight of Burton lay,
 Watching to take advantage of the day.
 Stay, Surry, stay, thou may'st too soon be gone;
 Pause till this heat be somewhat overpast;
 Full little know'st thou whither thou dost run;
 Richmond and Pembroke, never make such haste,
 Ye do but strive to bring more horror on.

After the defeat at Borough-bridge, Pembroke, with the other lords of the king's party, sat in judgment on Lancaster, and passed sentence of death. It was considered as a signal retribution by the historians of the time, that none of his successors ever saw a son for five generations. In the reign of Henry the Sixth, Jasper, the son of Owen Tudor, half-brother to the king, was created Earl of Pembroke. He was in the first battle at St. Alban's, on the 23d of May, in the thirty-third year of the king's reign. The force with which King Henry set forward from London to encounter the Duke of York, amounted to twenty thousand men. The principal nobility on the Lancastrian side were Humphrey Duke of Buckingham, and Humphrey his son Earl of Stafford, Edmond Duke of Somerset, Henry Percy Earl of Northumberland, James Butler Earl of Wiltshire and Ormond, Thomas Courtney Earl of Devonshire, John Lord Clifford, the Lords Sudley, Barnes, Ross, and others. The Duke of York, with the lords of his party, mustered his forces at a place called Key-field. The king's army posted itself very disadvantageously in the town; where being assailed, and wanting room to use their opportunity, they were miserably overthrown and slaughtered. On the king's side were slain the Duke of Somerset, the Earl of Northumberland, the Earl of Stafford, Lord Clifford, Sir Robert Vere,

Vere, and many other persons of distinction, besides common soldiers to the number of five thousand. On the part of the lords, the loss did not exceed six hundred. The Duke of York, with the leaders of his party, came to the king and craved mercy and forgiveness on their knees that they had committed such an act in his presence; but averred most solemnly that they intended it for the good both of him and his kingdom. They then removed him to London, and appointed a parliament for the ninth of July following. The Duke of Somerset left behind him three sons, Edmund, Henry, and John. The battle of Mortimer's Cross is thus described in "The Miseries of Queen Margaret:"

Edward of March, the Duke his father slain,
 Succeeding him, whilst things thus badly fort,
 Gathering an army, but yet all in vain,
 To aid his father, for he came too short,
 Hearing that Pembroke with a warlike train
 Was coming tow'rds him; touch'd with the report,
 His valiant Marchers for the field prepares
 To meet the Earl, if to approach he dares.
 Jasper, by birth half-brother to the king,
 On bright Queen Cath'rine got by Owen Tether,
 Whom Henry's love did to this earldom bring,
 And as from Wales descended, sent him thither,
 And of South Wales gave him the governing,
 Where in short time he got an host together,
 Cleaving to Henry, who did him prefer,
 As an ally to th' house of Lancaster.
 Upon their march when as they lastly met,
 Near to the cross that Mortimer is nam'd,
 Where they in order their battalions set:
 The Duke and Earl with equal rage inflam'd,
 With angry eyes they one the other threat,
 Their deadly arrows at each other aim'd:
 And there a fierce and deadly fight begin,
 A bloodier battle yet there had not been.

The Earl of Ormond an associate then
 With this young Tudor, for the king that stood;
 Came in the vanguard with his Irish men,
 With darts and skains; those of the British blood
 With shafts and gleaves them seconding again,
 And as they fall still make their places good:
 That it amaz'd the Marchers, to behold
 Men so ill arm'd upon their bows so bold.
 Now th' Welsh and Irish to their weapons wield,
 As though themselves they conqu'rors meant to call;
 Then are the Marchers masters of the field,
 With their brown bills the Welshmen so they maul;
 Now th' one, now th' other likely were to yield;
 These like to fly, then those were like to fall:
 Until at length (as fortune pleas'd to guide)
 The conquest turn'd upon the Yorkists side.
 Three suns were seen that instant to appear,
 Which soon again shut up themselves in one,
 Ready to buckle as the armies were,
 Which this brave Duke took to himself alone,
 His drooping hopes which somewhat seem'd to cheer,
 By his mishaps near lately overthrown;
 So that thereby encouraging his men,
 Once more he sets the white rose up again.
 Pembroke and Ormond save themselves by flight,
 Four thousand soldiers of both armies dead,
 But the great loss on the Lancastrians light,
 So ill the friends of poor King Henry sped;
 When Owen Tudor taken in the flight,
 (This young Earl's father by Queen Cath'rine's bed)
 At Hereford, not far away from thence,
 Where others with him dy'd for their offence.

On the accession of Edward the Fourth, Sir William Herbert,
 for his eminent services, particularly against Jasper Tudor and
 Ormond, was created Earl of Pembroke. His honours were
 many;

many; for he obtained the castles, towns, and lordships of Haverford West, Pembroke, Tenby, Kilgerran, and Lan Stephan, the hundreds of Castle Martin, Dungleddy and Rofs, the lordships of St. Florence, Newcastle in Emlyn, St. Clare, and Walwyns Castle, the moiety of Burton Ferry, and many other grants in the principality. But he did not enjoy them long; for an insurrection took place in Yorkshire; in consequence of which King Edward sent to him, to raise his Welsh forces, and withstand the progress of the rebels towards the south. He immediately mustered six thousand men out of his own lordships, with the assistance of his brother Richard Herbert, to whom were added to increase their strength, eight hundred bowmen selected from among the choicest of the Marchers, under Lord Stafford. The Herberts, understanding the northern army to be advancing in the direction of Northampton, determined to interrupt their passage; and for that purpose, charged them in the rear with a division of two thousand horse. The Lancastrian party were too vigilant to be surprised, and wheeled about with such dexterity and expedition, that they repulsed the Welsh with considerable loss. While they were thus trying their strength, the two armies encamped on Danemore, near the town of Edgcoat, within three miles of Banbury. Sir Henry Nevil attacked the Herberts in their camp, with a skirmishing party of light horsemen. He was taken prisoner, and with a barbarity but too common on both sides in these wars, hurried to immediate execution. Just afterwards, a trivial dispute occurred between the chiefs, which gave the friends of young Nevil an opportunity of enforcing a signal retribution. While they were in the town of Banbury, Pembroke, whose temper was sufficiently imperious, by his authority as general, dislodged Stafford from the inn he was in the habit of frequenting, because it afforded the best accommodation. This outrage was the more galling, as an

affair of gallantry was interrupted by the arrangement. Stafford, in high displeasure, abruptly withdrew from the army with his archers, and left the Herberts to abide by themselves the issue of the conflict. When the rumour of this circumstance reached the opposite camp, it immediately brought on a general battle. Richard Herbert performed prodigies of valour, and would probably have gained the victory, if his spies had not fallen into the snare contrived for them by Clapham, who had collected five hundred disorderly recruits in the neighbourhood of Northampton, and by displaying Warwick's ensign of the bear, induced a belief among the Welsh, that the great earl was advancing in person. Under this impression, they fled from the field in a panic, and five thousand of them were slain in the pursuit. Both the Herberts were taken, and expiated with their lives, their severity against Sir Henry Nevil. The earl's son succeeded, but exchanged the title for that of Huntingdon, at the express requisition of King Edward, who wished his eldest son to be invested with the earldom of Pembroke. Yet the claimant in the line of Tudor, did not tamely surrender his pretensions; for he came with the Earls of Warwick and Oxford to revenge those wrongs on Edward, which recoiled on his own head, after the battle of Tewksbury. But the battle of Bosworth decided this perilous conflict of factions. The leading of the van was bestowed by Richmond on the Earl of Oxford with his picked bow-men; Sir Gilbert Talbot, with a force principally levied in the north, took the right wing, and Sir John Savage, with the Lancashire and Cheshire men, the left. The earl himself, the theme of the quarrel, was placed in the main body, with the Earl of Pembroke at his side, who commanded his own countrymen the Welsh; from the landing at Milford, to the final overthrow of Richard, the principal stay and support of the Lancastrian cause, which they always favoured, though

though circumstances compelled them for a time to serve on the other side, and military honour spurred them on to serve ably. After the coronation of King Henry, Jasper Tudor was created Duke of Bedford. Anne Bullen was made Marchioness of Pembroke by Henry the Eighth. About the year 1550 the earldom was bestowed by Edward the Sixth on another member of the Herbert family, in which it has continued ever since. So high a sense had Queen Mary of this nobleman's services, in forming a party for her proclamation, that he stood among the foremost in her favour. Afterwards, when Philip, receiving with indignation the intelligence of Henry's design to violate the truce of Vaucelles, was anxious, by the alacrity and magnitude of his preparations, to prove his father in no error because he resigned into his hands the reins of government;—when he had successfully exerted his influence to prevail on England to embrace his quarrel;—the Earl of Pembroke was employed to lead on a reinforcement of eight thousand English to the army of fifty thousand men already assembled in the Low Countries. The chief command was entrusted to Emanuel Philibert, Duke of Savoy, who advanced by rapid marches and invested St. Quentin in Picardy, after alarming France on the side of Champagne, while Philip fixed his residence at Cambray, that he might be near the scene of action. In the memorable battle of St. Quentin the English obtained their full share of glory under their gallant leader.

But now, in the better periods of our history, when letters began to be a national concern, this family became as distinguished by the patronage and cultivation of genius, as it had hitherto been either in politics or war. Neither were the females excluded from this praise. Henry, the son of the last-mentioned earl, married Mary, the accomplished and amiable sister of the celebrated Sir Philip Sidney. The particulars of her life are suffi-

ciently well known; but the men whom she encouraged, and the men by whom she was praised, are at once the history and panegyric of her character. Spenser addressed a sonnet, sent with the Fairy Queen, "To the Right Honourable and most vertuous Lady, the Countesse of Pembroke;" besides dedicating *The Ruines of Time* "To the right noble and beautiful Lady, Mary, Countesse of Pembroke." His gratitude to her deceased brother and respect to her are equally shewn in this feeling dedication. It was to her perception of merit that the public in a great measure owed Daniel, who left the university, at the expiration of about three years, without taking a degree, and prosecuted his studies for some time at Wilton. In the dedication of his "*Defence of Rhyme*" to her son William Earl of Pembroke, Lord Steward of the Household, and Chancellor of Oxford, he acknowledges his best school at Wilton in terms of affecting and grateful remembrance. In 1594, when he published his tragedy of *Cleopatra*, written after the manner of the ancients, with a chorus between each act, a piece much esteemed at that time, he dedicated it by a copy of verses to the Countess of Pembroke. There is, among Donne's *Divine Poems*, a piece upon the translation of the *Psalms*, by Sir Philip Sidney and the Countess of Pembroke, which justifies, in a small compass, all Dr. Johnson's acute and judicious remarks on the metaphysical poetry of this writer and his followers. It is difficult to conceive, that Donne's verse, whether the thought or expression be considered, should have been written in the same age with that of Daniel, or that Daniel's prose should have preceded that of Milton. This lady's literary labours seem to have been confined to translations; among the number of which are a tragedy, and a discourse on life and death. The panegyrics on her while living, which are mentioned above, are perhaps little remembered; but Jonson's epitaph will not be soon forgotten:

Underneath

Underneath this marble herse
 Lies the subject of all verse,
 Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
 Death, ere thou hast slain another,
 Learn'd, and fair, and good as she,
 Time shall throw his dart at thee.

Her son, William Herbert Earl of Pembroke, is known to have inherited her taste, and was, in all respects, among the most accomplished characters of his age. He also was the patron of Daniel, who addressed to him his *Defence of Rhyme*. This piece is in prose, and was published in 1611, in answer to some observations on the art of English poesy. He undertakes to prove demonstratively, that rhyme is the fittest harmony of words. Lord Pembroke's office of lord chamberlain to his majesty conferred on him the presidency over the ingenious and learned of his time; and the poets seem to have approached him with more than the ordinary routine of compliment. Browne dedicated the first book of *Britannia's Pastorals* to him, in a copy of verses, addressed as to the truly noble and learned. It was probably owing to this introduction that the friend of "well-languaged Daniel" patronised this poet also, after he had quitted the university with his pupil Robert Dormer, Earl of Caernarvon. Few particulars of Browne have reached posterity, though he obtained the highest honours of the poetical and learned age in which he lived. In the long list of those who ushered his publication into the world, according to the custom of the time, by complimentary verses, were Drayton, Selden, Jonson, Christopher Brooke, W. Herbert, Charles Croke, Unton Croke, John Glanville, John Davies of Hereford, George Wither of *Lincolns-Inn*, Edward Heyward, Fr. Dynne, Thomas Gardiner, W. Ferrar, Fr. Oulde, John Morgan, Thomas Heygate, and Augustus Cæsar of the Inner Temple. Many of these names
 are

are nearly lost to the world of letters; but they had reputation in their day, and prove the degree of esteem in which the object of their panegyric was held. To Selden, Jonson, Drayton, Christopher Brooke, John Davies of Hereford, and Wither, he has paid back the tribute of applause in his works. In the fifth song of the first book of *Britannia's Pastorals* he has bewailed the death of Henry Prince of Wales, whose loss was so justly a subject of national regret, in a strain of elegy which seems to flow as if he really loved his character, and believed in the virtues he recorded. It may afford some hope or consolation to poets and little men to be informed that Browne "got wealth and purchased an estate;" as well as that "he had a great mind in a little body." To the most noble William Earl of Pembroke, lord chamberlain, Jonson dedicated his works, as to the great example of honour and virtue; besides addressing to him an epigram, of which the following are the first lines:

I do but name thee, Pembroke, and I find
It is an epigram on all mankind,
Against the bad, but of, and to the good:
Both which are ask'd, to have thee understood.

Drummond wrote some verses on his death, which were intended as an epitaph; but they are composed in a moralizing strain, equally applicable to any other character, or any other event.

He was succeeded by his brother Philip, who has been characterized as a memorable simpleton. He married the justly celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, whose high and magnificent spirit was elated by adding Pembroke and Montgomery to her titles. She also was inflamed with the desire of patronizing genius. Daniel was her tutor, and paid many flattering compliments to her beauty and literary proficiency in his poems. A long time after his death she erected a monument of
gratitude

gratitude to his memory in the church of Beckington, where he was buried. She seems to have had a passion for this species of tribute; since she is said to have given monuments to Spenser and Drayton. The husband of this high-spirited lady was succeeded by his son Philip, and his grandson William, who died unmarried; so that the title devolved on his half-brother Philip. He married the Duchess of Portsmouth's sister, and was introduced, for the purpose of furnishing a simile, into an essay upon satire, written jointly by Dryden and the Earl of Mulgrave, and containing some very severe reflections on the duchess, Rochester, and other leading characters.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:
And first he worried her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time;
Then for one night fold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsom toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty;
Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dullness in malicious rhymes.

This earl died without issue male, and was succeeded by his brother Thomas, who not only wore the honours of the family, but enhanced its credit in his own person. In 1697, he was appointed plenipotentiary at the treaty of Ryswick, with the Earl of Jersey and Sir Joseph Williamson for his colleagues. Prior was secretary; and received a present of one hundred guineas from

the Lords Justices, for bringing over the treaty when concluded to England: but we have never heard that he returned the money when he changed his party, and joined the Tories in impeaching that system of politics, to which he had ministerially contributed. Prior's services were next transferred to the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, to whom he was made secretary. The Earl of Pembroke was afterwards Lord High Admiral of England; which office was forced upon him contrary to his inclinations, if Burnet was rightly informed. He seems to have inherited the desire of patronizing superior abilities. He was influenced by the reputation of King, to take up his fortunes. The Earl of Rochester, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, had a more personal motive for advancing a man, who was related to the family of Clarendon. In 1702, by their united interests he was made judge of the admiralty in Ireland, commissioner of the prizes, keeper of the records in Bermingham's Tower, and vicar general to Dr. Marsh the primate. He afterwards appeared as a zealous tory and high-churchman, sharing in the opposition levelled against all the measures of the Whigs. Lord Pembroke's character is no less justly than favourably delineated by Halifax in his Man of Honour.

On higher springs true men of honour move,
 Free is their service and unbought their love:
 When danger calls, and honour leads the way,
 With joy they follow, and with pride obey:
 When the rebellious foe came rolling on,
 And shook with gathering multitudes the throne,
 Where were the minions then? What arm, what force,
 Could they oppose to stop the torrent's course?
 Then Pembroke, then the nobles firmly stood,
 Free of their lives, and lavish of their blood;
 But, when your orders to mean ends decline,
 With the same constancy they all resign.

He

He received besides an incidental tribute of respect from the more exquisite pen of Garth in his *Dispensary*.

But fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells ;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cavendish reigns,
Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains ;
But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach ;
On nimble wings to Warwick-lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.

It was this nobleman, who made that admirable collection of antiques at Wilton, and adorned the place, where the talents of Holbein, Inigo, and Vandyck were domiciliated, with the richest foreign spoils, collected from the whole world of art. His exquisite taste is noticed by Pope, in the opening of his epistle to the Earl of Burlington ; and a bare mention in such company, and in an essay, which recommends good sense by the best writing, constitutes of itself the most valuable praise.

'Tis strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy :
Is it less strange, the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste ?
Not for himself, he sees, or hears, or eats ;
Artists must choose his pictures, music, meats ;
He buys for Topham drawings and designs ;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins ;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone,
And books for Mead and butterflies for Sloane.

The Herberts are at present so completely estranged from the principality, that I forbear to trace them any further ; but I cannot forbear just to mention the present Countess of Pembroke, in

connection with the distinguished females of this family. Those who have the honour of belonging to it, will justify me in saying, that with the talents of both, there is the congenial mind of Sidney's sister, rather than Clifford's daughter.

Pembroke Castle is among the most splendid monuments of antiquity in South Wales. The architecture is a mixture of the Norman and early Gothic. The towers commanding the water, the entrance from the town, and the round tower are the parts of the building in best preservation. The top of the round tower is still covered in with a vaulted roof of stone. Its height is seventy five feet, and the diameter of the ground floor twenty-five. It appears to have been divided into four stories. The walls are fourteen feet thick. There are other fragments worth observing. The chapel in particular, though very much injured by time, still retains some of its architectural proportions; and they shew the chamber, in which King Henry the Seventh was born. The court of the castle is kept with an unusual degree of neatness. The town is old, and has declined in the same proportion as Haverford West has risen in importance. The buildings about the water-side, and generally in the suburbs, are verging fast on a state of decay; but the principal street, which is long and wide, has a very respectable appearance, though without the air of business, generally expected in a county town. It has, however, its attractions, to call the population of Castle Martin together on days of great rejoicing. Sir Hugh Owen's roasted ox produced as jovial a confusion as could have been witnessed in a better place. It is situated in a plentiful country: it has little or no trade; and under these circumstances affords a cheap retirement to many families with slender incomes.

CHAPTER XXIX.

ST. TWINELL'S....CASTLE MARTIN....THE CASTLES...PULSLATER
 BAY....BOSHESTON MEER....SIR GAWAINE'S CHAPEL AND
 HEAD..STACKPOLE COURT..FRESH WATER EAST..MANORBEER
 ...LAMPHEY PARK...TENBY.

THE hundred of Castle Martin is little England beyond Wales in scenery as well as in language. It is generally enclosed, and well cultivated; not sufficiently woody; but that want is compensated by sea views from every rising ground. The churches of this district form an agreeable contrast with those of Wales in general. They are almost universally placed on high grounds, so as to be conspicuous throughout the country; and their architecture is such as to render them ornamental. Their spires are generally lofty, well proportioned, and elegant. They are kept in good repair and clean condition both within and without; so that the people have all the inducements, which a decent ceremonial can hold out, to worship after the manner of their forefathers. Among the best villages and neatest churches is St. Twinell's, whence are to be seen three others nearly in a line on the same ridge. One of these is Castle Martin, in which parish we find the newly-formed residence of Mr. Mirehouse. The ground now occupied by the house and lawn was a field twenty years ago. Mr. Mirehouse began in the same year with Mr. Johnes; and the present state of the premises evinces the judgment with which his operations.

operations have been conducted. By the method of planting thick, so as that the one should afford a shelter to the other, the coppices have been enabled to triumph over the blasts from the Atlantic. The gardens, which were doomed by friendly forebodings to eternal barrenness, are so sheltered by thick plantations between them and the sea, as to have been made among the most productive of the country. A very simple contrivance, which might easily be adopted in all exposed situations, contributed materially to avert the ill consequences of the violent winds: flat stones were set up along the walls, in the form of rude battlements, and were found effectually to break the force of the gust, which no height of building, or fence doubled upon fence, had before been able to oppose. Mr. Mirehouse is esteemed one of the best gentlemen farmers in the kingdom; his farmyard and offices are on a large scale, and admirably arranged. In the year 1800 the gold medal for improving waste moors was adjudged to this gentleman by the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce. The land, which is within a mile of Mr. Mirehouse's residence, lies between two hills, about a quarter of a mile from the sea. It had been probably for ages a morass, inaccessible to cattle, except on its borders. Its length was two miles, and its breadth about a quarter of a mile. By an expence of five hundred pounds, part of it was made the most valuable meadow in the neighbourhood. It contained two hundred and seventy-four acres, of which one hundred is now arable, and the remainder pasture. It was supposed, when the medal was adjudged, to be worth fifteen shillings an acre in one holding, or more, if let to the farms adjoining. The arable part produces excellent wheat, while the rest yields hay abundantly, and breeds a considerable number of cattle.

The rocks along this coast are well worth examining, on
account

account of their singular stratification, here horizontal, there perpendicular, and immediately afterwards oblique, producing such an appearance of nature as seems to have been the effect of some violent concussion. The coast from Lenny to Sir Gawaines is altogether grand and uncommon. The cliffs are the most lofty of any from Towyn to the mouth of the Severn; and the whole line is broken by the force of the elements into figures the most romantic, arches, promontories attached or insulated, caverns, deep cauldrons, formed by the continual inroads of the sea, and every collected feature of sublimity attendant on so tempestuous an exposure. The castles form a very magnificent specimen of this kind. They are two very high rocks, evidently disjoined from the main land by the continued impression of the waves, completely surrounded even at low water, and deriving their name from the resemblance of their smooth and abrupt perpendicular to the efforts of human art. They are striking at all times; but between the months of March and August they exhibit a very remarkable curiosity. The *eligugs*, a species of migrating birds, cover them during that time. They are in form and colour not unlike the parrot; they come hither for the purpose of laying their solitary egg, and hatching the young one, which they do on these heights. They make no nest; but support the egg or young bird on the shelving rock with their foot, the warmth of which is of itself sufficient for the purpose of hatching. When their young are able to take care of themselves, they shove them down into the water, and leave the rock to make room for others, which cover the surface of the waves, waiting for an opportunity of depositing their burden. They never leave their station voluntarily till their office is at an end: if they are disturbed or frightened, during the process, their charge falls into the sea, and is lost. Another peculiar circumstance attending them is, that they cannot take wing from the land, nor fly to any distance

distance from the water over land; but they raise themselves to a great height from the water, and their flight is very strong out at sea.

Though the distance from Mr. Mirehouse's to Stackpole Court cannot exceed four or five miles by the road, the best part of a day must be devoted to the circuit of the coast between those two seats. The continual recurrence of pools, pits, sea-breaches, and subterraneous excavations, renders it necessary to pay for curiosity by many a weary round. Of all these marine encroachments, the land is most deeply indented by Pwlslater Bay. The whole tract is full of what may not improperly be called sea-wells; large circular cavities in the ground at some distance from the shore, with perpendicular sides, as deep as the height of the cliff, into which the sea finds its way with much noise and violence. The communication is frequently to be discovered from the edge; sometimes by spacious arches worn in the solid rock; at others, by narrow apertures, which increase with the difficulty of the passage and the exclusion of light, the turbulence and blackness of the gulph. Of this kind is Bosheston Meer, at the distance of about a furlong from the sea. The opening at the top is small, but the circumference enlarges downwards. It is said to be very much agitated before a storm, and its sound to be heard afar off. Many attempts have been made to sound it, though without success. But the great display of scenery is at Sir Gawaine's Chapel and Head. This valiant knight has been transformed by popular error into a saint. He is mentioned in the fourth book of Orlando Furioso, where Rinaldo, sent on an embassy to England, is cast by a tempest on the coast of Scotland:

Rinaldo that, and all th' ensuing day,
Was driven by tempests o'er the watery way:
From morn till eve the wind unceasing blew;
Now to the west, and now the north they drew;

At

At last upon the shore of Scotland light,
 Where Caledonia's forests rose to fight,
 That 'midst its ancient oaks was wont to hear
 The riven target, and the shiver'd spear :
 Here once were seen, beneath these shades rever'd,
 Each errant-knight in Britain's combats fear'd :
 From regions far and near, well known to fame,
 From Norway, Germany, and Gallia came
 Each gallant chief, who nobly scorn'd his life,
 Where death or conquest crown'd the glorious strife !
 Here Tristram mighty deeds perform'd of old,
 Galasso, Launcelot, and Arthur bold,
 Galvano brave ; with more that titles drew
 Both from the ancient table, and the new ;
 Knights, who have left to speak their valiant mind,
 More than one trophy of their worth behind.

Mr. Hoole has given us the following note on this passage of his own translation : “ Galvano (or Gawaine), there were two of this name, one the nephew of Arthur, a man of great valour, and one of the round table ; the other was under Amadis de Gaule : they were both great knights, and achieved many adventures. On the beach of the sea, near Milford Haven, is a natural rock shaped into a chapel, which tradition reports to have been the burying-place of Sir Gawaine, the nephew of Arthur.” This chapel is approached by rude steps cut in the cliff. It is situated rather below midway, and formed out of a fissure evidently produced by some violent disunion of the mass. The superstitious stories, to which this singular position of a consecrated building has given rise, are without end. I have been informed, that it is occasionally the fantastic humour of some couples to be married here. Below the chapel there is a celebrated well, with powers of healing ascribed to it, the most various and contradictory. Sir Gawaine's Head is a bold and romantic projection, standing out

into the sea, and spread around with large fragments of rock, lying in confused heaps, with crags that threaten every moment to start from their adhesion, and precipices that seem to overhang their sea-worn bases.

On the other side of Broad Haven is Stackpole Head, at a little distance from which is Lord Cawdor's seat of Stackpole Court. This is a completely English place, in a deep and sheltered valley, laid out and ornamented at a very great expence. The house is large and handsome; the park and grounds are richly wooded, with a better share of verdure than might be expected from the neighbourhood of so stormy a coast. The water is much admired; and so it ought to be, as far as a lavish display of art deserves admiration. It may, however, be questioned, whether, in a country like this, of which the aquatic are among the leading beauties, a correct taste would have indulged itself in any such attempts. In some of the midland counties in England, where nature has dealt this prime ornament of the landscape but sparingly, opportunity and liberality may well be employed in remedying her defects; art may attack her feeble with its forte, but can never cope with her on her guard and in her strength. Yet, notwithstanding, it must be allowed in the present case, that if it ought to have been done at all, it could not have been done better.

The country between Stackpole Court and Pembroke is uninteresting. The better way, therefore, is to cross Fresh Water East, and come immediately to Manorbier, a place holding out some attraction in the remains of its castle, which impresses the mind with an idea of extent and magnificence more than commensurate with any events recorded of it in the page of history. Its maritime situation, commanding Fresh Water Bay, with its prominent cliffs, is very fine; nor have the ravages of time taken
from

from the dignity of the venerable fortress, though they have rendered its battered towers more gloomy, and converted its courts into a wilderness. It is supposed to have been built by one of the Norman chiefs, about the time of William Rufus, and to have been vested in the crown from the reign of Henry the First to the reign of James the First, who granted it to a family of Bowens. It came into the family of Philips by marriage. Girald, who has been so frequently quoted as an early authority on antiquarian subjects, was born in the parish of Manorbeer. If we may give credit to his own complaint, he was very unfortunate; for the English did not love him, because his mother was a Welshwoman, and the Welsh hated him, because his father was an Englishman. He was descended, on his mother's side, from Rees ap Tudor, and his father was of the Barry family. In his memoirs of himself he is profuse in his instances of early devotion to the church. His uncle, David Fitzgerald, was Bishop of St. David's, and, in all probability, not only assisted in his education, but contributed to determine his choice of a profession. He went to France for improvement about the year 1169, and was made rector of the public schools in Paris. He returned at the end of three years with a high reputation as a rhetorician. He immediately entered the church, and, with a laudable zeal for its welfare, obtained a vice-legantine authority to enforce strict discipline, together with the tithes of wool and cheese, all of which had been scandalously neglected in the diocese of St. David's. The Archdeacon of Brecknock, who was old and infirm, found himself unable to comply with the requisitions of his order, by leading a single life; for which reason it was determined that Girald, who from his youth and vigour might be supposed competent to live alone, and unlikely to commit the crime he prosecuted in another, should supply the place of the

suspended ecclesiastic. In the year 1176, when Girald was not more than thirty years of age, his uncle the bishop died, and the chapter elected him for the successor; but he declined the appointment, for fear of giving umbrage to the king, who had not been consulted, and was not likely to have approved a man of powerful family interest in the principality. The Archbishop of Canterbury wished the election to have been confirmed; but the very argument of the candidate's great learning and high connexions pleaded strongly against the measure in the mind of a jealous monarch. After this question was decided, Girald went to Paris a second time, and was elected professor of canon law in that university; but he refused the honour, and returned to his native country about 1190, when he found the diocese in commotion. The chapter had joined with the inhabitants in driving away Bishop Peter, and the administration was committed to Girald, who seems to have exercised his authority honestly for the reform of abuses. There were many appeals to Rome on contested points; but the quarrel was at length reconciled, and the bishop restored. He was now made chaplain to Henry the Second, and continued in his service for several years, but without any accession of ecclesiastical dignity. He went with Prince John to Ireland as his secretary; but refused two bishoprics, rather than incur obligations to a patron in whom he discovered early marks of hostility to the church. On his return from Ireland he finished his topography of that country, and went to Oxford for the purpose of reciting it in public. This academical exercise lasted three days, during which time he fed the body as well as the mind; for he entertained the poor of the city on the first day, the doctors and eminent scholars on the second, and the ordinary students, the citizens, and the soldiers of the garrison, on the third. His progress through Wales, to preach the crusade with Baldwin, has
been

been already noticed; and to this journey we owe the Itinerary, to which subsequent topographers have been very considerably indebted. Having been signed with the cross for the voyage to the holy land, he was obliged to procure a dispensation, that he might stay behind to assist the Bishop of Ely in the government, during the absence of King Richard. During this time he might have had the bishopric either of Bangor or Llandaff, but he rather chose to wait for that of St. David's, to which he was nominated on the vacancy. He had previously given offence to the archbishop, by contending for the exemption of that see from the metropolitan authority of Canterbury; in consequence of which the canons received a mandate to elect the Prior of Llanton Abbey. The cause was referred to Rome, and Girald was appointed spiritual and temporal administrator by the pope during the period of litigation. After some time, growing weary of a hopeless struggle against superior power, he desisted from all further opposition, and resigned his archdeaconry in favour of his nephew. The remainder of his life was principally passed in retirement, and in the pursuit of his literary labours. The leading feature of his character seems to have been a fervent desire at once for the aggrandizement and reformation of the church. In early life, it can scarcely escape the suspicion of having been ambitious or mercenary; but those motives seem to have subsided, and to have given place to purer views. As a writer, his puerilities are not to be endured, if tried by the standard of the present age; but his composition is elegant, and his matter useful, in a degree that could scarcely be expected from the literature and manners of the times in which he lived. There is a very uncandid life of him in the *Biographia Britannica*; but Dr. Kippis has in some measure softened its asperity by his concluding note.

On the road between Pembroke and Tenby is Lamphey Park,
with

with its ruined palace, built in the castellated manner, exactly after the model of the palace at St. David's, with which it is probably coeval. It is generally said to have been the work of Bishop Gower. This is one of the seven episcopal palaces; but it was alienated from the see in the time of Henry the Eighth, and granted to Lord Hereford, afterwards Earl of Essex, whose heirs sold it to the Owen family. It has that remarkable character of architecture peculiar to this country. A considerable part of two great halls and a round tower is still preserved. One of these halls was nearly eighty feet by twenty, and the other sixty by almost thirty. The whole building was moated; and the south gate remains nearly perfect. The park was celebrated for its deer; so that it formed altogether a princely residence for a churchman. From Lamphey Park to Tenby is a fine ride, along a bold and elevated ridge, commanding extensive views of Pembrokeshire on one side, and Caermarthen Bay, close at hand, on the other, and occasional glances at Milford, with its numerous creeks, on looking back. The town of Tenby is seen at the distance of about four miles by this approach. It covers the summit, and in part the ascent, of a long and narrow rock, rising abruptly out of the sea, by which it is so nearly surrounded at spring tides that the communication with Pembroke is interrupted till the ebb, except by a circuitous route. The direct road, coming down upon the sands, is under water for more than a mile. The spire of the church is very lofty, which renders the appearance of the place the more striking; and the intermixture of rocks, houses, and wood, on the sheltered side, produces a most singular effect. It does not appear when the castle was built; but Caradoc Lhancarvan informs us, that in the year 1150 the inhabitants of Tenby prepared an ambuscade for Cadelh, the son of Gruffyth ap Rees, and set on him fiercely, just as he was uncovering his hounds, in pursuit of his favourite diversion.

Being

Being unarmed, he was so severely wounded, that though he escaped with his companions, his life was for some time in great danger. Two years afterwards his brothers, Meredith and Rees, took the castle by scaling the walls in the night time, and revenged his injuries by laying a heavy hand on the assassins.

Again, in 1188, Maelgwn ap Rees brought his whole power against the town, and reduced it to ashes. This nobleman is represented by the Welsh historians as eminently endowed with the first qualities of person as well as mind, and the terror of the Flemings. The castle has been very large, but with the air of a palace rather than a place of defence. The apartments were ranged along the sides of a quadrangle, the area of which must nearly have divided the summit of the rock with the town. The north wall, which still continues in good preservation, is built of a very considerable thickness, with large stones strongly cemented. There are the remains of a large hall, more than one hundred feet in length, with other apartments and extensive offices. Over the gateway are the arms of England and of Lancaster. The church is a very large building, of venerable aspect, containing some fine old monuments. The western door is a curious specimen of mixed Gothic, and the carved ceiling of the nave is well executed. This place has for some years been a favourite resort of sea-bathers. The situation itself is more romantic and interesting than that of either Aberystwid or Swansea; but it has not such environs in which to make excursions when the novelty of the spot and its objects is exhausted. The part of the town, which overlooks the harbour, has a very fine effect at some distance on the water. The houses are built with tolerable regularity, and in some measure assume the crescent-like figure of the cliffs on which they are placed. All travellers are much struck with the remarkable position of Tenby. There is besides a wildness in the masses of shapeless rock which form the islands of St.

St. Catharine's, St. Margaret's, and Caldy. The latter is about a mile long, and half a mile broad, at the distance of two miles from the main land, opposite the town. It had formerly a priory, a parish church, and a chapel. It is said to yield good corn; but the other two are mere rock, without any trace of vegetation. St. Catharine's is riven asunder in the middle by the violence of the waves, and is perforated in more than one place besides. There are several very fine natural caverns on this part of the coast; but not of such extent and magnificence as are to be found in Glamorganshire. There was formerly a very considerable fishery here; but it has much declined. The Tenby oysters are of a very large size, and are known all over South Wales; but they are by no means equal in quality to those of Milford.

CHAPTER XXX.

CAERMARTHENSHIRE.

I HAVE mentioned in a former chapter, the source of the Tovy among the Cardiganshire mountains. On its entrance into this county it is reinforced by a continual accession of those numerous streams, frequently of much beauty, whose order, and in some cases their properties, are particularised in the Polyolbion.

Then Tranant nicely treads upon the watry trail;
 The lively skipping Brane, along with Gwethrick goes,
 In Tovy's wandring banks themselves that scarcely lose,
 But Mudny, with Cledaugh, and Sawthy, soon resort,
 Which at Langaddoc grace their sovereign's watry court.

Beyond Langaddoc, Dulas enters the Tovy. This is not the first time that a stream of this denomination has occurred; so that it scarcely affords a distinguishing mark without some addition: but it is to be observed, that as in England the names of Avon, Ouse, Stoure, and some other; so in Wales, before all, is Dulas, a name very often of rivers in Radnor, Brecknock, Caermarthen, and elsewhere. Before the Tovy reaches Caermarthen, it receives the Cothy and Gwilly. The other rivers of the county, unconnected with the Tovy, are the Cowen, bringing with it Towa and Carkenny; and the Taw which receives Morlas and Cair. The surface of this county in general is hilly; so that

the features of the landscape are characterized by the bold and striking. The vales are many of them among the richest of the principality; though they may not perhaps be accompanied with so many picturesque circumstances. The villages near the sea coast are frequently beautiful; but in the north of the county their condition, and that of the solitary cottagers, is the most miserable that can be conceived. The manners of the people are not on the whole so pleasing as in most parts of Wales. There is, particularly at the western extremity, a jealousy and rudeness, which arises from the neighbourhood of people sprung from different families. The adjoining hundreds of Pembrokeshire are English; and I apprehend that there is no part of the principality in which an Englishman is so unpopular. To the north and east the hills rise into mountains. The vale of Towy is seldom more than two miles in breadth; and it abounds with beauties. The vallies through which the smaller rivers run, are in general retired and pleasing; but their aspect is more uniform than those of Glamorgan and Cardigan. The rural character is not heightened by so many scenes of pleasing wildness. The mountains, which occupy a considerable proportion of the county, are in general black and dreary, with every thing to excite a feeling of wretchedness, and nothing to inspire an idea of sublimity. This observation does not apply to the tract on the north of Llandilo Vawr and Llandovery, but the style of nature there is intirely that of Cardiganshire on which it borders, though the geographical division requires it to be noticed under the head of Caermarthenshire. The climate and fertility of this county are much celebrated, though they are not found to be favourable to wheat. Barley and oats are the most profitable crops, and great quantities of the latter are exported to Bristol. The black cattle and horses bred on the hills, fill all the fairs of the neighbouring district, and contribute

contribute in a great measure to the support of the farmers, who depend much on the right of mountain. The woods have suffered greatly of late years; but they are still abundant. There is plenty of limestone and coal in many places. The want of the latter article is much felt in Cardiganshire and a great part of Pembroke-shire; but the skilful manner in which they make up their balls of culm or peat, compensates in a great degree for the deficiency. I did not observe the same inconveniences to arise from this kind of firing in Wales, which are generally experienced, especially for culinary purposes, in those parts of England where it is necessary to resort to a similar substitute; and this must arise from a superior mode of manufacturing the balls, which make a clear and bright fire. The trade of this county is very considerable, though there seems at present no probability of its rivalling Glamorganshire. It has to boast of its iron works, tin works, and lead mines; but I have been informed that the latter have much disappointed the avaricious dreams of their proprietors. Besides furnishing its own consumption, it exports oats, butter, stone-coal, bark, and oak timber in very considerable quantities.

There is an unaccountable mixture of possessions in this county, as well as in those of Pembroke and Cardigan, where it is not unusual to find half an acre, or an acre of land, surrounded by a circle of contiguous property, belonging to a different person; and it frequently happens, that the owner of this insulated patch has no other possession within several miles, and scarcely knows how even this came into his family. Such was particularly the case with the estates of Sir Rice ap Thomas, which, besides the demesnes attached to his castles and manors, were dispersed all over this country in small and unconnected tenements. There are several vestiges of Roman ways, particularly about Llandovery; and many sepulchral monuments of the Romans, as well as of the

ancient Britons. Roman coins of a very early date have been dug up in a camp near Whitland; and in the same neighbourhood there is a circle, resembling Rollrich stones in Oxfordshire. Between the rivers Cowen and Towa, there is a remarkable barrow, with the stone chest for the reception of the body remaining in the centre. There is also a curious spring, of which, with two others still more singular in the principality, Selden gives the following account. "It is in the parish of Kilken in Flintshire, where it ebboth and floweth in direct opposite times to the sea; they call it Finon-Leinw: Such a one is there about a furlong from the Severn sea, by Newton in Glamorganshire, and another ebbing and flowing, (but with the common course of the moon, ascending or setting) by Dinevor in Caermardhinshire. Nor think I any reasons more difficult to be given, than those which are most specially hidden, and most frequently strange in particular qualities of floods, wells, and springs; in which (before all other) nature seems as if she had, for man's wonder, affected a not intelligible variety, so different, so remote from conceit of most piercing wits; and such unlooked for operations both of their first and second qualities (to use the school phrase of them) are in every chronographer, naturalist, and historian." The Tovy is called Tobius by Ptolemy.

With respect to the remarkable characters Caermarthenshire has produced, I shall notice them occasionally as I proceed, and only stop here to mention James Howel, born at Abernant, where his father was the clergyman. He was educated at the free school at Hereford, and was admitted of Jesus College, Oxford, in 1610, at the age of sixteen. He took his degree in arts, and entered on life with the world completely before him; for he inherited neither lands nor leases; had neither private home nor public occupation. By the pecuniary assistance of his father

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and friends, scantily supplied in proportion to their means, he was enabled to travel for three years in different countries, and consequently to obtain a command of languages. After his return, he was sent into Spain, in the year 1622, to recover an English ship, seized by the viceroy of Sardinia. Sometime afterwards, he was appointed secretary to the Earl of Sunderland, President of the North. He was representative of Richmond in Yorkshire, to the parliament beginning in 1627. Four years afterwards, he went with the Earl of Leicester to Denmark, as secretary to the embassy, where he entertained the king and his children with some quaint Latin speeches of condolence on the death of the Queen Dowager, grandmother to Charles the First of England. In the beginning of the civil war, he was made Clerk of the Council; but was committed to the Fleet, after the king's separation from the parliament. He supported himself in prison by his writings, which procured him a comfortable subsistence. In consequence of his having temporized with the party of the commonwealth, he was not restored to his former office, but was appointed historiographer to the king, the first who bore that title. This however was a mere honour, with little or no emolument; so that he depended almost entirely on his rapid and multifarious pen, to the very time of his death in 1666. His pieces were chiefly written on the spur of the moment, under the pressure of necessitous circumstances; to which, rather than to the want of talent, it is perhaps owing that they have not survived. It only falls to the lot of the most unquestionable genius to write carelessly, and yet to write well; or to extort lasting fame out of trifling subjects. James Howel was buried in the Temple church; but his monument was taken away in 1683, when that fabric was repaired and beautified.

CHAPTER XXXI.

NEW INN....PENDINE....LLAUGHARNE....LLANDOWROR....

WHITLAND.

THERE is a very fine aquatic excursion from Tenby Harbour across Caermarthen Bay, passing Monkstone Head, and making either for Llaugharne Point at the mouth of the Taw, or for Lan Stephan Point at the mouth of the Tovy, which is navigable as far as Caermarthen Bridge. A party may hire a skiff at Tenby, and accomplish their landing under Lan Stephan Castle in one tide; but they will in all probability be obliged to find their way by land, like myself, from that place to Caermarthen, notwithstanding the assurances of the boatmen to the contrary. For those who do not affect the pleasure of sailing, there is a fine walk or ride, principally along the sands, from Tenby to Llaugharne. It is necessary to mention New Inn, nearly half way between the two places, for the purpose of informing the traveller that there is no inn, nor any species of public entertainment, to be met with there. There are a few fishermen's huts upon the beach, and a number of collieries belonging to Lord Milford in the neighbourhood. This place marks the boundary of the two counties. At a little distance there is an old mansion, about the date of Queen Elizabeth, built as a marine villa, close upon the sand, now the seat of Captain Ackland. The remainder of the way is highly interesting; the views of the bay from the high grounds



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte

Laugharne Castle.

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grounds comprehend the whole sweep from Worm's Head to Caldy. The white buildings of Tenby, hanging on the point of the rock, are picturesque from their situation, and too distant to be offensively glaring. Near Pendine there is a natural cavern under the road, which the country people represent as one of the greatest curiosities in Wales, and would send a stranger twenty miles to see without the least remorse. It is so low that a man can scarcely stand upright at the entrance; and the rill passing through it is altogether insignificant. The outlet of the water shews it to be of considerable length. The scenery about it is verdant and pretty, with a little wood, always a luxury near the sea. The descent to Llaugharne is highly romantic; the town is built on the edge of a marsh, in a very low situation, open to the sea, and backed by very high grounds. It is one of the most sequestered places that can be conceived; and is much inhabited by half-pay officers, and families which seek an economical retirement. It is by far the best built little town in Caermarthenshire, and very well supplied with provisions; but its heat in summer is intolerably oppressive. The church is large, handsome, and in good condition; with some respectable monuments. The churchyard is remarkable for occupying the side of a rather steep declivity. The view from the upper part of it is very rich; it is well planted with some large yew as well as other trees. The church and churchyard are more than usually ornamental to the place. The castle is a picturesque subject, in the point of view at which it is taken in the annexed plate; but the proprietor has laid out the inner court as a modern garden, and in every respect done his utmost to destroy the character of the ruin towards the water. Not only the area, but even one of the towers, is converted to the purposes of horticulture, and filled with the incongruous ornaments of evergreens and flowering shrubs. The building.

building, however, has a very noble appearance towards the street, as you come down from the direction of Tenby. Its date may probably be ascribed to the settlement of the Normans and Flemings in these parts; but the events that have taken place in it are little known to history. In 1215 it was demolished by Llewelin ap Jorwerth. The English settlement extends as far as the middle of this town, and here terminates abruptly. It is divided into the English and Welsh part; and the inhabitants of the two divisions neither mix with each other, nor even understand one another's speech.

Llaugharne is also to be noticed as the birth-place of Dr. Tucker, Dean of Gloucester, a man eminent for political sagacity, as well as for the temper with which he handled controverted subjects. He was born here in the year 1712. His father was a farmer, who, on the acquisition of a small estate in Cardiganshire, determined to give his son a classical education. Josiah, by his proficiency at Ruthin school, procured an exhibition in Jesus College, Oxford, and set forward for the seat of the muses with his bundle at the end of his stick. About the year 1735 he went into orders, and obtained a curacy in Gloucestershire. Two years afterwards he came to Bristol to serve a church, and was made one of the minor canons in the cathedral. His situation in a large trading city greatly favoured his political and commercial studies; while his clerical conduct recommended him to the notice of the bishop, who appointed him his chaplain, and afterwards procured his elevation to a prebendal stall. He likewise got the living of which he had been curate in Bristol. But the circumstance which introduced him to general fame was the bill for naturalizing the Jews, of which he became the public advocate by his celebrated letters. This great measure raised the bigots of all denominations to arms; and the citizens of Bristol expressed their indignation at the supposed apostasy of their divine by burning his letters, and his effigy
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in full canonicals. Pamphlets and magazines, newspapers and handbills, were all enlisted for the crusade, and waged a warfare of bitter invective, till some new theme of pious virulence diverted their forces from the attack, and seasonably gave a respite to the victim of their zeal. In 1753 Mr. Tucker published his pamphlet on the Turkey trade, in which he argued very forcibly against the system of chartered companies. He seems to have regained his popularity with the people of Bristol; for about this period Lord Clare, afterwards Earl Nugent, owed his election in a great degree to Mr. Tucker's exertions in his own parish. In 1758 his lordship obtained the deanery of Gloucester for his partisan, who on that occasion took his doctor's degree. About this time he drew up a treatise on commerce, at the request of Dr. Hayter, then tutor to the present king, and afterwards Bishop of London, for the use of his royal pupil. This work, which gave the fullest satisfaction, was printed, but never published. Warburton, who had been his colleague in the chapter of Bristol, and was afterwards his bishop, was very much disposed to depreciate both his talents and probity. He once said of him, that his dean's trade was religion, and religion his trade. The observation was sufficiently coarse; but the wit went no further than the verbal antithesis, and an inconsequent allusion to the subject of his writings. Religion was his trade only as it was the trade of the bishop, and of every clergyman who lives on the revenues of his profession; and there was little reason why a man should be said to make a trade of his religion, who stepped forward on every proper occasion as its able and moderate advocate. It surely was not less consistent with clerical dignity to take up his pen on subjects of the first national importance than to become the editor of a poet, or to engage in any of those literary labours by which our clergy, in common with other learned men, have added so materially to the general stock of

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information. In 1772 the dean published his Apology for the Church of England; and some time afterwards a letter to Dr. Kippis on his vindication of the protestant dissenting ministers. Nearly about the same time he published his Directions for Travellers. During the American contest he published A Statement of the Pleas and Arguments respecting the Mother Country and the Colonies: an Inquiry whether Separation or Connexion would be for National Advantage, and Answers to Objections against the Separation from America. These pieces drew down upon him the resentment of Mr. Burke, to whom he addressed a forcible and manly letter of vindication. That gentleman's dislike is supposed to have been exasperated by the dean's adherence to Lord Nugent's interest in Bristol. In 1777 he published his View of the Difficulties of the Trinitarian, Arian, and Socinian Systems, with seventeen sermons. In 1778 a single lady of large fortune, one of his parishioners, left him her dwelling-house in Bristol, with a handsome legacy. While the terrors of invasion were prevalent, during the American war, he wrote and circulated several sensible papers, under the signature of Cassandra, representing the difficulties of the attempt. In 1781 he published his treatise on civil government, which he had printed long before, in opposition to the doctrines of Locke. This book was answered by Dr. Towers, and several other writers of ability on the popular side of the question. In the following year he wrote his pamphlet called Cui Bono? in which he recapitulates his former arguments on the subject of wars and colonies. He afterwards published a tract on the dispute between Great Britain and Ireland. He wrote several other pieces, theological, political, and miscellaneous. The dean died in 1799, at a very advanced age. He was a liberal man, with very moderate preferment. He supported the celebrated John Henderson at the university, who would have had no means
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of satisfying his thirst after knowledge but for the patronage of Dr. Tucker. About the year 1790 he applied to the chancellor for leave to resign his rectory in favour of his curate. The resignation would have been willingly accepted, but the privilege of nominating a successor was refused; in consequence of which he determined to hold the living till he could attain his object. He communicated his design to the parishioners, and procured a petition from them in favour of a worthy man with a large family, which was signed by the whole body, dissenters as well as members of the establishment. It is no longer a question, whether chancellors have hearts, for the application was successful. The dean married very late in life.

At the distance of a few miles from this place is the village of Llandowror, on the southern bank of the Taw, near the junction of the vallies, where that river receives the Cair. The scenery is highly beautiful, and has been described very well by Mr. Arthur Young, in the eighth volume of his Annals of Agriculture. Another excursion is to be made from Llaugharne to Whitland, where the vestiges of an ancient abbey are to be traced. Near it is the field where, about the middle of the tenth century, Howel Dha resided in a house formed of white wattles, while he and his legislative assembly from every part of Wales were framing the code of laws which bears his name. This field is at the village of Whitland. The style of common building for private persons must have been simple indeed, when a structure of such materials was deemed sufficient for a prince in the fullest exercise of his sovereign authority. When this great work of legislation was completed, three copies were written, one of which was to follow the prince's court, for his personal guidance, and the two other to be deposited for the use of the provinces, one at the palace of Aberfraw, and the other in that of Dinevowr. Neither did this indefatigable

prince rest satisfied even with this solemn enactment. He went to Rome with a company of bishops and learned men, for the purpose of reciting the provisions before the pope, who gave them the sanction of his authority. All causes relating to inheritance of land were to be adjudged by the king or prince in person, who sat on an elevated chair, with an elder on each side, and the freeholders ranged next to the elders. In another division of the court, before the king, on a lower seat, sat the chief justice of the principality, with the priest on his right hand, and the ordinary judge of the district on his left. As soon as the court was opened, the plaintiff entered the third division on the left side, and took his station facing the ordinary judge, with his serjeant at his right hand, his advocate behind him, and his champion in the rear of the advocate. The defendant occupied the right side of the court, with his attendants in the same order, and stood facing the priest. The witnesses were placed at the lower end, between the champions of either party, opposite the chief justice. The middle space of the third division was kept clear, that the witnesses might be distinctly seen by the prince and chief judge while they were giving their evidence. When the depositions were concluded, on a signal given by the serjeants, the chief justice, priest, and ordinary judge, retired to frame their verdict for the consideration of the king or prince, who, on receiving it, consulted with the elders, and passed sentence, if the right was clear, or referred it to be tried by the champions, if it was obscure. This court was not held in any hall or covered building, but in the open air. From Whitland the nearest way to Caermarthen is by the village of St. Clare; but the traveller in pursuit of objects should return to visit Lan Stephan Castle and Kidwelly, whence he may either make his way to Caermarthen, or cross Burry River to Cheriton in Gower. There was a monastery or nunnery at St. Clare.

CHAPTER XXXII.

LAN STEPHAN CASTLE....CAERMARTHEN.

THE village of Lan Stephan is peculiarly interesting. It is clean and well built, at the foot and along the side of a very beautiful hill, uniting the quiet and retirement of an inland hamlet with all the advantages of a fine maritime situation, where one of the finest rivers in Wales throws itself into the sea. Three or four houses were building when I was there, in a very good style; and the whole place wears the appearance of comfort and prosperity. So near as it is to Caermarthen, it is strange that it should not be the resort of occasional visitors; but it would soon be spoiled if it were. It was with difficulty I could get a breakfast; and there is no licence for selling spirits in the village. It is esteemed one of the most fruitful spots throughout the country; and frequently reminded me of the marine villages on the coast of Devon. My first visit was in the time of the hay harvest, and the busy scene was unusually gay and attractive, heightened as its effect was by the decent appearance of the peasantry. There is a handsome modern house on the hill, in contrast with the dusky antiquity of the castle, finely placed on the summit of a perpendicular cliff. This ruin is a most picturesque object, from whatever point it is viewed, whether by land or water. The structure is much broken away; but it composes, perhaps, the better on that account with the surrounding landscape. The foundations of the walls prove
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the area they enclose to have been large. The windings of the Tovy up towards Caermarthen on the one hand, and the expanse of sea on the other, render the prospect from the castle as various and magnificent as the view of it on the approach was picturesque. It is supposed to have been built about the beginning of Owen Gwineth's reign, and was taken, after a great battle, from the Flemings and Normans, by Cadelh, Meredith, and Rees, about the year 1143. The defeated party collected all their strength, and returned suddenly to the attack; but Meredith, to whose defence the castle was entrusted, preserved by policy what he had obtained by valour. He was aware of their approach under the cover of the night, and suffered them to mount their scaling ladders. When the besiegers thought themselves secure of their possession, the watch-word was given, and the ladders were all overthrown or broken down. In 1189 Rees ap Gruffyth, who was then at variance with his son Maelgwn, brought an army against this castle, and won it, together with that of St. Clare. These two castles, with those of Llaugharne and Caermarthen, experienced a similar fate from Lhwelin ap Jorwerth in 1215. The vale of Tovy is among the most celebrated of South Wales; and it owes its celebrity partly to its own beauty, and partly to the verse of Dyer, who was a native of this county, and bred among these scenes, where he wandered as an itinerant painter before he went into the church. The late Mr. Gilpin, in his Observations on the River Wye, objects to him as a descriptive poet, that though bred to the pencil, and in possession of a picturesque subject, he has not produced a perfect landscape. He imputes to him a confusion of distances and fore-grounds, and all those other defects of contrast and perspective which may be venial in poets only, but should have been avoided by a professor of the sister arts. Dr. Johnson, too, has been adverse to Dyer's claims; and his

his reputation has probably suffered with that class of readers which requires to go in leading-strings. Dr. Anderson, in his very able vindication of the poet, has admitted, in some degree, the justice of Mr. Gilpin's censure, but has defended him with spirit and success against the degrading sentence of the great critic. I shall not presume to enter into the controversy, but refer my readers to the life of Dyer by each of his biographers; observing only, that Dr. Anderson rests his highest pretensions on those of his poems which are the least known. He insinuates rather broadly, that Dr. Johnson did not easily praise his contemporaries; and we must all be sensible of an unreasonable antipathy against Whigs and blank verse. Yet, after allowing for the want of a highly poetical mind, and deducting for party prejudice, it remains true, that he executed a task, for which nature perhaps had not eminently qualified him, with a felicity rarely equalled by those who have thought themselves impelled by genius, or have really been guided by a presiding inclination to the department of letters they have occupied.

The whole of this vale, from Lan Stephan to Ystrad Ffin, abounds in interesting objects of every description. The first stretch of country to Caermarthen is rich and beautiful. It is well clothed with trees in the hedge-rows, as well as with more extensive plantations. The road lies for the most part along the western ridge, continually commanding the river and all its luxuriant accompaniments. The hills are cultivated to the top; the meadows are verdant, and the cornfields fruitful. The first view of Caermarthen from the eminence is particularly striking. The three distinct hills by which the town is backed, of considerable magnitude and various character, with the decorated villas of the neighbourhood, the castle, the bridge, and the vessels on the river, conspire to form a grand and impressive scene. The town
itself

itself does not make good its promise. It is large, but the streets are steep and irregular. I expected something better, from having heard it called little London. In what the resemblance consists, I could not discover. The houses are in general whitened, but the chimnies of a red brick; which at a little distance produces a most disagreeable effect to the eye. This I noticed especially at the entrance of the town from Lan Stephan; and a house of red brick here and there among the white ones adds to the general glare. There are some very good houses, but they are not in general advantageously placed. The situation of the principal inn, the Ivy Bush, removed to what was lately a gentleman's seat on the banks of the river, is one of the best in the town. The rooms command a charming reach of the river up to Abergwilly Palace. The late Ivy Bush was the house of Sir Richard Steele, who obtained it and his property in this neighbourhood by marriage with the only child and heiress of Jonathan Scurlock, Esq. He died here on the 1st of September, 1729; and there are two or three very old people still living in the town who recollect his person. Sir Richard, in the course of his theatrical career, has introduced many a magician to the public; I shall therefore avail myself of his example and authority, while I state the pretensions of mine.

“According to Jeffery of Monmouth, the famous magician Merlin was born at Kaermardin, i. e. Caermarthen, named by Ptolemy Maridunum. Merlin's mother, who was a niece and daughter of the King of Demetia (or South Wales), giving an account of her wonderful conception of her son, a philosopher explains it, that it was some demon, or incubus, some guileful spright, partaking partly of the nature of man, partly of angels, and assuming a human shape, which begot Merlin; and this explains what Ariosto says, that Merlin was the son of a demon.”—Hoole.

Di Merlin dico, del demonio figlio.—C. 33.

Spenser

Spenser gives a noble description of the cave which was the scene of Merlin's incantations. Britomart, and her nurse old Glauce, go to consult this magician:

To Maridunum, that is now by change
Of name Cayr Mardin call'd, they took their way;
There the wife Merlin whilom went, they say,
To make his wonne, low underneath the ground,
In a deep delve, far from the view of day,
That of no living wight he mote be found,
When so he counsell'd with his sprights encompass'd round.

And if thou ever happen that same way
To travel, go to see that dreadful place:
It is an hideous, hollow cave, they say,
Under a rock that lies a little space
From the swift Barry, tumbling down apace,
Emongst the woody hills of Dynevowre;
But dare not thou, I charge, in any case,
To enter into that same baleful bower,
For fear the cruel fiends should thee unwares devour.

But standing high aloft, low lay thine ear,
And there such ghastly noise of iron chains,
And brazen cauldrons, thou shalt rumbling hear,
Which thousand sprights with long enduring pains
Do tofs, that it will stun thy feeble brains;
And often times great groans, and grievous founds,
When too huge toil and labour them constrains:
And oftentimes loud strokes, and ringing sounds
From under that deep rock most horribly rebounds.

Ariosto, with the liberty of a romance-writer, places Merlin's grot in France, and removes the scene of several of his actions to that place.

—A little while,
 Before that Merlin dy'd, he did intend
 A brazen wall in compas to compile
 About Caermarthen, and did it commend
 Unto his sprights to bring to perfect end;
 During which time the lady of the lake,
 Whom long he lov'd, for him in haste did fend,
 Who therefore forc'd his workmen to forsake,
 Them bound till his return, their labour not to flake.
 In the mean time by that false lady's train,
 He was surpriz'd and bury'd under bier,
 Ne ever to his work return'd again.—FAIRY QUEEN, B. III. C. III.

This lady of the lake appears to have been a fairy or nymph, with whom Merlin was enamoured: the story of her deceiving him is thus related in the romance called *Morte Arthur*, or the *Life and Death of Prince Arthur*, printed by Caxton in 1485.

“The lady of the lake and Merlin departed; and by the way, as they went, Merlin shewed to her many wonders, and came into Cornwaile; and alwaies laid about the lady for to have her favour; and she was ever passing weary of him, and fain would have been delivered of him; for she was afraid of him, because he was a divell's son, and she could not put him away by no meanes. And so, upon a time it hapned that Merlin shewed to her in a roche whereas was a great wonder, and wrought by inchantment, which went under a stone; so by her craft and working she made Merlin to go under that stone, to let him wit of the marvailes there. But she wrought so there for him, that he never came out, for all the craft that he could do.”

In the life of Merlin this adventure is related with circumstances nearer the account given by Ariosto in the third book of the *Orlando Furioso*.

“Merlin's mother having secretly conceived by a demon was,
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after her delivery, condemned to be put to death, for breach of chastity; but her son, an infant, defended, and set his mother at liberty. Merlin, being grown up, went to the court of Uther Pendragon, where he established the famous round table, wrought many wonderful works, and uttered a number of prophecies; here he fell in love with the lady of the lake, whom he used to call the white serpent; before his death, he erected a tomb, in the forest of Nortes, capable to hold him and his mistress; and having shewed it to her, he taught her a charm that would close the stone, so that it could never be opened. The lady, who secretly hated him, began one day to caress him exceedingly, and at last made him go into the tomb, in order to try whether it was large enough: Merlin being entered, she closed the stone upon him, where he died: his spirit being likewise confined by the force of the spell, continued from time to time to speak, and give answers to such questions as were put to him."

Drayton, after having said that Merlin intended to build a wall of brass round Maridunum, in the following lines, alludes to this story of the lady of the lake, and to this marvellous cave.

How Merlin by his skill and magic's wond'rous might
 From Ireland hither brought the Stonendge in a night;
 And for Caermarthen's sake would fain have brought to pass
 About it to have built a wall of solid brass;
 And set his fiends to work upon the mighty frame;
 Some to the anvil; some that still enforc'd the flame;
 But whilst it was in hand, by loving of an elf
 (For all his wond'rous skill) was cozen'd by himself.
 For walking with his fay, her to the rock he brought
 In which he oft before his necromancies wrought;
 And going in thereat his magics to have shown,
 She stop't the cavern's mouth with an enchanted stone:
 Whose cunning strongly crost, amaz'd whilst he did stand,
 She captive him convey'd into the fairy land.

Then how the lab'ring spirits to rocks by fetters bound,
 With bellows rumbling groans, and hammer's thund'ring sound
 A fearful horrid din still in the earth do keep,
 Their master to awake, suppos'd by them to sleep;
 As at their work how still the griev'd spirits repine,
 Tormented in the fire, and tired in the mine.

POLYOLBION, song iv.

Spenser thus sings of his birth.

And sooth men say that he was not the son
 Of mortal fire, or other living wight,
 But wond'roufully begotten and begun,
 By false illusion of some guileful spright
 On a fair lady. — B. iii. C. iii.

Of Merlin and his skill what region doth not hear?
 Who of a British nymph was gotten, whilst she play'd
 With a seducing spirit.

POLYOLBION, song v.

“Two Merlins have our stories: One of Scotland, commonly titled Sylvester, or Caledonius, living under Arthur; the other, Ambrosius, born of a nun (daughter to the king of South Wales) in Caermardhin, not naming the place, (for names in British his name is Merdhem) but the place (which in Ptolemy is Maridunum) naming him; begotten, as the vulgar, by an Incubus. So is the vulgar tradition of Merlin's conception. Untimely it were, if I should slip into discourse of spirits faculties in this kind. For my own part, unless there be some creatures of such middle nature, as the Rabinnic conceit upon the creation supposes: and the same with Hesiod's nymphs, or Paracelsus his Non-adams, I shall not believe that other than true bodies on bodies can generate, except by swiftness of motion in conveying of stolen seed some unclean spirit might arrogate the improper name of generation.

ration. Those which St. Augustine calls Dufii, forte Drufii (quod vult Bodinus lib. 2. cap. 7. dæmonoman.) quasi Sylvani, aut Dryades, in Gaul, altogether addicted to such filthiness, Fauns, Satyrs and Sylvans, have had as much attributed to them. But learn of this, from divines upon the Beni-hælohim in holy writ; Gen. 6. 2, passages of the fathers upon this point, and the later authors of disquisitions in magic and forcery, as Bodin, Wier, Martin del Rio, others. For this Merlin (rather Merdhin, his true name being Ambrose) his own answer to Vortigern was, that his father was a Roman Consul (so Nennius informs me) as perhaps it might be, and the fact palliated under name of a spirit; as in that of Ilia supposing, to save her credit, the name of Mars for Romulus his father. But to interlace the polite muse with what is more harsh, yet even therein perhaps not displeasing, I offer you this antique passage of him.

—————the messagers to Kermerdin come,
 And you children bivore the yate pleyde hii toke gome;
 Tho sede on to another, Merlin wat is the,
 Thou faderlese ffrewe, my misdostou me,
 For icham of kinges icome, and thou nart nought worth a fille,
 For thou naddest nevere nanne fader, therefore hold the stille.
 Tho the messagers hurde this hii astunte there,
 And essie at men aboute wat the child were.
 Me sede that he ne had never fader that me might understond;
 And is moder au king's daughter was of thulke lond,
 And woned at St. Petre's in a nonnerie there.

Shrew, now a word applyed to the shrewish sex; but in Chaucer, Lidgat, and Gower, to the quieter also.—Selden.

The opinion of the commentator seems very clear upon the point; but so much learning would scarcely have been thought necessary at this time of day, to prove that a man was not the

son

son of an incubus. Merlin and Arthur could scarcely reproach each other on the ground of parentage.

Though Selden considers Merlin as having derived his name from the town, already denominated nearly as at present, the general opinion is, that *Caer-Merdin*, or *Merlin's town*, is so called of *Merlin's* being found there. With respect to the interview between *Vortigern* and *Merlin*, it is thus related. "In the first declining state of the British empire, *Vortigern*, by advice of his magicians, after divers unfortunate successes in war, resolved to erect a strong fort in *Snowdon hills* (not far from *Conway's head* in the edge of *Merioneth*) which might be as his last and surest refuge against the increasing power of the English. Masons were appointed, and the work begun; but what they built in the day, was always swallowed up in the earth next night. The king asks counsel of his magicians touching this prodigy: they advise, that he must find out a child which had no father, and with his blood sprinkle the stones and mortar, and that then the castle would stand as on a firm foundation. Search was made, and in *Caer-Mardhin* was *Merlin Ambrose* found: he, being hither brought to the king, slighted that pretended skill of those magicians, as palliated ignorance; and with confidence of a more knowing spirit, undertakes to shew the true cause of that amazing ruin of the stone work; tells them, that in the earth was a great water, which could endure continuance of no heavy superstruction. The workmen digged to discover the truth, and found it so. He then beseeches the king to cause them make farther inquisition, and affirms, that in the bottom of it were two sleeping dragons: which proved so likewise, the one white, the other red; the white he interpreted for the Saxons, the red for the Britons; and upon this event here in *Dinas Emyrs*, as they call it, began he those prophecies to *Vortigern*, which are common in the British story."—Selden.

Not

Not far from Caermarthen, is a hill called Merlin's hill, near the brow of which, is a rock, known by the name of Merlin's chair, in which it is said, that famous prophet used to sit, when he uttered his prophecies.

Little is known of the castle, though it was the seat of the princes before the royal residence was transferred to Dinevowr. What now remains is converted into the county gaol. We have no account of its foundation; but it was entrusted by the Normans and Flemings, in the year 1116, to Owen ap Caradoc, and Rhydderch ap Tudor, to take the defence of it for Henry the First, by alternate fortnights. Gruffyth ap Rees understanding that there was a favourable opportunity, came suddenly with his forces upon the town. Owen ap Caradoc who was then on duty, rushed immediately to the point of attack, expecting his men to have followed him: but the greater part of them fled, and Owen was slain. The town was destroyed, and the castle much defaced. Owen Gwineth burned Caermarthen in the year 1137, the first of his reign. About the year 1143, the castle was rebuilt by Gilbert Earl of Clare, but almost immediately relinquished to Meredith and Rees, who besieged it, on terms of safe conduct to the garrison. In 1195, Rees ap Gruffyth besieged and overthrew both the town and castle.

Lewis Bayly, Bishop of Bangor in the reign of James the First, and author of a celebrated piece called *The Practice of Piety*, was a native of Caermarthen, and received his education at Oxford. He was chaplain to Prince Henry, and rector of St. Matthew, Friday Street, in London, where he became an eminent preacher. King James appointed him one of his own chaplains, and in the year 1616 promoted him to the see of Bangor. A few years afterwards he was committed to the Fleet Prison. His crime is not known. It has been said to have been immorality; but that is seldom punished

punished as a political offence. It is more probably conjectured, that it might be owing to some interference in Prince Charles's match with the Infanta of Spain. There were great disputes about the manner of his trial. His Practice of Piety was dedicated to this prince; and its object was to extract from the chaos of endless controversies the old practice of piety, which prevailed before those controversies were engendered. As a proof of its popularity, the octavo edition of 1734 was the fifteenth. It was translated into French, as well as Welsh; and a preacher in the chapel of Somerset House complained, that it rivalled the Bible in the estimation of the common people. It has been said, that Dr. Bayly purchased it of a puritan minister's widow. No proof of this assertion has been produced; and such invidious doubts of literary originality have so frequently been raised on slender grounds, that themselves now labour under stronger suspicions than those by which they attempt to invalidate the fame of others. Bishop Bayly died in 1632, and was buried in the cathedral of Bangor.

In the chancel of St. Peter's church there is a monument to Sir Rice ap Thomas, with two figures recumbent, which tradition, rather than any evidence of the monument itself, declares to have been Sir Rice and his lady. There is not even the trace of an inscription. So perishable was the stone of which the fabric was composed, that nothing can be made out but the armorial bearings of the family, with the garter round the arm. The body had been removed from the church of the White Friars in the suburbs.

In point of population, Caermarthen is the fourth town in all Wales. Its numbers were returned under the late Population Act, at thousand five hundred and forty eight. The trade of the place is considerable; but there is no internal manufacture to employ
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the poor, who are very numerous, very burdensome to the inhabitants, and very profligate. Without any opportunity of observing the fact, I have been assured that the state of morals is more relaxed in this capital of South Wales, than in any other part of the principality. We may be permitted to hope, that it has not been called Little London on this account.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

KIDWELLY...SPUDDER BRIDGE...PENBREE HILL...LLANELLY...
 DAVEN BRIDGE...CHAPEL DEWY...LLANGRANACH....PONT
 AR DULAS...LLANDEBIE...CARREG CENNEN CASTLE.

WITH the exception of sea views, and Lan Stephan Castle after crossing the ferry, there is nothing particularly to be noticed in the coasting excursion till we reach the little trading town of Kidwelly, which is of high antiquity. In the year 990 Edwin ap Eneon, with an army of Englishmen and Danes, attacked the possessions of Meredith ap Owen in South Wales. Gower, Kidwelly, St. David's, and Cardigan, in turn felt the effects of his hostile progress; but he contented himself with taking hostages of the principal inhabitants, and did not lay the country entirely waste. Meredith revenged himself on the territory of Glamorgan; but the two chieftains were soon afterwards reconciled, and the trade of destruction ceased for a time. William de London, one of the Norman knights who conquered Glamorganshire, not content with his allotment there, about three years afterwards invaded the territories of Gruffyth ap Rees ap Tudor, Prince of South Wales, and took from him, among other spoils, the lordship of Kidwelly. Prince Gruffyth ap Rees was at that time very young, and a voluntary exile for his own security in Ireland; but he returned to his country and friends about the year 1111, and in 1114 won back the castle of Kidwelly from William de London, waiving his

estates,

estates, and carrying away great spoils. He was assisted in this enterprize by his noble relations from Cardiganshire, Cedivor ap Goronw, Howel ap Idnerth, Trahaern ap Ithel, and many others, by means of whose cooperation he reconquered a large portion of his father's territory, demolished many castles, and established to himself the fame as well as fortune of a warrior. When King Henry heard of this, he sent to Sir Owen, son of Cadwgan, called in South Wales Owen the traitor, and to Llywarch ap Trahaern, promising them great rewards if they would oppose Prince Gruffyth ap Rees. Owen and Llywarch obeyed the king; but no sooner had Gerald, lieutenant of Pembroke Castle, heard that Owen had arrived in Cardigan, than he remembered the injuries and dishonour he had sustained when his wife Nest was forcibly carried away, and immediately determined on revenge. In this spirit he and his followers came suddenly upon Owen and his men; and before the battle had well begun, Owen was slain by an arrow. Thus it befel that lawless ruffian in the gratification of his passions, who had so greatly injured the Welsh nation. The consequences of his conduct are represented by the historians as having been more detrimental to the interests and independence of the native princes than any events which are recorded in their annals either before or since. In the year 1190 the castle was rebuilt by Rees ap Gruffyth. In the vicissitudes of these turbulent times it returned to the posterity of William de London, from whom, by the marriage of an only daughter and heiress into the house of Lancaster, it became parcel of the duchy. It was granted by Henry the Seventh to Sir Rice ap Thomas, and again, on the forfeiture of Sir Rice's grandson, to the Vaughans of Golden Grove, when Lord Carbery was president of Wales.

The situation of this place is singular, and far from inviting, as you approach it from the higher grounds. It is built in a marsh,

and seems in perpetual danger of being inundated. The old town is much decayed, though it was in ancient times strongly walled, with three gates. The castle is well worth attention, if the traveller is not already saturated with castles. The ruins are large, and indicate its former magnificence. It seems to have been more uniform in its architecture than most of the Welsh buildings. It is erected on an artificial mount, and was double walled. Many of the apartments may be made out, and some of the staircases are accessible. There is a very fine gateway. The trade of Kidwelly was once very considerable; so much so, that it is said to have rivalled, if not exceeded, Caermarthen. If so, it must have declined greatly indeed; but there is still the appearance of some activity. The towns in the south of this county are generally superior in every respect to those in the north. In the new town there was a priory of Benedictines, as a cell to Sherborne.

The road to Llanelly is over the marshy flat, through which the canal is carried to the coal-works. After crossing Spudder Bridge we begin to mount Penbree Hill, from which elevation the surrounding scenery is viewed to the greatest possible advantage. Caermarthen Bay and the Bristol Channel to the opposite shores of Devonshire compose the marine prospect, while the interior is marked by considerable inequalities, with a large proportion of heath. This is the highest hill in the south of Caermarthen-shire, and seems higher than it is as it rises at once out of Kidwelly Marsh. Llanelly is a small, irregular, and dirty town; nor does the appearance of its inhabitants, who are chiefly miners and sailors, contribute to render it more inviting. The Llanelly coal is esteemed remarkably good, and the gentlemen's families in Cardiganshire are principally supplied with it. We now return to a region of collieries and furnaces. There is here an old deserted seat of Sir John Stepney. Those who wish to proceed for Gower will

will pursue the straight road to the ford over the Logor; but the eastern boundary of this county is well worth tracing upwards; and for that purpose the road to the left must be taken at Daven Bridge, near which is the small ruin of Chapel Dewy, with its picturesque yew-tree. The landscape, immediately on the change of direction, rises in beauty. The road accompanies the Logor, which for some time divides the two counties, almost to its source. This river is thus characterised in the fifth song of the Polyolbion:

Thus have we overgone the Glamorganian Gowr,
 Whose promontory (plac'd to check the ocean's pow'r)
 Kept Severn yet herself, till being grown too great,
 She with extended arms unbounds her ancient seat,
 And, turning lastly sea, resigns unto the main
 What sovereignty herself but lately did retain,
 Next, Logor leads the way, who with a lusty crew
 (Her wild and wand'ring steps that ceaselessly pursue)
 Still forward is inforc'd; as Amond thrusts her on,
 And Morlas (as a maid she much relies upon)
 Intreats her present speed; assuring her withall,
 Her best-beloved idle, Bachannis, for her fall
 Stands specially prepar'd, of every thing supply'd.

The Logor here is a fine object from Llangranach, a house in a fanciful but elegant taste, which was not finished when I had the pleasure of seeing it. When the tide is full, it forms a broad and magnificent piece of water. The country is rich and pleasing, and the buildings have that air of neatness and comfort which opulent manufacturers always communicate to a neighbourhood. But the intrusion of kilns and furnaces, with the smoky atmosphere of a manufacturing district, detracts from the charms of nature as much as it increases the appearance of wealth. The works
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here are not, however, so numerous as materially to disfigure the scene. Llangranach stands on the banks of the Morlas, a tributary stream to Logor. This Morlas is a second river of the name. The first comes out of Pembrokehire, and immediately, on its entrance into Caermarthenhire, replenishes the Taw with its contents. The similarity and repetition of names, whether of hills, rivers, or towns, is perplexing to a traveller, not acquainted with the country, in arranging his plan of operations. From Llangranach the road continues through the vale of Logor to Pont ar Dulas, the situation of which is very interesting. The bridge over the little river Dulas, which here joins the Logor, separates the counties of Caermarthen and Glamorgan. The breadth and importance of the larger river, and the engaging character of the scenery, with the lengthened reach of the vale down to Burry River, which is the mouth of the Logor, distinguished by a different name, render this solitary house a desirable place for strangers to stop at, particularly as the accommodations are good; and it is frequently the resort of parties from Swansea.

The great road to the left by New Bridge, Bryn y Maen, and Llannon, through a country rather rugged, is the course which the mail takes from Glamorganshire to Caermarthen. The situation of Llannon is elevated, and the view from the churchyard extensive; but there is nothing in this stretch of country to repay the labour of passing over it. Not so between Pont ar Dulas and Llandilo Vawr. To Llandebie the road for the most part runs on high ground, and is traced along the ridge of a hill, overlooking a valley on each side, with hanging woods, cultivated fields, and enclosures thickly planted. Towards the north-east the Black Mountains raise their heads above the tops of the fruitful hills which line the vale of Logor. This river now no longer forms the boundary. At the distance of a mile or two Amond River comes

comes in from the east. After passing a common you come down on the upper vale of Logor, and overlook a great part of the rich country towards Llandilo Vawr. A little beyond, Logor River is to be forded. It now becomes a slender and shallow stream, except after a heavy rain, when it is rapid and dangerous. The village of Llandebie is far from mean; it can boast a shop, with *Haberdasher* written over the door. There are few rides more various and pleasing than from Llanbedie to Llandilo Vawr. The wood is luxuriant and extensive. There are in one place some remarkably fine oaks, lining the road on each side, and meeting over head.

But the traveller must not be diverted by the pleasure of the way from exploring Carreg Cennen Castle. The path is wild, and difficult to be found without a guide. This extraordinary fortress is built on the point of a perpendicular cliff, not less than two hundred feet in height, on every side but one, where also the access is difficult. The castle does not occupy more than an acre; which is the utmost of the space allowed by this insulated rock. The construction of the building is so simple, as to warrant the supposition, that its date is much earlier than any notice of it at present to be met with in history. Some travellers have ventured to pronounce it the work of the ancient Britons; while others have assigned it to the Normans in the time of Henry the First. It is mentioned in the continuation of Caradoc, as taken about the year 1247 by Rees Vechan, whose mother had delivered it to the English, at the mere instigation of an unnatural antipathy to her son. This is the only mention of it which has occurred to me. There is a winding cave, forming a subterraneous gallery, bored through the solid rock, the breadth of which, on an average, is from five to six feet, and the height about ten. It is carried, on a moderate descent, through
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the rock, by the northern edge of the precipice. An aperture here and there gives light to this repulsive passage. Entirely surrounded by mountains, with an approach scarcely passable, and a gulph on three sides at which the head turns giddy, the mind recoils at any lengthened stay in so inhospitable an abode. The ruins, independently of their elevated base, are themselves of an uncommon height. This is one of the objects to which the attention of travellers is more particularly directed; and it deserves all the attention they can bestow on it; yet there are perhaps few subjects less capable of being represented with advantage on paper. It may, indeed, be observed of Caermarthenshire in general, that though there may be found a great deal of beauty, and much rural landscape, yet of insulated objects, picturesque and well grouped for the pencil, the county has not many.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ABERGWILLY PALACE...ALLT Y GOG...COTHY BRIDGE...CROSS
INN....COURT HENRY....RHW'R ADAR....GOLDEN GROVE....
NEWTON PARK...DINEVOWR CASTLE...LLANDILO VAWR.

WE are now to return to the vale of Tovy from Caermarthen upwards. The range of hills on the left, and the river on the right, are the leading features of this varied and beautiful scene. The stream itself is feeble, compared with many others; but it does not for this assimilate the less with the quiet and peaceful character of the tract it fertilizes in this part of its course. But this remark applies only to its state as when I saw it, for I was informed at Lord Dinevowr's that its floods in rainy seasons are most impetuous, and frequently produce serious mischief to the husbandry of the vale. The first object we have to particularize here is Abergwilly Palace, the only habitable residence of the seven which formerly belonged to the Bishop of St. David's; and even this was in a very dilapidated condition till repaired and improved by Lord George Murray, the late bishop. Under his management the grounds were brought into a state of high cultivation and beauty, though in the simplest taste; and the house has been refitted in a style well according with the supposed character of its professional inhabitant. The people of the village spoke very feelingly of his loss, though they had been led to expect good things from his successor, whom they had not then seen. But Lord

George, who improved every thing about him except his own fortune, employed great numbers of the poor; and this is a mode of being useful which never fails of its reward, if the praises and good-will of a dependent neighbourhood are a reward. In the present case they could not but be sincere; for the ear to which only they could have been mercenarily addressed was closed against flattery or censure; and the family were become aliens from the spot their inheritance had been impoverished by cultivating.

About Allt y Gog the range of hills on the left rises to greater height, and is for the most part clothed with magnificent woods, continued to the very summit, with occasional patches of cultivated land. Without enumerating every interesting point of view, I shall just mention Cothy Bridge, near the fall of that delightful river into the Tovy. On the left of Cross Inn is Court Henry, built by Henry ap Gwilym, who fought eight or ten duels with Sir Rice ap Thomas's father. Sir Rice extinguished the family feuds by marrying Eva, daughter and coheirefs of Henry ap Gwilym. It belongs at present to the family of Dyer; and just here is the spot to which the poet has given so just a celebrity. A little before sun-set, on the evening of a very brilliant day, was a favourable time for enjoying a scene of which I should quote the description, if it were not familiar to every reader of taste. Nearly opposite Rhw'r Adar is Golden Grove, on the other side of the Tovy. I had been so often asked whether I had ever seen Golden Grove, and there is something so inviting in the name, that I confess myself not a little disappointed on arriving at the place. It is by no means in the happiest position that might have been selected in this charming vale. It has, indeed, a very grand object in Dinevowr Castle, standing majestically on the lofty and well-wooded hill. The house approaches

almost to meanness; and the situation is flat and low. The name is no longer applicable; for the groves, with the exception of a little shelter to the house, are all demolished. I have already had occasion to mention this family of Vaughans as descended from the Earls of Carbery in Ireland, one of whom was created Baron Vaughan of Emlyn in this county. Mr. Vaughan is lately dead, and has left a considerable part of his estates to Lord Cawdor. He was a very considerable landholder.

Newton Park, within the precincts of which is found the royal residence of Dinevowr Castle, appears to me unquestionably to be the first finished place in South Wales. The views of the vale are extensive and picturesque; the surface of the park is undulating and unequally disposed; the masses of full-grown timber are large and frequent, the foliage splendidly profuse. When to all this is added such a river rolling at the foot of the hill, and encompassing two sides of the domain in its meandering course, the native princes must be supposed not to have been so simple in their taste, but that they chose their residences with a view to beauty and magnificence as well as security from the attacks of their enemies. It occupies a cluster of hillocks, rising above the town of Llandilo Vawr. The present mansion is not so placed as to command the park to the best advantage. It is a plain structure, of a square form, with turrets at the corners; but the house in itself has no very striking recommendations. The ancient and princely palace of Dinevowr rises out of a dark wood, which harmonizes with the gloomy grandeur of the dilapidated towers. The castle is supposed to have been built by Roderique the Great in the year 877. In the year 1214 Rees Vechan, after having burned the town of Llandilo Vawr, sustained a siege from his nephew with the English forces, and defended the fortress so manfully, that the besiegers were glad to obtain it on terms of

honourable capitulation, little known to the uncourtly warfare of those times. Henry's army was defeated by the Welsh under Llewelyn ap Gruffyth near this place, and the siege of the castle raised in 1257; and it was taken in the year 1287 by Rees ap Meredith. Many other particulars are to be found in most histories of Wales, and a considerable number of anecdotes in the Cambrian Register. Rice Gruffyth, being attainted, was executed in the twenty-third of Henry the Eighth, and his estates confiscated. Queen Mary gave back a small part of the estate, amounting to about fourscore pounds a year; and Charles the First restored to the family what remained in the hands of the crown, to the value of about two hundred pounds at that time; and this is all that is now in their possession. The direct descent of the family was in the following succession. Sir Rice ap Thomas, Sir Gruffyth Rice, Rice Gruffyth, attainted; Gruffyth Rice, whose blood was restored by act of parliament, Sir Walter Rice, and Henry Rice, to whom the estate was restored, and continued in a direct line down to the present time. For most of these notices respecting the castle and family, I am indebted to the obliging communications of Lord Dinevowr. There have probably been few acts of injustice more flagrant than the attainder to which I have before referred. The accusation was of a conspiracy to depose Henry the Eighth, and crown James the Fifth of Scotland; and this conspiracy was supposed to have been founded on an absurd prophecy, that James of Scotland with the red hand, and the raven, which was Rice's crest, should conquer England. In the thirty-third year of Henry the Eighth's reign, it was made felony to build prophecies on any external marks, or other corporeal peculiarity. The circumstance of Rice's having assumed the surname of Fitzurien, which had been in his family for more than a thousand years, was construed into an attempt at assuming the

the principality of Wales to himself. Such was the gratitude of Henry to the grandson of the man who had placed his father on the throne.

A room in one of the towers was used for occasional parties till within these few years, when the interior was destroyed by fire. The view from the walls exhibits the finest part of the vale in its greatest beauty. The hill is a precipice on the south and west; but the wood by which it is surrounded takes off from all the unpleasant impressions of such a situation. The course of the river immediately underneath is highly beautiful, and the meadows through which it passes gay with verdure and plantation. In contrast with this rich clothing, on the left there is a naked mountain, with Golden Grove at its base, scarcely forming an object of any magnitude or interest from so great a height. On the right, but nearly opposite, the famous hill of Dyer advances on the plain; and beyond, at a turn of the vale, a high sugar-loaf hill, with a castle, grand in its appearance, on the top, finishes the picture. On turning to look eastward over the park, its cultivated beauties are contrasted with the chain of black mountains which close in upon the upper vale. In this direction the Tovy is enclosed within narrower boundaries; and the features of its course, which for the most part have been gay and attractive, as far as we have hitherto met it, change into a lowering boldness. The lofty ruins of Carreg Cennen Castle are visible from another part of the grounds. The deer park has some sequestered and highly interesting spots. Time has added, and is adding greatly, to the magnificence of this place. Nor is it likely soon to be despoiled of its honours. Lord Dinevowr, indeed, carries the preservation of his woods almost to a fault; but there is no reason for fearing lest his fault should have many imitators. There is a great deal of old timber, which might be cut down without at all detracting from the sylvan character of the scene;

scene; and the young plantations which are thriving fast, would more than supply the loss. The storms every year split or root up many, which injure others in their fall, and are in themselves of less value, than if they were regularly felled; but his Lordship cannot be prevailed with to anticipate the stroke of the elements. This veneration seems to be hereditary; for the late Lady Dinworr preserved many large trees, by encircling their trunks with strong hoops, as they were occasionally riven by the frequent thunder-storms. Several of them have stood from ten to twenty years; and I need scarcely add, that they will stand as long as possible. His lordship, like most of the leading gentlemen in his neighbourhood, is in the farming line.

The town of Llandilo Vawr occupies a fine situation on the side of a steep hill, rising from the river, but it is old and dirty. The church-yard in the middle of the town, is intersected by the high road; and there is a row of houses, along the upper side of it, which commands a rich and varied prospect. Little as this place has in itself to recommend it, its environs in every direction are exquisitely beautiful. Besides the mansions belonging to large estates, there are more gentlemen's houses on a small scale within five miles round Llandilo Vawr, than any where in South Wales, excepting some parts of Glamorganshire. I should certainly recommend this town, in preference to Caermarthen, as a headquarters, from which to make daily excursions about the county. The style of country, especially to the north and east of this place, is highly interesting and picturesque. It was at Llandilo Vawr, that the decisive battle was fought between Llewelyn ap Gruffyth and the English forces under the Earl of Gloucester and Sir Edmund Mortimer, the tragical consequences of which in the neighbourhood of Aberedwy have already been related. The loss in this encounter, though successful, fell very severely on King Edward's party.

CHAPTER XXXV.

GURRY.....TALLIARRIS PARK.....TALLEY.....EDWINSFORD.....

LLANSAWEL...CYNVIL GAIO...LLANDOVERY...YSTRAD FFIN...

PONT VELINDREE.

THE road to Llandovery is carried through the vale, along which the Tovy feels its way, by the side of mountains encroaching on its course. But this part of the country will bear a second visit; when the ride or walk may be varied by turning off at the turnpike gate of Gurry, and taking the Lanbeder road as far as Llanfawel, and then crossing the hills. In this direction, hillocks and hollows, woods and cultivated fields, with the barren mountains frowning in the distance, form a series of picturesque attractions. The extensive woods adjoining Talliarris Park, constitute a principal ornament of the scene. Many years ago, these groves were severely handled by their proprietor; but they have retrieved their honours in a great degree, which are likely rather to be improved than impaired by the spirit and taste of their present proprietor. On the other side of the road, at some distance, is Abermarles Park, once the seat of Sir Rice ap Thomas. When commissioners were sent into Wales to inquire into abuses, in consequence of grievous complaints, Gruffyth ap Nicholas Sir Rice's grandfather, met them near Llandovery with four or five ragged attendants, offering with all humility to conduct them to the end of their journey. The commissioners were much rejoiced to find, how greatly the authority and resources of this chieftain had been over rated. When they came to Abermarles Park, Thomas
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the son of Gruffyth met his father, with a hundred retainers well mounted. The commissioners began to doubt how far the accused would stand to their award. They proceeded about five miles further, to Newton Park. Here the second son Owen, received his father with a guard of two hundred horse. The invitation to carouse, given by so formidable a host, could not well be refused. The principal commissioner lost his credentials out of his pocket. Gruffyth ap Nicholas was offended at his unauthorized pretensions, and sent him back under the engagement of an oath, to justify the Welsh, and take shame to himself and his colleagues. Abermarles had become the property of Thomas ap Gruffyth, by marriage with the daughter of Sir John Gruffyth. It was here that Sir Rice ap Thomas entertained the Duke of Buckingham, after their reconciliation. The place came to Sir Rice in right of his mother. A little way further stands the monastery of Talley, on a fine and luxuriant little flat, screened by a lofty ridge on each side, and looking down over a rich country towards the vale of Towy. There are considerable remains of the building; and it ranks among the most venerable specimens of ecclesiastical establishments in this part of the principality. It was very richly endowed; so that the abbot was scarcely inferior in power and influence, to any churchman within the diocese, except the bishop. I have already mentioned, that Mr. Johnes possesses a specimen of the taste, with which the apartments of this religious house were decorated. During the latter part of the contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, the Abbot of Talley was a principal instigator of Sir Rice ap Thomas, to adopt the Lancastrian party. There had been, and subsisted afterwards, a close connection between the monks of Talley and that family. I have before noticed the connection of the Johnes's with the same family; and it is probable that
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old friendship induced the fraternity to make a present of the picture when they could no longer keep it themselves. There is no doubt of its authenticity. There are two pools of rather a large size close by the monastery.

The next object of attraction is Edwinsford, a seat of Mr. Hamlyn Williams, member for the county, on the banks of the Cothy. It is a very delightful spot, with a house about a hundred years old, the more respectable for not having attempted to shake off the clumsy decorations of its period. An ancient avenue leads up to it from the road, and the grounds are rich in well grown plantations, as well as diversified by a pleasing inequality of surface. The surrounding circle of mountains, though too low and broad-crowned to be picturesque, gives an appropriate finish to the character of the grounds. The principal charm is the Cothy, fresh and rapid, with no inconsiderable breadth at this place. There is a mill a little way above, and some rocky scenery. This ranks among the prettiest rivers of the inferior class. I have to thank Sir James Hamlyn for some useful directions respecting this part of my journey, as well as for the pleasure of tracing the Tovy above Llandovery.

Llanfawel is a pleasing spot, on a branch of the Cothy. The village is decent, and there is a tolerable inn. The rest of the way to Lanbeder is sterile in the extreme. I therefore turned to the right, up a wild common, and after a laborious ascent, reached the summit of Cynvil Gaio. This is a mountain on the road between Lanbeder and Llandovery, which commands almost the whole of the rugged country between those two places, with a partial glance upon the vale between Llandovery and Llandilo Vawr, as overlooking the intervening hills. Here and there you have a pretty scene on the approach to Llandovery; but nothing of very marked character, till you come to the bridge of one arch

over the Tovy, before mentioned to have been built by William Edwards. Thus far, though the vale has narrowed, it has preserved its features of cultivation and fertility. The reach downwards is rich and beautiful, though confined; upwards, it contracts into a dingle, crowded by mountains larger in size, barren, rocky, and lowering.

The town of Llandovery is one of the worst in Wales. Its buildings are mean, irregular, and unconnected; its streets filthy and disgusting. The place is small; but it has a large market much frequented from the confines of Brecknockshire and Cardiganshire. It is generally given in the books, as situated on a bank of the Tovy; but this is incorrect, for its site is on the Brane, which loses itself in the Tovy at a little distance below. On a mount commanding that river, nearly in the centre of the town, is the castle, small in its dimensions, and much of it destroyed. It is deeply trenched; but little is known either of its foundation or history. In the year 1116, it was besieged by Gruffyth ap Rees, who burned the outer ward, and slew a great part of the garrison, but lost so many of his own men, that he was obliged to abandon the attempt. After Rees Vechan had evacuated Dinevowr castle in 1214, he left this castle well fortified and manned, while he attended his wife and children to a place of safety. In his absence, the governor delivered it without a blow to an army of Welsh and Normans, who threatened to invest it. This seems to have been a death-blow to the fortunes of Rees Vechan; for he was soon after taken and lodged in the king's prison at Caermarthen.

Llandovery is remarkable for the birth and residence of Rees Prichard, its celebrated vicar. Having passed through the forms of a regular education, he was inducted to this living in the year 1602. In 1626, he was made Chancellor of St. David's, and died

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at Llandovery in 1644. Such is the jejune account given of him by Anthony Wood, and I have been able to procure no other. He was the author of what is known all over Wales as the Vicar's Book; a collection of very simple poetry, chiefly, but not altogether, on religious subjects, which the people are to this day in the habit of committing to memory. These compositions are said to have contributed more largely to good morals, than any book in the Welsh language. He left lands for the purpose of endowing a free school; but the husband of his grand-daughter by some means procured a commutation of the lands for an annual payment in money to the master. This was continued for a short time, till a flood carried away the school house; which was never after rebuilt, and Wood tells us that even in his time, the school was in a manner forgotten. At Llandovery I expected to have obtained some particulars of a man, who certainly deserves to be recorded among the chief ornaments of his country. It happened unfortunately, that the present vicar was absent; but with the most diligent enquiry I could make, all the information to be procured was, that such a man once lived there. The person who shewed me the church, seemed to feel for the general want of feeling: it is not even known where he was buried; whether under the communion table, or in the church-yard. There is neither stone nor inscription to his memory. I was shewn the grave of his wife and daughter; without any memorial, overgrown with weeds and nettles, which is the general condition of the graves here. My guide, who was a native of Llandovery, could not help admitting it to be one of the most uncivilized places in the principality. The house which was the vicarage in Rees Prichard's time, is in a dilapidated condition, and converted either into a granary, or to some other use of that kind. It wears the appearance of something bordering on magnificence, very unlike the character

of Welsh parsonages in general. Mr. Prichard had another living, besides his preferment and office in the chapter of St. David's; so that he was probably a man of more than usual opulence for that period.

From Llandovery to Trecastle a new road has been made to wind round the bases of the mountains through a deep valley, exhibiting a succession of the most romantic scenery. The old road is carried over the mountains; but besides its difficulty, it has infinitely less to repay the curiosity of the traveller. On quitting Llandovery, Pont Velindre crosses the Gwethrick, a rapid stream which runs from left to right, and, turning under some rocky projections, at the foot of a mountain, unites its waters with those of the Brane very near this spot. The road rises a little above the level of this meandering rivulet, which it keeps on the left for several miles. A cottage here and there breaks in upon the solitude, and a mill, turned by the stream, contributes its share of beauty to the general effect. The character of the mountains is various as well as grand; alternately naked and woody, but in general rising gradually from their bases to their summits, without those projecting crags which distinguish the hilly tract a little farther onwards. The soil is rather of a red cast; and those mountains which are not wooded, display a rich luxuriance of turf and flowering herbage. The numerous flocks, feeding up and down, form a completely pastoral landscape. The valley closes in gradually till it terminates in a romantic pass, formed by a chasm between two large mountains. On the other side the pass the hills recede, and the Gwethrick diverges from the road; but the peaks of the great Black Mountain, rising above the nearer range, indicate the style of country we are to expect on our arrival at Trecastle.

In every respect different from this scene is that of the Towy in
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its descent from its spring in Cardiganshire, through the defiles of the mountains into the vale between Llandovery and Llandilo Vawr. There is no part of South Wales where the country is wilder, or the people so wild. Wherever nature has room to unbofom her fertility, it is shewn in the most luxuriant and interesting forms; but in general the rocks and hills, which are crowded on each other, and reach an unusual height, rise abruptly from the skirts of the little valley, or even from the narrow bed of the river. The windings of the dingle produce a succession of interesting circumstances, till the great object of the visit is attained in the magnificent scenery of Ystrad Ffin, formed by the junction of the Toothy, reinforced by Pescover, with the Tovy under circumstances of peculiar grandeur. The valley is now narrowed into a ravin, of which the former has the possession, while the latter finds its way down the sides of a high mountain, not in a precipitous fall, but in a succession of leaps from rock to rock, sometimes foaming over every impediment, at others wearing its obstructed course between or behind the overhanging crags, till it meets the Toothy in the bottom. The woods, with which these precipices are partly clothed, darken its channel with their shadow, while the larger masses of Rescob Forest beyond add a pleasing richness to the spot, whose other features are so eccentric. At the top of the mountain, close by the first declination of the Tovy, there is a cave, about four yards square, to which a story is of course attached. It is said to have been the retreat of Thomas John, the son of Catharine, a noted robber, who aspired to marry the heiress of Ystrad Ffin. The lady, though she professed to disdain the match, seems not entirely to have refused a parley; for while her suitor was pleading at her window, by some accident she put her hand through, when he seized it, and swore he would cut it off unless she vowed solemnly on the spot to become

become his wife. The country people send every stranger to see the chamber of Thomas John in the rock. The cave of itself would not be worth the labour and danger of mounting to it; but the command of the falling river, with all its accompaniments, seen through the thick foliage in which the hollow is enveloped, is sufficient to compensate for the difficulty of the access. In climbing up by the rocks and trunks of trees you are continually passing other cavities, undignified by a legend, and the summit appears as if it had been perforated, in every direction, by the force of storms from every quarter of the compass. Cwm Cothy, on the other side of this chain of hills to the westward, exhibits specimens of scenery somewhat resembling this, but on a much larger scale.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

GLAMORGANSHIRE.

SWANSEA....SKETTY PARK....LOWER SKETTY....OYSTERMOUTH
CASTLE...THISTLE BOON...CARWELL BAY...PULDW POINT...
PENNARTH....PENMAEN....KING ARTHUR'S STONE....PENRICE
CASTLE...OXWICH CASTLE...PORT INON POINT...ROSILLY BAY
...WORMS HEAD...LLANGENNEY...LLANMADOC...CHERITON...
PENCLAWDD...LOGOR...GELLYHYR.

I AM now to conclude these observations with the western part of Glamorganshire, which the unexpected bulk of my volume admonishes me to trace with much less minute attention than I have bestowed on the eastern. The province of Gower shall be the subject of the present chapter:

In the year 1099 Henry Beaumont came into Gower against the sons of Caradoc ap Jestin, and won from them large portions of their territories. He built the castles of Swansea, Logor, Llan-ridian, and Penrice. This last was erected on the spot where Rees, the son of Caradoc ap Jestin, was slain. By these precautions he fortified himself in this country; and, for his further security, introduced Saxons, as the Welsh historians, ancient and modern, so inveterately denominate the English, to whom he gave lands. Of all the oppressions exercised by the Normans, those of Henry Beaumont in Gower were the most intolerable.

Swansea

Swansea is in that district of Glamorgan called Gower. I am not aware that it is mentioned in any of the ancient histories before this time. All the castles mentioned above are likewise in Gower, and very considerable remains are still extant both of Logor and Penrice; but no vestiges can now be discovered of Llanridian. Gruffyth de Gower was the founder of a family in Gower, distinguished by its great authority and opulence about the end of the twelfth or beginning of the thirteenth century. He was a Welsh chieftain, descended from one of the royal houses. The celebrated English poet, John Gower, the contemporary, friend, and panegyrist of Chaucer, was a descendant of this Gruffyth de Gower, and a native of the province so called. He was in the height of his reputation about the year 1380.

In the year 1113 Gruffyth ap Rees, Prince of South Wales, laid siege to the castle of Swansea, which had been built by Henry Beaumont, and burned every thing about it; but he could not make himself master of the fortrefs. He, however, wasted the district of Gower, and carried away very great spoils. Llywarch ap Lhwelin, in a panegyric ode to Rees Vechan, Prince of South Wales, has a passage to the following effect in English: Thou hast demolished Caermarthen, with legions of its Normans. Many a Norman returns to the place whence he came. In Swansea, that peaceless town, the towers are rent, and now peace prevails there. As for St. Clare, and its consecrated domains, Saxons are no longer those that possess them. In strongly fortified Swansea, the key of England, all the women are widows.

This seems to have been about the year 1216, when, according to Caradoc's history, Rees Vechan of South Wales, and Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, Prince of North Wales, won all the castles of Gower, and demolished them. Swansea Castle of course was one of them, though not mentioned by the historian, as Swansea is in
Gower.

Gower. The Normans in the original Welsh are termed Franks or Frenchmen, as I am informed that they are most generally called in all the old Welsh manuscripts. Where the poet speaks of St. Clare with its consecrated domains, the term does not refer merely to its groves and retreats for pious contemplation, but to its more substantial possessions of glebe lands and those various kinds of property with which churches, abbies, and other religious houses or institutions were usually endowed. David Benfras, a bard, has also an ode to Lhwelin ap Jorwerth, on the events of his joint expedition with Rees Vechan against the castles of Gower. The signification of one passage is in English as follows: "I drank of his wine out of a splendid bugle (or buffalo's horn, used for drinking); his robes were adorned with gold, and his manner affable. I drank of his wine in his palace of Aberfraw, where he patronizes the bardic mysteries; in the great fortress of Caermarthen, where he laid out his festive table (or festive board); in the fortress of Deganwy (which is a castle near Aberconway in North Wales); in Swansea; in his powerful expedition through the town of Kidwelly."

The same bard addresses an ode to Lhwelin ap Gruffyth, the last prince of North Wales, which contains in substance the following passage: "The sixth place in his expedition; the sixth place where he made breaches, was Swansea. That fair place was delivered from the Normans and Saxons." This appears to have occurred in the year 1260, when, as the continuator of Caradoc relates, Lhwelin ap Gruffyth sallied forth on an excursion over all South Wales, and took many castles. There are several other ancient anecdotes of Swansea, both historical and poetical; but I hasten to what few trifles I have been able to collect on the subject of its present state and commerce, in addition to the full and accurate account given in the Swansea Guide.

About the year 1730, or not much sooner, the first copper work was established, on the eastern side of the river; and I have been informed that it was not till about the year 1760, or thereabouts, that any thing additional of this nature took place. Since that time, the copper works and collieries have increased in so great a degree, that it is not at all improbable it may at some distant period rival Bristol or Liverpool. This supposition will scarcely appear extravagant to those who have witnessed the rapid change in this county within the last thirty years. At present, it is nearly doubled in population by Merthyr Tydvil. The numbers in Swansea, as taken in 1801 by William Spencer and Morgan Howel, overseers of the poor, and by Samuel Hughes and John Habakkuk on the part of the parish, were found to be six thousand eight hundred and thirty-one. The town of the greatest population in Wales next to Swansea is Holywell in Flintshire; its numbers were at the same period five thousand five hundred and sixty-seven. Caermarthen comes within twenty of Holywell; but Swansea reckons almost thirteen hundred more than either of them. From a little Welsh account of the principality, first printed about the year 1720, it appears that Swansea was then noted for the manufacture of straw hats; that it had a considerable trade in coal; and that it was the best built and most cleanly town in all Wales. It was, till of very late years, remarkable for its cleanliness and neatness. The streets were every where swept very clean early in the morning, and strewed with sand. This usage is, as much as possible, still continued; but the greatly increased bustle of commercial thoroughfare, the great influx of occasional visitors, and its occupations, dirty in many of their departments, do not admit of the former nicety. Still it is a very cleanly place, and the most so of any large town in Wales. In this respect it is unlike Caermarthen, which, though esteemed a good town where
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the towns are so bad, is filthy to an unpardonable excess. There is a very flourishing pottery carried on here, on Mr. Wedgwood's plan. The clay is brought from various parts of England, and mixed with flint very finely ground. After it is properly blended in water, it is passed through sieves, till all the coarser particles are lost, which is followed by its exposure to heat, till the water has evaporated, and the clay, by being beaten to press out the air, is brought to such a consistency that it may be worked. A piece of clay is placed on a board with a horizontal rotation, by which the vessel is almost instantaneously formed; the processes of colouring, glazing, painting, and stamping, with the drying and baking kilns, are extremely well managed, and some of the ware is very beautiful.

The celebrated Richard Nash was born in this town, in the year 1673. His father was partner in a glass-house, and his mother was niece to Colonel Poyer, who defended Pembroke Castle against the rebels, after having revolted from the parliament to the king's party in 1648, and was shot by Cromwell in the following year, after having cast lots with Langhorn and Powell. Young Nash was educated at Caermarthen, and went to Oxford to qualify himself for the profession of the law; but his habits there were irregular, and he purchased a commission in the army. He soon grew tired of his new pursuit, and sold out, to lead the idle life of a nominal law-student in the Temple. Bath was at that time a very poor place; and it was not till the year 1703 that any regular system of accommodation was attempted. Captain Webster first began to regulate the amusements, and to him Mr. Nash was introduced on a casual visit. Most men have some tinder in their composition; so that if a spark does but fall in the right place, their genius will light up. Captain Webster's occupation seized instantly on the fancy of Beau Nash. They became friends

at once, assumed the empire of fashion, and divided the homage of its votaries. In the year 1710 Captain Webster died, and his colleague assumed the reins of government without opposition. When the pump-room was built, the physicians applied to Mr. Nash to assist their endeavours. He procured a band of music, brought the company to the pump-room, and made Bath what it now is. He held his office and his honours, undisputed and undiminished, for the long period of fifty years. There probably never was a master of the ceremonies whose awards were so absolute or so just. What makes his character worth recording is, that though in so fantastical a sphere of life, he was sincerely respected and really respectable. He lived to the great age of eighty-seven, and was buried in the abbey church at Bath, with almost unprecedented honours. His external symbol of monarchy was a white hat.

The increase of trade at Swansea will appear from the number of vessels employed in different years, which were six hundred and ninety-four in 1768, sixteen hundred and ninety-seven in 1790, and two thousand five hundred and ninety in 1800. The church is neat, with some good monuments. It is a very favourite bathing place, and would be delightful, if the smoke of the works in the vale did not in some measure affect the atmosphere, as well as impair the beauty of the scenery. The Burrows have many good lodging houses, overlooking Swansea Bay, which is highly beautiful. They afford very pleasant walks, and a fine view of the hills, as well as of the coast. The architecture of the castle is in the same style as that of Lamphey and the palace at St. David's.

There are no public accommodations in Gower, so that those who visit it must return to Swansea. I shall briefly enumerate the objects best worth attention. The first on the only tolerable road leading down to Penrice Castle is Sketty Park, on an eminence, commanding the whole of Swansea Bay; and near it is

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Lower Sketty. Oystermouth Castle is a majestic ruin, in a bold situation near the coast, commanding a delightful prospect of the country, and surrounded by broken cliffs, with the Mumbles Point close at hand. This also is said to have been built by Henry Beaumont. The walls are so little injured by time, that the design of the apartments may easily be traced. The entrance is at the south end. It now belongs to the Duke of Beaufort. The building is a good specimen of the Gothic. The village is singularly situated under the shadow of a high limestone rock. Above Oystermouth there is a lodging-house called Thistle Boon, with an extensive view over the whole of Gower, and the two bays of Caermarthen and Swansea. The rocky scenery of Carwell Bay is grand, and should be visited at low water. Puldw Point affords similar objects, with the addition of a very pretty dingle up the country. Pennarth has a weather-beaten ruin at the head of a vast sandbank, of little consequence in itself, but curious from being almost buried in the loose sand collected round it. From Puldw Point it should be the object to keep along the sea-shore as much as possible to Oxwich Point, so as to have a complete view of Oxwich Bay, with its grand shores, caverns, and promontories. Penmaen is at the foot of a mountain, one of the highest in South Wales, on which there is a huge cromlech, called in English King Arthur's Stone, and in Welsh the Stone of Sketty. The lifting of this stone into its present place is mentioned in the Welsh historical triades as one of the three arduous undertakings accomplished in the island of Britain, and still more than that, as one of the three wonderful exertions demonstrative of human power. The second was the erection of Stonendge; and the third, the formation of a heap or pile, respecting which it cannot now be discovered what, or where it was; but some have supposed that it might have been Lilbury Hill, the vast tumulus near

Marlborough.

Marlborough. This immense stone in Gower is supported by several other stones, and is a structure as similar to those already described near Duffrin House as the nature and form of such rude monuments admit, erected nearly in the state in which they were dug from the quarry. This has also a heap of stones thrown all around it. The author of the Swansea Guide tells us, unaccountably enough for so accurate a describer, that the great stone on the top is of alabaster. Bishop Gibson, in his Additions to Camden, says that it is of the lapis molaris; and he is perfectly correct. Indeed, the mountain on which it stands is almost entirely of millstone rock. This immense mass, though not the longest or widest of the Welsh cromlechs, is beyond comparison the heaviest, because it is by far the thickest. The Welsh name of this mountain is what we should call in English the Hill of Sketty; and I have already mentioned two places in the neighbourhood called Sketty; which puts it beyond a doubt that this is the stone intended in the triad. Like the labour at the stone of Sketty, is a common Welsh proverb, applied to very difficult labour at any important work. This hill of Sketty is noted for the fineness of the wool on its sheep, as well as for the excellent quality of the mutton, the salubrious air, and several other circumstances both of interest and utility.

Penrice Castle is the seat of Thomas Mansel Talbot, Esq. as I apprehend, of the Shrewsbury family. The house and grounds are much admired; but I cannot help testifying my surprise that Mr. Talbot, with such a subject to work upon, should not have worked differently. It is true, that he has given all the elegance of Twickenham to a remote corner; has formed artificial pieces of water in front of Oxwich Bay; and built a modern villa, scarcely large enough for his own family, under the nodding towers of the ancient castle, which is converted into an aviary.

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I have already noticed the building of the castle by Henry Beaumont; it was given to the Penrices, who came in with William the Conqueror, on their settlement in Gower during the reign of Edward the First. It devolved on the Mansels by marriage with the heiress of the Penrices, and a Talbot married a Mansel. Whether or not Mr. Talbot has well considered the laying out of his grounds, he does consider well the character of a country gentleman. I have already mentioned the provincial red mantle, called a wittle, worn by the women of this district, and the English part of Pembrokehire; for they are the same people. Lady Mary Talbot generally wears a very fine mantle of this kind instead of a cloke, in the precise fashion of the country, especially at church; and many other ladies, both here and in Pembrokehire, are beginning to follow her example. I notice this little circumstance, because there seems to me to be both feeling, good-sense, and policy, in persons of rank thus identifying themselves, if I may so say, with their neighbours and dependents.

A fine Gothic window is nearly all that remains of Oxwich Castle. The village is remarkably neat and pretty, and well sheltered with wood. The cottages are in the comfortable style of Glamorganshire, with neat gardens, and, what I have observed no where else, every cottager has either a horse or a partnership in a horse, and his little hayrick in the garden, by the side of the house. The new parsonage-house, built by Mr. Talbot as a testimony of respect to Mr. Collins, the present rector, is beautifully situated on the beach, at the western side of the bay. The church is situated no less advantageously; and the point of land running out into the channel at once protects the abodes of men and the works of vegetation against the destructive blasts from the Atlantic. At Port Inon Point there is a high precipice immediately over the sea, near the top of which is a most stupendous cleft. The village
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of Port Inon is a decent, retired, and rural spot; and is noted for its fine oysters. The rectory, like most of the preferments here, is in the gift of Mr. Talbot. Rosilly Bay presents us with the sea view of the westerly side, across the great bay of Caermarthen, to Caldy Island. There are lofty downs here, which afford magnificent prospects to a great extent either way; but the immediate country below is totally destitute of wood, and therefore unpleasing. Worms Head forms the extremity of the peninsula. It derives its name from a fancy of the sailors, who imagine it to resemble a worm, crawling with its head erect, between Nash Point and St. Gawaïne's Head. Its position on the map in some measure justifies the similitude, however whimsical. It runs more than a mile into the sea, and should be visited at low water, for the purpose of examining its curious rocks, which are inaccessible while the tide is flowing. The low isthmus, which connects it with the land, is then under water, and forms it into a small island. The eligugs visit this promontory, as well as the castles on the grand coast of Pembrokehire, to which these cliffs bear a strong resemblance, though on a scale somewhat inferior. Those noises, of which mention is made in Camden as occurring in the island of Barry, are certainly to be heard at Worms Head; and it has been conjectured, that here was the place really meant by Girald, but mistaken from the similar traces of the letters in Barry and Burry, the mouth of which river this head-land helps to form.

Cenydd, the son of Gildas, who lived about the middle of the sixth century, has already been mentioned as the founder of a monastery, where Caerphilly Castle now stands. He likewise established a congregation here in Gower, at Llangenney, where Robert de Bellomonte Earl of Warwick, afterwards dedicated a new church to the memory of the patron saint. In the year

1441, it was seized as an alien priory, and granted to All Souls College in Oxford. Above Llanmadoc there is a high hill, with evident vestiges of a Roman encampment; and a fine view over Caermarthen Bay, with the bold promontory of Worms Head immediately below on the south west. The village of Cheriton is neat and pleasant; but this side of Gower has little of the picturesque, though it abounds with natural and other curiosities. Penclawdd is not less rurally placed, under a hill, looking across Burry river to the coast of Caermarthen. The prospect is very fine at high water. There are coal and copper works here, as well as at Logor, which is a poor village, with the shell of a square castle, fortified by a double trench. Its origin has been already mentioned. In 1215, it was taken and demolished with the castle of Kidwelly, by Rees the son of Gruffyth ap Rees, the year before the expedition of Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, and Rees Vechan. The church-yard is beautifully planted, in a style superior perhaps to any but Briton Ferry. This place is the ancient Leucrum of Antoninus. The town is understood anciently to have been larger. Gellyhyr is the principal object of interest on the return to Swansea. The circuit of Gower is between forty and fifty miles. In point of landscape it affords less than most parts of Glamorgan; but the origin and habits of the people, the antiquities and curiosities, render it highly worthy of an attentive examination. It abounds in many places with deep pits, for which no cause has yet been satisfactorily assigned. The eastern side is remarkably fruitful and well cultivated.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

KILVAY HILL...MORRISTON...CLASEMONT...WERN LLYNWITH...
 PENLLEGARE...CRUMLLYN...YNIS Y GERWN...MELIN COURT...
 GNOLL CASTLE...NEATH..

THERE is a very fine walk or ride along the sands to Briton Ferry, commanding all the magnificent and interesting objects of Swansea Bay. Kilvay Hill rises directly from the beach, in a conical form, and affords a better view of Swansea, than can be taken from any other spot. The river Tawy, the canal, the shipping, the town, and the bay, form a busy scene of mercantile industry, and wealth, heightened in its effect by the mountainous character of the surrounding country. The length of the town, including the suburbs, is little less than a mile and a half; but it is in general narrow. I have in a former chapter mentioned the Swansea canal, as passing through the vale of Tawy. The turnpike road to Neath is carried circuitously through this vale, as far as Morriston, which is now a considerable place, with a population of about one thousand inhabitants. It has a new church, and an organ, with two dissenting meeting houses. The building of this new town was begun about the year 1768, on a plan furnished by William Edwards, who superintended the construction of Mr. Morris's copper works for twenty years. The principal part of the copper is imported from Anglesey, to be manufactured here. Clafemont is Mr. Morris's seat, and is one of the first residences in the county.

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There are many other handsome houses in this neighbourhood, belonging to the principal commercial people; among which is particularly to be noticed Wern Llynwith, belonging to Mr. Smith, a proprietor of very extensive collieries, and solicitor to the East India Company. It is situated about half way between Morriston and Neath.

Thus far the beautiful features of nature are completely defaced by the smoke of works, and the ranges of unsightly buildings in every direction. The vale, in its course upwards from Morriston to Hennoyadd in Brecknockshire, where we left it, is continually losing something of its artificial deformity, and gaining fresh accessions of the best materials for forming a perfect landscape. But I have already so fully described the finest part of it, that I shall not renew the subject here. The canal is well worth observing, and the walk by the side of it is pleasant. The head at Hennoyadd is three hundred and seventy-two feet above the level of the Tawy at Swansea Bar; and there are thirty-six locks on it in the space of sixteen miles. From Morriston there is a very beautiful ride westward to Pont ar Dulas, through a rich and well inhabited country. The leading object of attraction is Penllegare, a new house, in a good style, not far removed from magnificence. This is in the great road through Glamorganshire to Caermarthen and Milford. The country eastward between Morriston and Neath is miserably disfigured by the operations of the works; yet the first view of Gnoll Castle, occupying an eminence above the town of Neath, backed by higher hills and extensive plantations, is highly favourable to the pretensions of that splendid but deserted seat. The colliery, at some distance on the right, is well worth visiting, particularly on account of the canal for the carriage of the coal to Neath river.

This was the first work of the kind attempted in Wales, and

curious on that account. The coals were formerly sent by a circuitous and expensive land-carriage to be shipped at the mouth of the Tawy. There is a bog between the colliery and Neath river, called Crumllyn, of two miles in diameter, through which it was boldly designed to conduct the canal. The spongy nature of the ground repeatedly baffled the skill of the engineers; but they at length overcame every obstacle, and the work was completed in 1790. The length of this canal is little more than three miles; but when it is considered that it was the first, and executed at the expence of a private individual, in despite of such discouraging impediments, it becomes interesting and important. In the course of thirteen years we have seen to arise, from this single example, in South Wales alone, canals, or projects of canals, for Brecknock, Monmouthshire, Cardiff, Aberdare, Neath, Swansea, and Kidwelly. These great undertakings have produced such a revolution in the country, and brought it so far forward on the stage of political importance, as in a great measure to change its character, particularly in the western division, and introduce, whether for good or evil, an ambitious and enterprising spirit. Whatever we may think of it in London, while we are travelling through the vale of Neath it is impossible not to regret the introduction of commerce. This is perhaps the best known and most favourite excursion of the English traveller; but it is not now permitted fairly to enjoy its beauties from Neath to Ynis y Gerwn. Briton Ferry as yet remains untouched. At Ynis y Gerwn bar-iron is worked into tin plates, after having been made into bars from pig-iron at a forge below. From this place to Pontneath Vechan the gentle course of the river, with hanging woods on either side, and that felicity of soil, atmosphere, and herbage, peculiar to the vales in this exposure, produces a scene of pleasure, with some portion of sublimity, to which it would be difficult for any description



Drawn & Engraved by J. Laporte

Melincourt.

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description to do justice. After crossing the river on the return to Neath, it should be the first object to explore Melin Court, where there is a magnificent fall of the Cledaugh from the height of eighty feet. With the exception of the Mynach falls, this is the largest in South Wales, and unrivalled in its accompaniments, considered as an enclosed scene. The rich clothing of the precipice, the overcast hue of the objects, the foliage intercepting the view and preventing the whole from being exhausted, conspire, with the magnitude of the principal feature, to increase the interest of the spot. The spray is much increased by a fragment of rock, which lies directly under the fall, and casts off the whole body of water from its flat surface. Neither is Melin Court without its artificial objects of curiosity; for it has a large blast furnace, a finery, and a foundry; the diameter of one wheel measures forty feet, and the action of the bellows is so powerful, that, if increased to the degree of which it is capable, it would entirely shatter the building. I point out Melin Court more particularly to the notice of the traveller, because the people at Neath usually direct strangers to a little cascade on the Dulas, of pleasing character but small volume, and suffer them to remain ignorant of this more splendid attraction. The road from Melin Court to Gnoll Castle is carried along terraces, with thick woods intervening between the passenger and Neath River below, yet not to the exclusion of the vale. This noble mansion was built by Sir Herbert Mackworth, and left by the late Sir Robert to his widow. After her second marriage, another seat was preferred, and this sold; but in consequence of some legal obstacles the purchase has never been completed, and a few years will probably see it in a ruinous state. The bold style of the country is well considered in the disposition of the grounds, which are indebted for their improvements to Sir Herbert's skill and taste. A tower, designed for a
banqueting-

banqueting-room, on one of the hills, takes in from its windows nearly the whole of Neath Castle, river, and town, Swansea, the Mumbles Point, and Bristol Channel. The park has besides a fine wood, a dingle, and an artificial cascade, well contrived, the value of which is much diminished by the decided superiority of nature in her arrangement of scenery so near at hand. I much question whether the attempt, though successful to a certain extent, would not with more propriety have been omitted. The lawn is entirely undermined by the coal-works.

The iron and copper-works in the neighbourhood of Neath, from the contamination of which the bold exposure of Gnock Castle is not exempt, render the town offensive; but its antiquities are highly interesting and curious. It has already been mentioned, that Richard Grenville was one of Fitzhamon's knights, who came about the year 1090 to assist Jestin and Eneon against Rees ap Tudor. Some years afterwards, in the reign of Henry the First, this Richard Grenville and his wife Constance, to quiet their consciences with respect to their share in the usurpation, gave their chapel in the castle of Neath, the tithes belonging to it, a large tract of waste land, and other possessions, for the purpose of building a magnificent abbey on the west side of the river, a little way below the town, the remains of which, notwithstanding their appropriation to their present squalid purposes, are among the most admirable specimens of religious architecture in Wales. When Queen Isabella, after arranging her foreign alliances in Hainault, had landed safely in the harbour of Harwich, the whole kingdom was set in commotion. We have already traced King Edward from Caerphilly Castle to Neath, where he was received, and for some time protected from the effects of the plots contrived against him. The Spencers, and many of his other friends, were put to death; but the manner in which he
was

was at last betrayed into the hand of his opponents remains to finish his melancholy history. In Drayton's Barons Wars there is a description of the circumstances, according with the accounts of all the English historians, but without taking any notice of his progress in disguise through Llangonoyd, and irreconcilable with the statement given under the head of Caerphilly Castle, unless we may suppose Drayton and the historians to have meant, that he took shipping from this coast to escape into Ireland, and was driven back.

In that black tempest long turmoil'd and toft
Quite from his course, and well he knew not where,
'Mongst rocks and sands, in danger to be lost,
Not in more peril; than he was in fear;
At length perceiving he was near some coast,
And that the weather somewhat 'gan to clear,
He found 'twas Wales; and by the mountains tall,
That part thereof which we Glamorgan call.
In Neath, a castle next at hand, and strong,
Where he commandeth entrance with his crew,
The Earl of Glo'ster, worker of much wrong,
His Chancellor Baldock, which much evil knew,
Reding his Marshal, other friends among;
Where closely hid, though not from Envy's view,
The Muse a little leaveth them to dwell,
And of great slaughter shapes herself to tell.

The stanzas which follow to the end of the book are admirable. They would afford the best specimen of the author, but are too numerous for insertion, and too closely connected for selection. We are told that the king, though under the protection of a castle, and within the privilege of sanctuary, was obliged to leave his retreat at Neath, which was threatened with a siege. Under the conduct of a monk he endeavoured to return to his friends, but was betrayed
in

in his way, at the castle of Llantrisant, by this very monk who attended him. His fate after that time is described in the fifth book of the Barons Wars :

The wretched King unnaturally betray'd,
By too much trusting to his native land,
From Neath in Wales to Kenelworth convey'd
By the Earl of Lei'ster with a mighty band ;
Some few his favourers, quickly over-weigh'd :
When straight there went a parliament in hand,
To ratify the general intent,
For resignation of his government.

It is said that the king in his own person was beloved by the Welsh, and would have been safe in his retirement at Llantrisant, had he not trusted himself to the monk in preference to their protection.

The remains of the castle are very small, and the ruin of the abbey is much disfigured by the families belonging to the copper-works, which occupy some part of it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

BRITON FERRY...EAGLES BUSH...BAGLAN HALL...ABERAVON...
 LLANGONOYD..TYNCAIA HOUSE..MARGAM PARK..PYLE INN...
 KENFIG POOL...NEWTON...MERTHYR MAWR..TYTHEGSTONE...
 LALESTON...BRIDGEND....COYCHURCH...LLANHAREN....NEW-
 CASTLE...COITY...LLANGEINOR....EWENNY....DUNRAVEN....
 MARECROSS...ST. DONATTS....LLANTWIT MAJOR..LLANMAES...
 LLANVIHANGEL...LLANDOUGH...LLANBLETHIAN.

BRITON Ferry, the seat of Lord Vernon, is at the mouth of Neath River, where it falls into the Bristol Channel. The richness and beauty of the surrounding landscapes are not often equalled. It assembles round its retreat fine hills, woods, vales, and rich pastures, in the happiest style of nature, with the Bristol Channel to the south. Neath River is the western boundary of the ornamented grounds. The woods literally run into the sea, and have in many places their roots in the salt water. This part of Wales is so mild in its climature, that myrtles, magnolias, and other tender exotics, grow luxuriantly in the open air. With respect to the churchyard, unrivalled for picturesque and moral interest, the reader will probably not be displeased if I submit to him an elegy written on the spot by the late William Mason, of which, after many inquiries, I have not been able to discover any trace in print. What few observations on local circumstances and customs I may have occasion to make, I shall subjoin in the form

of notes to the poem. This elegy was copied by Mr. Edward Williams from the original in the hand-writing of the author, in the possession of the late Rev. William Thomas, who resided at Baglan Hall, where Mr. Mason visited frequently.

I.

From southern Cambria's richly varied clime,
Where grace and grandeur share an equal reign;
Where cliffs o'erhung with shade, and hills sublime
Of mountain lineage, sweep into the main;

II.

From bays where commerce furls her wearied sails,
Proud to have dared the dangers of the deep,
And floats at anchor'd ease, enclos'd by vales,
To ocean's verge where stray the venturous sheep;

III.

From brilliant scenes, like these, I turn my eye;
And lo! a solemn circle meets its view,
Walled to protect inhumed mortality,
And shaded close with poplar and with yew.

IV.

Deep in that dell the humble fane appears,
Whence prayers, if humble best, to heaven aspire,
No tower embattled, no proud spire it rears,
A moss-grown corset decks its lowly choir.

V.

And round that fane the sons of toil repose,
Who drove the ploughshare, or the sail who spread;
With wives, with children, all in measured rows,
Two whitened stones well mark the feet and head.

VI.

While these between, full many a simple flower,
Pansy and pink with languid beauty smile;
The primrose opening at the twilight hour,
And velvet tufts of fragrant camomile.

VII.

For more intent the smell than sight to please,
 Surviving love selects its vernal race,
 Plants that with early perfume feed the breeze
 May best each dank and noxious vapour chase.

VIII.

The flaunting tulip, the carnation gay,
 Turnsole and piony, and all the train
 That love to glitter in the noontide ray,
 Ill suit the place where death and silence reign.

IX.

Not but perchance to deck some virgin's tomb,
 Where violets sweet their twofold purple spread,
 Some rose of maiden blush may faintly bloom,
 Or withering hang its emblematic head.

X.

These to renew with more than annual care,
 That wakeful love with pensive sleep will go;
 The hand that lifts the dibble shakes with fear
 Left haply it disturb the friend below.

XI.

Vain fear! for never shall disturber come
 Potent enough to wake such sleep profound,
 Till the dread herald to the day of doom
 Pours from his trump the world-dissolving sound.

XII.

Vain fear! yet who that boasts a heart to feel,
 An eye to pity, would that fear reprove?
 They only who are cursed with breasts of steel,
 Can mock the foibles of surviving love.

XIII.

These foibles, far beyond cold reason's claim,
 Have power the social charities to spread;
 They feed, sweet tenderness, thy lambent flame,
 Which, while it warms the heart, improves the head.

XIV.

Its chemic aid a grateful heat applies,
 That from the dross of self each wish refines;
 Extracts the liberal spirit, bids it rise
 Till with primeval purity it shines.

XV.

Take then, poor peasants, from the friend of Gray,
 His humbler praise, for Gray or failed to see,
 Or saw unnoticed, what had waked a lay
 Rich in the pathos of true poesy.

XVI.

Yes, had he paced this church-way path along,
 Or leaned like me, against this ivied wall,
 How sadly sweet had flowed his Dorian song,
 Then sweetest when it flowed at Nature's call.

XVII.

Like Tadmor's king, his comprehensive mind
 Each plant's peculiar character could seize,
 And hence his moralizing muse had joined
 To all these flowers a thousand families.

XVIII.

But he, alas! in distant village grave,
 Has laid with dear maternal dust his own :-
 Even now the pang which parting friendship gave,
 Thrills at my heart, and tells me, he is gone.

XIX.

Take then from me the pensive strain that flows
 Congenial to this consecrated gloom,
 Where all that meets my eye some symbol shows
 Of grief, like mine, that lives beyond the tomb:

XX.

Shows me that you, though doomed the live-long year
 For scanty food the toiling arm to ply,
 Can smite your breasts, and find an inmate there
 To heave, when memory bids, the ready sigh.

XXI.

Still nurse that best of inmates, gentle swains!
 Still act as heart-felt sympathy inspires;
 The taste that birth from education gains,
 Serves but to chill affection's native fires.

XXII.

To you more knowledge than what shields from vice,
 Were but a gift to multiply your cares;
 Of matter and of mind let reasoners nice
 Dispute, be patience yours, presumption theirs.

XXIII.

You know, (what more can earthly science know?)
 That all must die! by revelation's ray
 Illumed, you trust the ashes, placed below
 These flowery tufts, shall rise to endless day.

XXIV.

What if you deem, by hoar tradition led,
 To you perchance devolved from Druids old,
 That parted souls at solemn seasons tread
 The circles that their shrines of clay enfold;

XXV.

What if you deem they some sad pleasure take
 These poor memorials of your love to view,
 And scent the perfume for the planter's sake,
 That breathes from vulgar rosemary and rue.

XXVI.

Unfeeling wit may scorn, and pride may frown;
 Yet fancy, empress of the realms of song,
 Shall bless the decent mode, and reason own
 It may be right—for who can prove it wrong?

Stanza II. *And floats at anchored ease.*] Ships, that come into
 Neath river for coal, lie at anchor close to the pleasure grounds,
 and add to the beauty and variety of the scene.

Stanza V. *Two whitened stones.*] The stones at each end of
 the

the grave are whitened with lime every Christmas, Easter, and Whitfuntide.

Stanza VI. *Full many a simple flower.*] I have already mentioned, that it is a very ancient and general practice in Glamorgan to plant flowers on the graves; so that many churchyards have something like the splendour of a rich and various parterre. Besides this, it is usual to strew the graves with flowers and evergreens, within the church as well as out of it, thrice at least every year, on the same principle of delicate respect as the stones are whitened.

Stanza VII. *More intent the smell than sight to please.*] It has been observed before, that no flowers or evergreens are permitted to be planted on graves, but such as are sweet-scented. The pink and polyanthus, sweet-williams, gilliflowers and carnations, mignonette, thyme, hyssop, camomile, and rosemary, make up the pious decoration of this consecrated garden.

Stanza VIII. *The flaunting tulip.*] Thus far the remark of the poet is true, because the tulip is not of the sweet-scented kind; but no flower whatever is more frequently planted on graves than the carnation. Turnsoles, pionies, the African marygold, the anemony, and many others I could mention, though beautiful, are never planted on graves, because they are not sweet-scented. It is to be observed, however, that this tender custom is sometimes converted into an instrument of satire; so that where persons have been distinguished for their pride, vanity, or any other unpopular quality, the neighbours whom they may have offended plant these also by stealth upon their graves.

Stanza IX. — *to deck some virgin's tomb,*
Some rose of maiden blush — This is not perfectly correct; for it is the white rose that is always planted on a virgin's tomb. The red rose is appropriated to the grave of any person distinguished for goodness, and especially benevolence of character.

Stanza

Stanza X. *These to renew.*] In the Easter week most generally the graves are newly dressed, and manured with fresh earth, when such flowers or evergreens as may be wanted or wished for are planted. In the Whitsuntide holidays, or rather the preceding week, the graves are again looked after, weeded, and otherwise dressed, or, if necessary, planted again. It is a very common saying of such persons as employ themselves in thus planting and dressing the graves of their friends, that they are cultivating their own freeholds. This work the nearest relations of the deceased always do with their own hands, and never by servants or hired persons. Should a neighbour assist, he or she never takes, never expects, and indeed is never insulted by the offer of any reward, by those who are acquainted with the ancient customs.

In the fourteenth stanza, *gradual heat supplies*, is subjoined as a different reading for *grateful heat applies*, in Mr. Mason's own hand-writing.

In the fifteenth stanza the poet touches on Gray's omission of these circumstances, apparently as a sort of delicate apology for venturing to follow his friend in a churchyard elegy. Gray certainly must have seen Briton Ferry; for he as well as Mason was an occasional visitor to Mr. Thomas at Baglan Hall. But it is probable that, writing for the English reader, he chose only to notice such circumstances as are to be met with in churchyards in general, without entering into peculiar and local customs. May I not venture to suggest, that this forbearance was in unison with a pure and chastised taste, though the adoption of the idea might have added a beautiful stanza or two to the poem? The topic is natural and proper in Mr. Mason's elegy, and he has expatiated on it very feelingly.

Stanza XXV. *That breathes from vulgar rosemary and rue.*] The poet is here mistaken; for rue, being an ill-scented plant, is never admitted.

admitted on graves, unless in a spirit of derision. These customs have prevailed from time immemorial; and the new doctrine on the subject of population is but just broached. We may therefore attribute it to a clownish ignorance, insensible to the superior duties of celibacy, that the vulgar and illiberal prejudice against old maids and old bachelors subsists among the Welsh in a very disgraceful degree; so that their graves have not unfrequently been planted by some satirical neighbours, not only with rue, but with thistles, nettles, henbane, and other noxious weeds. It is only owing to some circumstance of this kind that Mr. Mason could have seen rue, if indeed he saw it at all.

In addition to the foregoing remarks, it may be observed of the Glamorganshire customs, that when a young couple are to be married, their ways to the church are strewed with sweet-scented flowers and evergreens. When a young unmarried person dies, his or her ways to the grave are also strewed with sweet flowers and evergreens; and on such occasions it is the usual phrase, that those persons are going to their nuptial beds, not to their graves. There seems to be a remarkable coincidence between these people and the ancient Greeks, with respect to the avoiding of ill-omened words. None ever molest the flowers that grow on graves; for it is deemed a kind of sacrilege to do so. A relation or friend will occasionally take a pink, if it can be spared, or a sprig of thyme, from the grave of a beloved or respected person, to wear it in remembrance; but they never take much, lest they should deface the growth on the grave. This custom prevails principally in the most retired villages; and I have been assured, that in such villages where the right of grazing the churchyard has been enforced, the practice has alienated the affections of very great numbers from the clergymen and their churches; so that many have become dissenters for the singularly uncommon reason, that they may bury their friends in dissenting burying-grounds, plant their
graves



Drawn & Engraved by J. Leppin

Britton Ferry.

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graves with flowers, and keep them clean and neat, without any danger of their being cropt. This may have been the fact in some places; but I confidently believe, that few of the clergy would urge their privileges to an unfair or offensive extent. There is in the world an unfeeling kind of false philosophy, which will treat such habits as these with ridicule. Mr. Mason justly calls such philosophers "Those only who are cursed with breasts of steel." These elegant and highly pathetic customs of South Wales make the best impressions on the mind. What can be more affecting than to see all the youth of both sexes in a village, and in every village through which the corpse passes, dressed in their best apparel, and strewing with sweet-scented flowers the ways along which one of their beloved neighbours goes to his or her marriage-bed? The annexed plate comprehends the whole of this interesting coast, terminating with the Mumbles Point.

But it is time that I should proceed. I forgot to mention Eagles Bush, a beautiful residence, situated on high ground, between Neath and Briton Ferry. The scenery about Baglan is scarcely less delightful; nor can any thing well be conceived more rural, tranquilized, and fascinating, than Baglan Hall. On my first acquaintance with this county I had the pleasure of knowing Mr. William Thomas, the worthy associate of such men as Gray and Mason. It has been said, that Mr. Mason, of whose science the public may judge by his work on church music, was the inventor of the piano forte; I find, however, on inquiry, that it is decidedly of German origin, not invented at any one time, but the result of various experiments and improvements on the harpsichord. The country becomes less interesting about Aberavon, which is a dirty and disagreeable village on the banks of the Avon, with some great copper-works in the neighbourhood. The carriage road to Bridgend is near the coast; but there is a grand ride over the mountains by Llangonoyd, near which village

may be found an old cromlech, partly demolished, called, in the language of the country, the old church; and the field in which it stands is called old church field. This furnishes a fresh evidence of the uses to which these structures were applied. It will be remembered, that this wild village on the mountain is also famous as having afforded a retreat to Edward the Second in his adversity.

Beyond Aberavon on the turnpike road, the country again becomes pleasing, when you reach Tyncaia House, the seat of the Rev. Dr. Hunt. Just here you come in view of Margam Park, with its magnificent hills of wood, shorn by the sea breeze as if by the hand of art. The mountain, though of considerable height, is completely clothed. The abbey was founded by Robert Earl of Gloucester in 1147, for Cistercian monks, and dedicated to St. Mary. In the sixth year of his reign King John confirmed to it its lands and privileges. It is represented by all the elder antiquaries as the first Cistercian house in these parts. The church is a fine Norman building: part of it is still used as a parish church; there are several marble monuments of the Mansels, by marrying into which family the Talbots became possessors of the property. The traces of the cloisters are still visible across the court; but the celebrated chapter-house is now a heap of ruin. It was standing when I first visited Glamorganshire; and was a circular room, fifty feet in diameter, of the most elegant proportions, with a vaulted roof, supported by a clustered column rising from the centre. The proportions of the pointed windows, twelve in number, the turn of the arches, and the general symmetry of the structure, were all in the most exquisite style of beauty. It is unaccountable that some method should not have been devised of protecting this fine specimen of Gothic architecture from the ravages of time; but its danger probably was not perceived till too late. The green-house was
built

built to receive a collection of orange and lemon-trees, which were wrecked on the estate. There are more than one hundred trees, bearing well-flavoured fruit. It is three hundred and twenty-seven feet in length, and eighty-one in breadth. In the summer the trees are removed, and very beautifully disposed in a sequestered part of the garden. At each end of the green-house, there is a room containing models and antiques; among the latter there is a bust of Pallas, and two sepulchral altars, which are highly deserving of attention. The doors of the stables and offices retain marks of their high antiquity. There is at present no mansion house. On the top of a hill within the limits of Margam Park there is a pillar of four feet in height, and one in breadth, erected as a sepulchral monument. The village lies very pleasingly under the shelter of a lofty hill and luxuriant woods.

Pyle Inn is a noble house, built a few years ago by Mr. Talbot for the accommodation of the county, and let to the tenant at an easy rate, on condition that he was moderate in his charges. If well-founded complaints were made on this subject, the rent was to be raised. I know not whether Mr. Marment pays more rent now than he did at first. Before his marriage Mr. Talbot passed a great deal of his time at this inn, where he had an apartment. The church at Pyle is handsome. The castle of Kenfig, one of Fitzhamon's residences, stood on a mount; but it has been so surrounded and enveloped by sands, that there are scarcely any traces remaining of its walls. Kenfig pool is a lake of some extent, in the midst of naked sands. It is said never to have been fathomed. Here also we are told of a town ingulphed; and they go so far as to say, that at times the tops of the buildings may be seen: but this is rather too much. Newton is a commodious and agreeable bathing-place, with a fine shore. I have before mentioned the remarkable spring, with that near Dinevowr Castle.

Merthyr Mawr is a well-wooded, pretty place, on the western bank of Ogmore River. On the eastern side, at the confluence of the rivers Ewenny and Ogmore, William de London, after having obtained the lordship of Ogmore, built a strong castle. Its remains, though of no great magnitude, are interesting. It devolved, by marriage, from the posterity of William de London to the duchy of Lancaster. Near this place there are several pits like those in Gower, hedged round to protect the castle. At Tythegstone, on the estate of Henry Knight, Esq. there is a demolished cromlech, with a heap of stones thrown over it. The top stone is visible, and a small hole under it has been opened lately. Laleston will be thought interesting by the antiquary, as connected with the improvement at least, if not the introduction of the castle architecture, and probably the Gothic, into Glamorgan. In the year 1111, Richard Grenville, who had obtained the lordship of Neath from Robert Fitzhamon, returned from a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre, and founded the abbey of Neath, as was mentioned before, granting to it a great part of his lands. The other part he restored to the original proprietors, from whom they had been wrested at the Norman usurpation. He brought with him from the holy land a person named Lales, a man very skilful in the art of building, whom he employed to construct the abbey of Neath. This man afterwards built several abbeys and churches, with many castles, and other considerable works. He had lands granted to him at Llangonoyd, whence he removed the church to another village which he had built, and had called after his own name, Laleston. He afterwards went to London, and became architect to King Henry the First. He taught his art to many of the Welsh and English.

Bridgend is situated at a little distance from the high road, on the banks of Ogmore River. Near this place Dr. Price was born,

born, and here his connections are settled. To attempt even a sketch of his public life, would be to involve myself in the history of theology, politics, and science, for the last fifty years. His works speak for him; and I shall content myself with subjoining a list of them. His Review of the principal Questions in Morals was first published in 1757. Two years afterwards, a Thanksgiving Sermon, preached at Newington Green, on the subject of Britain's happiness, and the proper improvement of it. In the years 1763 and 1764, an Essay was read at the Royal Society, on the Method of calculating the exact Probability of all Conclusions founded on Induction, written by Mr. Bayes, with an appendix and supplement communicated by Dr. Price. In 1766, he published a sermon, for the benefit of the Charity School in Gravel Lane, Southwark, and in 1767, his four celebrated and admirable Dissertations. In 1770, he published a sermon preached at Hackney, on the Vanity, Misery, and Infamy of Knowledge without suitable Practice. In 1771, his Observations on Reversionary Payments appeared, with several other essays on similar subjects. In 1772, his Appeal to the Public on the National Debt, with very valuable tables. In 1776, two excellent tracts on civil liberty, the war with America, and the finances of the kingdom. In 1778, was published the correspondence between Dr. Price and Dr. Priestley, on materialism and necessity. In 1779, a Fast Sermon, preached at Hackney. In 1780, his Essay on the Population of England. In 1781, another Fast Sermon. In 1783, The State of the Public Debts and Finances at signing the Preliminaries of Peace; with the Plan for redeeming the Public Debt, which Mr. Pitt afterwards found so useful, though in a state of mutilation. In 1784, his Observations on the Importance of the American Revolution. In 1786, a volume of Sermons on the Christian Doctrine, as held by different Denominations, with other subjects. In 1787, a Discourse on the Evidence for a future
Period

Period of Improvement in the State of Mankind, delivered before the Supporters of the Hackney Academy, then just founded, and since overturned. His last publication, in 1789, was the Discourse on the Love of our Country, which set Mr. Burke almost beside himself. Such were Dr. Price's writings, on subjects the most important, in a style of luminous simplicity, the result of profound knowledge and a clear conviction of the truth. I might enlarge, from the best opportunities of observation, on his personal character; but such testimony would weigh little with strangers of opposite opinions, who have been pleased to represent him as a fire-brand in society; and it is not wanted by those, who either approved his principles, or were acquainted with the tenor of his life.

The ride from Bridgend to Llantrisant through Coychurch and Llanharen is rural and pleasing. The situation of Newcastle, which forms a part of Bridgend, is bold, and commands a fine prospect of the surrounding country from the church-yard. At Coity there are the remains of the largest castle in Glamorganshire, excepting Caerphilly, but it is by no means so picturesque in its circumstances, as many others. Its origin has been already mentioned. There is a way from Neath to Bridgend, over a grandly mountainous country, through the parish of Llangeinor, where there are some very curious caves of great extent. You regain the great road through the vale at Ewenny, where there is a priory, which has hitherto been the most perfect specimen of a monastic establishment in England. When I was there last, the proprietor, who should have been better advised upon the subject, was beginning to pull some part of it to pieces, for the purpose of modernizing a residence for himself. It may still be an interesting fragment; but it is much to be lamented that it should have stood till the autumn of 1803, and no longer, in the state in which it was inhabited. The church is evidently one of the most ancient within the compass of these observations. The arches are circular, the

the columns large, round, and short, the capitals simple but uniform. The exterior of the tower is highly picturesque. The outer walls have been strongly fortified with towers and embattled gates, which are now finely clothed with ivy. In the chancel of the church there is an ancient monument of the Turbervilles, and a coffin-shaped stone, with Saxon characters, too much defaced to be legible. There is a square camp on the hill above this place. Ewenny was a cell to the abbey at Gloucester, dedicated to St. Michael, and founded, after the Norman usurpation, for monks of the Benedictine order.

Dunraven is the seat of Thomas Wyndham, Esq. who represents the county in parliament. The ancient name of this place signifies the triangular fortress. Traces of a vallum or entrenchment in this form are still visible. Dunraven is a corruption of later ages from the old orthography. Caradoc Lhancarvan says, that in the year 1050 the Saxons came over the Severn Sea or Bristol Channel from Somersetshire, and burned the castle of Dunraven, with another in the neighbourhood. This depredation of the Saxons was committed in violation of the profound peace which then subsisted between the princes of Glamorgan and the Saxon kings or earls, as their title is frequently expressed by the Welsh historian. During the absence of William de London on the expedition against Kidwelly, the Welsh of Glamorgan laid siege to his castle on the banks of Ogmore River. His butler, whose name was Arnold, defended it bravely, and compelled the enemy to abandon their operations, and depart. When William de London returned, he rewarded his faithful butler with the castle and manor of Dunraven, where his posterity, bearing the surname of Butler, continued for many generations, till in the course of time it came by marriage to a family of Vaughans. The coast is exceedingly stormy and dangerous; and there is a tradition, that the last proprietor of this name practised the infamous

mous:

mous device of setting up lights along the shore to mislead seamen, that they might be wrecked on his manor. The loss of three sons in one day by drowning made Mr. Vaughan begin to suspect that his conduct had not been strictly proper; he therefore sold the mansion to an ancestor of the present proprietor, and the unfortunate mariners were no longer exposed to more perils than nature had placed in their way. There was nothing worth preservation in the old building, or I am inclined to think that it would have been preserved. It was altogether inadequate to the hospitable requisitions of its owner, who has nearly completed a large and handsome Gothic mansion. This will be one of the best houses in the county, in point of taste as well as in the magnitude of its scale. As a marine situation Dunraven possesses the highest grandeur. It is situated on the top of a romantic cliff, one hundred feet in height, commanding an extent of coast the most picturesque in its features, and a magnificent swell of sea, broken into surf by the rocks which line the shore. With all these beauties are connected the usual disadvantages of such an exposure in the general nakedness of the land prospect. There are some of the most curious caves to the west of Dunraven. One of them is a rude piazza, worn through a projecting stack of rocks, in a direction parallel with the shore. It may be entered either from the east or south. There is besides this a cavern, seventy-seven yards in depth from the entrance, with several spiracles opening on the top of the cliff, at a distance from its edge, up which the tide and a fresh south-east wind raise an air sufficiently strong to blow away any thing placed over the vent. This excavation runs nearly at right angles to the cliff, turning a little to the eastward. In the inside there are many loose blocks of stone, and others projecting from the sides and top, which display a beautiful variety of colour, like that produced by the rays of the sun passing through a prism. This cave can only be entered at spring-tides, and even

then a stranger must procure the attendance of some person from the neighbourhood, as there is danger of being surrounded soon after the tide begins to flow, while to all appearance the entrance is perfectly secure. There are several other cavities of smaller dimensions. These cliffs afford fine studies of rock for an artist; and there is perhaps nothing in nature which landscape painters in general have studied more negligently. The modes of stratification, and the peculiar characters of the different kinds, are seldom sufficiently distinguished, even where they are required to be most strongly marked.

Near Marecross there is another ancient cromlech, called to this day the Old Church; and they have still a tradition, both here and at Llangonoyd, that these rude structures, or old churches, were formerly the places of worship belonging to the villages. Since writing my account of Lhancarvan, I have been informed that there were standing in that parish, till about thirty years ago, three large pillars of grey stone, obviously the remains of a cromlech. There is also a castle at Marecross, and all round the neighbourhood curious and interesting specimens of antiquity, which my limits will not allow me to enumerate. The principal are a monastic ruin, with immense barns and granaries; and an ancient armoury. The building of the castle at St. Donatt's was begun in the year 1102, at the same time with the other castles of the neighbourhood, in a stronger manner than heretofore; for before this time these edifices were constructed of timber. We have to attribute the castles in most other parts of this country nearly to the same time, when they were built by the Normans for their greater security. This lordship continued in the family of the Esterlings, who survived all the descendants of Fitzhamon's comrades, for the long period of six hundred years; after which it came into the possession of the Mansels. A great deal of it is still in a habitable
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condition, and is occupied by tenants. It is a large pile, and has been magnificent. It is difficult to obtain a general view of it from the circumstance of its being closely furrounded by trees. The gardens are constructed on terraces, descending from the walls to the Bristol Channel, and commanding a charming sea view. The church, in the bottom of a dell, may be mentioned among the most sequestered and picturesque. It contains several monuments of former time; and there is in the churchyard, which is among the first in point of neatness, a very ancient cross. The watch-tower is a lofty building, from the top of which, according to the tradition of the place, vessels in distress were descried, not with a view to their assistance, but for the purpose of being ready to take possession of the wreck. Near this place there is another cave, not inferior in extent or grandeur to the largest about Dunraven, but altogether of a different character. Frequent parties are made to visit this cave, and dine on the rocks.

Llantwit Major requires a more detailed examination. Illtyd, son of Bicanus, a Breton, accompanied the saints Germanus and Lupus into Britain, on a mission from Pope Celestine, for the purpose of suppressing the Pelagian heresy, as we are commanded to term it on the authority of the church, about the year 430. The first measure they adopted was to establish schools of learning, in which the British clergy might be properly educated. The two first and principal schools were those of Dubric and of Illtyd, both disciples of St. Germanus, who appointed the latter head or superintendent of Theodosius's college or congregation, so called because it had been founded by the emperor of that name. It had, however, been demolished about two years before by the Irish pagans, who carried Patrick, its superior, a prisoner into Ireland. This school or college, restored or founded a second time

time under the auspices of Germanus, and patronized by the King of Glamorgan, was at this place, henceforth called after the name of Illtyd, Llantwit, signifying by contraction the church of Illtyd, with the addition of Major, to distinguish it from other places in the county of Glamorgan, also bearing his name. Illtyd is besides honoured by the Welsh as having introduced a plough of a construction greatly superior to any before known to the natives. He died about 480, according to some, and indeed the most probable accounts; but according to others, in 501 or 502. He was succeeded by Peirio, brother to Gildas, and son of Caw, a northern chieftain. We are told, in the Cambrian Biography, and the pedigrees of the saints in the Welsh Archæology, that Peirio died on the very next day after his appointment, and was succeeded by Samson, who was Illtyd's scholar, and had been preferred to an archbishopric in Bretagne, but returning into his native country just at the time of Illtyd's death, took upon himself the superintendence of the school, and erected a monumental cross to his teacher in the churchyard behind the church, as appears by the inscription on its shaft. On the east side is written in ancient characters, "Samson posuit hanc crucem pro anmia (for anima) ejus;" on the west side, "Crux Iltuti. Samson Redis. Samuel Egifar," which may probably be meant for excisor. He also erected the large monumental cross, with the circular top lost, standing against the east side of the porch belonging to the old church, as we are likewise informed by the inscription on its shaft: "In nomine Di (for Dei), summi incipit crux. Salvatoris quæ preparavit Samsoni a pati pro anima sua et pro anima Juthahelo Rex et Artmali tegam." In the churchyard of Margam there is an ancient monumental cross in the same style as these at Llantwit, inscribed with similar characters; and, what is very remarkable, it is supposed to have been erected by the same Samson, for his

same description in the churchyard of Coychurch near Bridgend, where also appears the name of Samuel, the sculptor who executed that of Illtyd. Leland says, that the school of Illtyd flourished like an university among the Britons. Besides Samson, there are mentioned among his scholars the celebrated Gildas; David the first Bishop of St. David's, who was considered in later ages as the tutelary saint of Wales; Paulinus, who founded a school of learning and a monastery at Whitland in Caermarthenshire; and St. Maglorius, another bishop of the Armorican Britons in France; with many others. To these the British historical manuscripts add the names of the renowned British bards Talieffin, Aneurin the brother of Gildas, and some more.

In the year 860 the Saxon pagans demolished all the monasteries and churches in Glamorgan, and among them the monastery or college of Illtyd. In the year 959 Owen, the son of Howel Dha, demolished the college of Illtyd, and that of Cadock at Lhancarvan, because there were some noble Saxons among the students. In the year 975 the Danes destroyed the monastery of Illtyd, as well as the monasteries of Lhancarvan, Lan Padern, and others. In the year 987 the Danes came into the Bristol Channel, and, on their landing, destroyed the college of Illtyd, that of St. Cadock, and those of Llandaff and Llandough, mentioned by Tanner in his *Notitia Monastica* as the college or monastery of Cyngar, though he supposes the place where it stood to be unknown at present, but certainly somewhere in Glamorgan. In the year 993 the colleges of Illtyd and Cadock were destroyed by Eneon, the son of Owen, Prince of South Wales, with a view of seizing Edwal ap Myric, Prince of North Wales, who was about that time an exile in Glamorgan, under the protection of Ithel, Prince of that country. Edwal ap Myric had been instructed by Ithel in such branches of learning, as were most necessary for a sovereign,

reign, and had been supported by him in the colleges of St. Illtyd and St. Cadock. In the Norman invasion of Glamorgan, in the year 1090, the monasteries and colleges of Illtyd, Cadock, Cyngar, and indeed all within the district, with the cathedral of Llandaff, and many other churches, were destroyed. Caradoc then informs us, that in the year 1111, Robert Earl of Gloucester fortified the town of Cardiff with a wall, and restored, or founded again the college of Illtyd. This is the last mention of Llantwit, or the college or monastery of Illtyd, hitherto found in the old Welsh histories. But in the ancient register of Llandaff, a copy of which is in the British Museum, and another in Jesus College library at Oxford, there are the names of the Abbots successively, and I believe the whole of them uninterruptedly from Illtyd down to the commencement of the twelfth century, or perhaps lower. This manuscript is in Latin.

There are several other ancient inscriptions in the church and churchyard, besides those before quoted; among the rest, a cross in the same style as that to the memory of Illtyd, lying flat on the ground before the church door, with part of the circular top broken off, and the letters seemingly defaced. There is also an inscription on a grey marble slab, rudely ornamented with a cross fleury, in the tower pavement. Most of the letters have been defaced; but the characters appear to be those in use from the fifth to the eighth century; though the cross fleury, which as I have been informed, was not used in sculpture or heraldry before the tenth or eleventh century, is scarcely to be reconciled with so high an antiquity, as I have attributed to this inscription. In the old church, there is a monumental stone in the form of an ancient Egyptian coffin, the cover forming three sides of at least a decagon. One side is ornamented with frets, another with intaglios and foliage in the Roman taste, not inexpertly executed. At the upper end the face is represented as appearing through a hole in
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the cover of the coffin. Close by this, on another monument, there is a recumbent figure at full length in a sacerdotal habit. Round the edge of the head and right side, there is a string of abbreviations, which it would be difficult, if not impossible, to explain. In the vestry behind the altar-piece, several fragments of very curious Gothic sculpture are preserved, and among them a gigantic figure in freestone with the name Richard Hopkins, on a kind of collar in Roman capitals. The dress of this figure belongs to the age of Henry the Seventh or Eighth. On another fragment of a stone window we find a date supposed to be 1414, and a name which seems to have been Joseph, with the first letters broken off. This is probably one of the oldest English inscriptions in Wales. A late tourist is mistaken, in saying that the altar-piece at Llantwit Major is of wood. It is of fine freestone, from quarries near Bridgend; an excellent piece of Gothic architecture and sculpture. The same tourist is also mistaken in saying, that there is not a trace of the Celtic tongue among them; for though the inhabitants commonly converse with each other in a barbarous kind of English, yet they can all speak Welsh, and indeed make as much use of it among themselves as of the English. In this they differ from the Flemish colony in Pembrokeshire and Gower, of which they are a division; but occupying a smaller area, they have been probably obliged to mix more with the Welsh, and therefore have degenerated from the purity of both languages. The tours which have hitherto been published, though many of them ingenious, have been hastily drawn up; nor should I have ventured on submitting this account to the public, had I met with any author who has paid the same attention to South Wales, which Mr. Pennant has bestowed on North. The writer to whom I have before referred, tells us that the considerable walls and foundations of buildings, which were visible at Llantwit Major in Camden's time

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evinced its former extent. Had he staid to look about a little, he might have seen the same vestiges still remaining in great numbers. There are even now, as Camden says there were, several streets, many of them long; in most the houses are thinly scattered, and in general detached. Between them however we still see ruins and trace foundations, which shew the place to have been formerly large and populous. The present houses are for the most part in a very old style, with stone doors and windows. Vestiges of high antiquity are more numerous in these vicinities, than in almost any other place in Wales. If all the houses whose foundations can be clearly traced, were now to be rebuilt, Llantwit Major would rank itself among the large towns of Wales. Even in its present state, the population, taken under a late act of parliament, was seven hundred and twenty-nine; while that of Cowbridge was no more than seven hundred and fifty-nine. Indeed the number of houses is greater in Llantwit Major than at Cowbridge, though they are not so numerously inhabited. The town, for so it is still called, was deprived of its charter, according to a Welsh historical document, in consequence of some depredations in Brecknockshire, committed by its inhabitants in the time of Henry the Seventh. Among other acts of wickedness, they murdered Sir Roger Vaughan of Tretower.

Llantwit Major had anciently a market; and still the butchers make a point of slaughtering weekly a few sheep, a bullock, a hog, a calf, a lamb, or some other miserable victim, in a public slaughter-house, or market-house, where there are proper hooks to hang up the meat. They always do this on a Friday, under an idea that by this ceremony they keep up their claim and right to hold a weekly market. There is a large fair established here on the 23d of June for sheep, lambs, horned cattle, and other produce of the country. It is supposed to be the greatest and best lamb fair in South Wales. There are five or six tolerable public-

public-houses here, as many decent shops, three or four bakers, three schools, and several other remnants of its former consequence; but the place wants some manufactory, or other means of employing the poor inhabitants, who are not sufficiently engaged by its agriculture, though that may be said to be by no means inconsiderable. Near the church some ruinous walls of the school or college founded by Illtyd are still remaining; and they are sufficiently indicated to be of such high antiquity by the circular and segment arches, in the true Roman style, to be seen to this day. The door of the old church is also in the same style, circular and plain. The monastery of St. Illtyd stood in a field, covered with ruins and old foundations, to the north-west of the churchyard. The gateway to the monastery is still standing, converted into a cottage, with a granary over it for the use of the tithe-barn, which stands near, and is also a very ancient and large building in the Gothic style. There are the vestiges of several Roman camps in the vicinity of Llantwit Major; one near the village; a second in a field near the neighbouring village of Llanmaes; a third, very large and in good preservation, on the sea side. There is also a very complete British camp on the brink of the sea cliffs. This is circular, and in that respect differs from the Roman camps, which are always square or angular. It may be observed, that Llantwit Major stands in one of the richest tracts in the county for soil; and is also in a very wholesome air, which is sufficiently evinced by the numerous instances of uncommon longevity the neighbourhood affords.

The old parish register of Llanmaes records facts which demand a closer investigation of a subject to which I have adverted cursorily more than once in the course of these pages. Many more examples, equally extraordinary, might be furnished from tradition and manuscripts; but I think it most proper to give only such as
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can be authenticated either from parish registers, monumental stones, or printed books. It will appear from a general review of cases, that longevity seems to be, in a considerable degree, hereditary. Plutarch, whom Camden quotes, represents the Britons as only beginning to look old at the age of one hundred and twenty. Whether the Welsh may be still found to be a long living people, as the descendants of the ancient Britons, or from any other cause, I know not, but probably their habits and employments are the principal occasion of their frequently attaining a great age. In fact, it has already been urged, that the great body of the English nation is derived from the ancient Britons; and Lord Bacon, in his History of Life and Death, says that Britain is one of the very few countries where instances of longevity beyond the usual period are the most frequent. It is a remark founded on experience, that those parts of our island which are not mountainous, but diversified by moderate inequalities, having sufficient descents for rivers, brooks, and rain water, on a dry, rocky bottom, with a healthy and considerably fertile soil, where vegetation is vigorous, afford the most numerous and remarkable cases of longevity. Such a country is the southern part, or vale of Glamorgan; open, but not a dead flat. Of course there are no stagnant waters, bogs, or other collections tending to putridity. It has an undulated, or gently rising and falling surface, on a dry substratum of limestone. The land is enclosed with good hedges, mostly hawthorn. Large quantities of elm and elder, wormwood and nettles, grow every where; and a notion prevails among the inhabitants, that these trees and plants never abound but in a good air. To the north and north-east the vale is well sheltered by mountains from the sharp winds of those quarters. To the south it has the dry rocky shores of the Bristol Channel, without any fens. Of the same character, in most particulars, are the counties of Flint

and Denbigh in North Wales, where I have been informed that many examples of very great age occur. Similar instances are found in the counties of Somerset, Gloucester, Hereford, and others of the same description. It has already been observed, that the inhabitants whitewash their houses within and without very frequently in the year, and even their barns, walls of yards, gardens, and all their other buildings. Mr. Howard, in several of his publications, warmly recommends whitewashing as the very best preservative against infection and impure air. He relates very remarkable instances of the effects produced by whitewashing the lazarettos in Italy, which was done at his desire. The cottagers and farmers have maintained their rank from very remote antiquity among the most generally cleanly people in the kingdom. The habits of living among the common people in Glamorgan are favourable to health. They generally wear flannel shirts; and most of those who wear linen have flannel waistcoats under it. Though we should not suppose it at a funeral, or on any occasion of conviviality, there is habitually less malt liquor drank here than in any part of the kingdom, and less animal food eaten. Their drink is in general water, or milk and water. Tea is also very much used. Their food is chiefly good wheaten bread, with cheese, butter, and milk in farm-houses. They use vegetables of all sorts in large quantities, and many kinds of food prepared from apples, gooseberries, and other fruits. Flummery made with oatmeal is used frequently in the vale, and almost daily in the mountains. Broths made from all sorts of meat are much used; in which large quantities of potherbs and other vegetables form a principal ingredient; abundance of leeks, onions, shalots, parsley, favoury, pennyroyal, marjoram, thyme, cresses, beets, lettuces, spinage, and other productions of the garden. Herb broth, as it is called, is much used by the common people. It may be considered as the Welsh
soup

soup maigre. It is water, thickened a very little with oatmeal, into which they put large quantities of such herbs as may be at hand, or in season. They relish it with a little salt, put into it a little butter, and take it with bread. All these habits are favourable to health and long life.

Contrary to the common opinion, the most remarkable and most numerous instances of longevity are found in the vale and along the sea-shore; not in the mountains. I have already mentioned, that in the vale all eat good wheaten bread; in the mountains some oaten bread is used, but not so generally as in former times. In Gower they eat barley bread for the most part; and I believe that the instances of longevity among those people are less numerous than in other parts of the country. After all, there may perhaps be something in the different races of people. The inhabitants of Gower are, at least in about seven or eight parishes, descendants of the Flemings.

The following are extracts from Llanmaes register:

Ivan Yorath buried a Saterdaye the xvii daye of July, Anno Doni 1621, et anno regni vicesimo primo annoq; ætatis circa 180. He was a soldier in the fighte of Boswoorthe, and he lived at Llantwit Major, and he lived much by fishing.

John Sherrye and Margaret Portrey married a Tuesfday, viz. xxviii^o. Februarii, Anno Dom. 1586, & domi nore Regine Elizabethæ vicesimo nono. A licence from the Chancellor. John Sherrey was buried the viith. daye of December Anno Dom. 1624, age 102. In another place he is thus registered in Latin: Johannes Sherrey sepultus fuit septimo die Decembris Anno Domini 1624, ætat. circa 104.

Thomas Watkin sepultus fuit decimo octavo die Martii, Anno Dom. 1628, ætat. circa 100.

Elizabeth Yeorath, the wife of Thomas Wilkins, rector of this

parish, was buried the 13th. day of Ffebruary, in the year of our Lord God 1668, age 177." Elizabeth Yeorath was probably, if not his daughter, at least of the same family as the foregoing Ivan Yorath. From this, and a great number of other instances, it should seem that longevity is in a considerable degree hereditary; or, as the common people express it, runs in a family, or in the blood.

Cicill, daughter of Edward Lhewelin, was born 2d of June 1650. Mr. Edward Williams remembers her well. She and her husband, Peter Meare, lived for many years in apartments which they rented in his father's house. It appears by the Llantwit register, that she died Dec. 20th, 1757, at more than one hundred and seven years of age. She is afterwards registered thus at Llanmaes: Cicill Lhewelin was born in the year one thousand six hundred and fifty. We likewise find, by the Llantwit register, that the Peter Meare before mentioned, died at Llantwit Major April 8th, 1771, aged 103. I shall now select a few facts asserted on other authorities.

Ann Richman, of the parish of Penmark, died in 1760. She remembered the battle of St. Fagan's between the parliament and King Charles the First, on the 8th of May 1648. She therefore must have been about one hundred and twenty years of age when she died. Christian of Porthkerry died soon after, about 1761. She has often been heard to say, that she was a little girl beginning to practise milking, and then at her employment, when the army of the parliament passed by on the morning of the battle at St. Fagan's; so that she must have been full as old.

Kate Butler died about 1769, aged about 106. She placed the period of her own marriage at the age of twenty-five; and she had a son living at the time of making the assertion, known to be eighty years old.

Thomas

Thomas French, of Wenvoe, died about 1790, upwards of 100. He worked at watch-making to the last year of his life, and cracked nuts with his teeth.

In the Hereford Journal for August 8th, 1782, we have the following notice: "Died at Llantrythid in Glamorganshire, John Roberts, a blacksmith, in the hundred and eleventh year of his age, who was in good health till within a few days, and retained his senses till within an hour of his death." His daughter, now living, has assured Mr. Edward Williams that on a proper search of registers, by those who questioned his great age, he was found to be one hundred and eighteen years old.

On a stone in the pavement of the belfrey at Llantwit Major there is the following inscription: "Hear lyeth the body of Matthew Vofs, buried 1531, ætat. 129."

In the church of Caera, near Cardiff, may be found this inscription under the south window: "Heare lieth the body of William Edw^{ds}. of the Caera, who departed this life the 24 of February, Anno Domini 1668, annoque ætatis fuii 168."

O happy change,
And ever blest,
When grieve and pain is
Changed to rest.

Till lately there was the following in this church: "Heare lieth the body of Vaughan Edwards, Gent. deceased 4 day of December, Anno Domini 1669, aged 83." The clerk of the parish has lately taken this stone away, and laid it down as a hearth-stone in his house, with the inscription downwards.

The Welsh bard, Thomas ap Jevan ap Rees, who died about 1615, had been a monk in the Abbey of Margam. He says in one of his poems, that he had been expelled thence for his Lollardism,

Lollardism, and had been imprisoned for heretical opinions in Kenfig castle, whence he addressed a petition in verse to Sir Matthew Caradoc of Swansea, imploring that gentleman's interest to procure his liberation. Sir Matthew Caradoc died about 1500; and a monk could not be admitted before the age of twenty-five. I have been favoured with a passage to the following effect in English, from a manuscript collection of this bard's works. One thousand six hundred exactly, with four years entirely, the beginning of January, a fair account, I am one hundred and thirty years old. He of course must have been more than one hundred and forty years old; for it can be satisfactorily proved, that he was living in 1615, which makes him one hundred and forty-one, according to his own account. How long he lived after that period, I have not been able to learn; and for that reason I take it for granted that he died about that year, or soon after. There is a poem on the restoration of Charles the Second, under his name; but surely it must have been fictitiously affixed; and this is the more probable, as the party animosities of the time rendered it prudent for authors to conceal themselves, for fear of a reverse in politics. It is probably in reference to this piece, that his age is concluded from his own works to have been about two hundred years, in the Cambrian biography; but his death is placed in 1510, which I take it for granted is an error of the press.

Elizabeth Davies of the Wheatsheaf at Swansea, remembered the revolution of 1688. She died about 1799.

In the church yards and dissenting burying grounds of Swansea, several inscriptions appear, recording ages from one hundred to one hundred and ten. Similar memorials occur in the church yard of Llangevelach near Swansea, and in the parish church and church yard of Llangonoyd, with those of Llantrisant, Aberdare, and other places. I have been told, that longevity occurs more frequently

frequently in the burying grounds of dissenters, than in parish church yards, and that it is accounted for by a greater regularity of living among dissenters: but I see no reason to believe that regularity of living should be much, if at all affected by any such circumstance. This solution seems to have something in it of party spirit; as if meant to convey an idea, that temperance was not the virtue of the established church.

The following inscription is in Baglan church yard. Here lyeth the body of Walter John, who died the 6th of March, 1698, aged 96. Here also lyeth the body of Cecil Howel, the wife of Walter John, who died the first of May 1724, aged 99.

Brown Willis, in his account of Llandaff, mentions that Bishop Herewold of that diocese, died in the year 1103, aged one hundred years. He also mentions Edward Davies, Rector of St. Bride's near Bridgend, and of Michaelston on the banks of the Elwy, Prebendary of Llandaff, and Master of Arts in the University of Oxford, who died on the twenty-sixth of December 1672, at the age of one hundred and eight.

In the early part of this work I have mentioned a succession of long-lived princes, beginning with Morgan Mawr, and ending with Jestin ap Gwrgant, on the authority of Caradoc Lhancarvan and the Cambrian Biography. To these may be added a recent instance, from the Swansea paper of February 15th 1804. "Friday se'nnight, about eight o'clock, a poor woman, aged 105, on her way from Cardiff to Newport, fell into a gravel pit, having a small quantity of water, and was unfortunately drowned." But it is time to desist; as I am probably nearer the end of my reader's patience, than the end of my catalogue.

I have not found on enquiry, that many persons attain the age of one hundred years in the most mountainous parts either of Wales or England. The cause may perhaps be conjectured to exist, not in the greater keenness of the air on mountains, for

probably that might be favourable to long life; but in its greater crudeness and more irregular temperature in the mountain vallies, where, and not on the upper parts of mountains, the population is principally found. These vales in winter have but very little sun, some of them none at all, for many weeks. Even in summer, the sun must be high before it shines into them. In many vales, it is not felt till the morning is advanced as far as eight, nine, or even ten o'clock; and then it comes upon them in nearly its utmost fervour, producing a violent transition from a crude and chilly morning, to almost a tropical heat; for such it is, when the sun is so pent in by the hills on both sides. A heat is often experienced in such vallies, which is never felt in more open countries. The coup de soleil is not uncommon in these situations; but it seldom, if ever occurs in any part of Britain, in the open countries. In the evening these vales lose the sun very early; at three or four o'clock, when a sudden shade and chill takes place. In open countries, on the contrary, the sun appears early with a mild warmth, increasing by an easy and salutary gradation, and as gradually descending in the evening. It may indeed be said to be many more hours above the horizon of open countries, than of deep mountain vallies. Consumptions and fluxes are more general in the latter than in the former. It is a fact founded on experience, that among the mountains weak constitutions are exhausted early in life. In the vale, or southern part of Glamorgan, valetudinarians live to a considerable age. In the mountains to the north of the county, they seldom last much beyond twenty-five; and it requires not only the absence of disease, but an uncommon portion of strength, to live to any great age. To this it is owing, that there is a smaller number of sickly persons in those parts, which has given rise to the very general but mistaken idea, that the inhabitants of mountainous districts are more healthy and long lived than those of more open or level countries.

countries. If we contrast fenny or marshy districts with mountains, the case will be different. Fens and dead levels will have stagnant waters in great quantities; and these will render the air less salubrious than that of mountains. These considerations prove, that we labour under a gross mistake, in ranking open, dry-bottomed, gently rising and falling tracts of country, with fens, levels, and other districts known to be unwholesome; or in denying them a degree of salubrity, superior to that enjoyed by Alpine elevations. Vulgar remarks may be founded in some degree on truth; but they are seldom sufficiently discriminative. They are for the most part local and partial, for which reason they are not to be trusted as general maxims.

These topics have carried me so far, that I must barely mention Llanvihangel, belonging to Mr. Wyndham, but occupied by John Franklin, Esq. Treasurer to the Agricultural Society of the county, who is considered to be in his own person one of the most successful practical farmers in Glamorganshire. Llandoough castle is on Mr. Talbot's estate, but at present the residence of Major Armstrong. There are few situations more beautiful on a small scale. The road from the village under the wood to Cowbridge, by the mill, whether the surrounding foliage is made vocal by the nightingales in the spring, or recommended to the eye by the varied tints of autumn, retains its attractions undiminished after all the succession of scenery I have attempted to describe. I have before touched upon its peculiar character.

The village of Llanblethian, occupying the foot and side of a steep hill, with a great deal of wood interspersed among the houses, is remarkably rural and picturesque; while Sir Robert Lynch Bloffe's little villa adds to its gaiety. The castle, of which a gateway remains, clothed with ivy, and surrounded by trees, happily disposed for the subject of a drawing, has been mentioned under the general division of the county. In the year 1763,

there was a decayed tomb stone lying in the churchyard, near the south east end of the chancel, which Sir Lhewelin Jenkins had caused to be placed there, to the memory of his parents. The Principal and Fellows of Jesus College, Oxford, in gratitude to their liberal benefactor, caused a copy of the inscription to be engraved on a neat marble tablet, which was affixed within the church. This second founder of Jesus College and Cowbridge School, gave the tenor bell to the tower of this church, and twenty pounds every fourth year to the poor of the parish for ever. There are several other gentlemen's seats and pleasing villages within three or four miles to the west of Cowbridge; but I feel that I have trespassed too long on the indulgence of my readers. I am aware that many circumstances in the foregoing pages will be found, if examined, to have been hastily and incorrectly stated; a censure always attaching to remarks and enquiries made principally on the spot, with a very fallible eye, and no means of ascertaining the real worth of local information. If, however, some few points of antiquity shall be thought to have been pursued beyond the surface, or here and there a sketch of biography and manners faithfully drawn, I shall listen with the less shame to that lecture on presumption, which most authors must expect to receive, when they venture before the tribunal of the public.

THE END.

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ON

DRAMATIC COMPOSITION.



